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B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR



OSCAR WILDE. By Prof. Archibald Henderson, Ph.D.

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THE ARENA ADVERTISER



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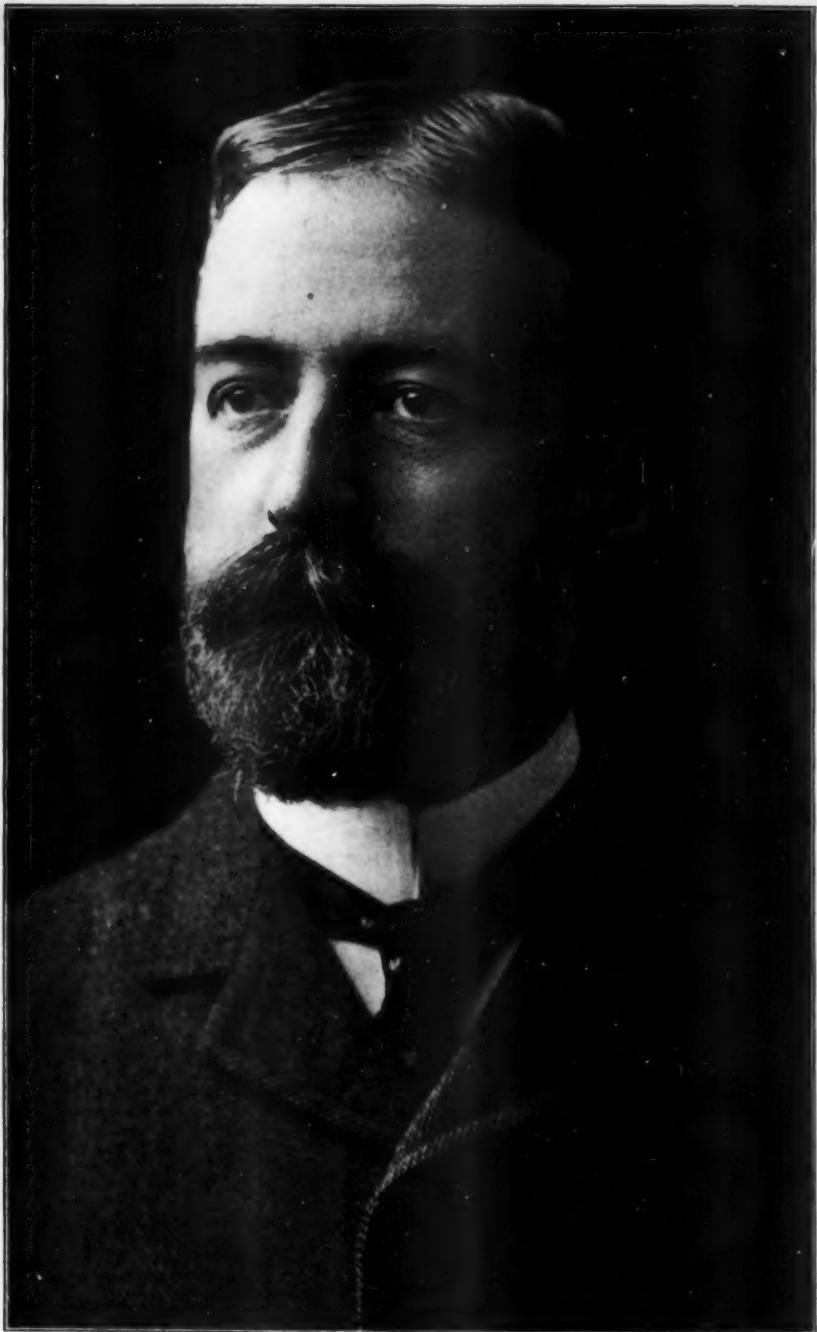
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ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

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OSCAR WILDE.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

I.

THE BIOGRAPHY of the soul of a decadent such as D'Annunzio, Verlaine, Dowson or Wilde, connotes the infinitely delicate and complex task of tracing that thin demarcative line which divides the famous from the infamous. Nor is the contemplation of the personal failure of a brilliant artist like Wilde—drifting derelict upon the tumultuous sea of passion—either congenial or edifying. There is no more tragic spectacle than that of a man of genius who is not a man of honor. And yet, until vaster and more definitive studies of the problems of homo-sexuality, of degeneracy, and of criminal pathology shall have been completed, Wilde will continue to be what Byron has been aptly termed: a "fascinating trouble." There is a sort of melancholy fascination inherent in the determination of the causes underlying discrepancy between purpose and performance, between ideal and reality, between Art and morality. The spirit warreth against the flesh, the flesh against the spirit. The selfsame soul which joyfully mounts to the shining summits of art cries forth its anguished *Mea Culpa* from the depths of life. In the heart of every man is lodged not only a Paridiso,

but a Purgatorio. As artist and man, Oscar Wilde might truly have said with Omar Khayyam: "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

There exists no more salient exemplification of the reality of the identity between destiny and human character than is to be discovered in the case of Oscar Wilde. The *crux* of his mania was blindness to the truth that the man who is the lackey of his passion can never be the master of his fate. The quintessential secret of his *débâcle* is found in the fact that this leader in the ranks of individualism was not the captain of his own soul. "Not even the most insignificant actions," says one of Echegaray's characters in *El Gran Galeoto*, "are in themselves insignificant or lost for good or evil. For, concentrated by the mysterious influences of modern life, they may reach to immense effects." Wilde's life signally exemplifies, in Amiel's words, "the fatality of the consequences incident to human acts." It was his tragedy to drink to the dregs "the bitter tonic draught of experience" and to realize, in infinite wretchedness and isolation, the truth of George Eliot's dictum that consequences are unpitying. In his own words, "I forgot that every little action

of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop."

No one would deny to Wilde the title of a Prince of Paradoxers. And yet this acolyte of the obverse, to whom perversity was a passion, never created so puzzling a paradox as the profound paradox of his own life. He to whom humanity was always a disquieting problem has bequeathed himself as a far more disquieting problem to humanity. Irony incarnate, yet unconscious, lay in his reiterated injunction that it is not so much what we say, nor even what we do, but what we *are* that eternally matters. Like Domini Enfilden he yearned to live and to live more abundantly—"to be, to know, to feel, . . . to go through everything, to turn every page, to experience all that can be experienced upon the earth." He early confessed that he "wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world"; and he went forth into the world with that passion in his soul. But he ate only the bitter-sweet fruit of the trees of pleasure; and it turned to ashes upon his tongue. If he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, it was a knowledge of evil, not of good. This master of the half-truth is condemned in the very phrase; it was the fate of his character not simply to know, but to wish to know, only the half of the truth, of the meaning of life.

"Virtue," says Bernard Shaw, "consists, not in abstaining from vice, but in not desiring it." Judged by the criterion of this post-Nietzschean valuation of virtue, Wilde was, constitutionally and congenitally, one of the most vicious of men. If Wilde could, by any stretch of the imagination, be termed virtuous in any sense, it was in no other than the professional sense. In his life as artist, it was his sincerity to be insincere. At times it seems as if he found reality in artificiality, sanctuary in a pose. The final verity about the man is that, through the refractory lens of his temperament,

all truth appeared encased in a paradox. Far from being universal or fundamental, truth to Wilde was so individual, so personal a thing that the moment it became the property of more than one person, it became a falsehood. If his art ever ceased to live for its own sake, it was because it lived for Wilde's sake. Indeed, Wilde was of his essence what the French call *personnel*; and a work of art, as he phrased it, is always the unique result of a unique temperament. To Ibsen, creation in art consists in holding judgment day over oneself; to Wilde, creation in art consisted in the celebration of a holiday of mentality. In the guise of interpreter of the modern spirit, he was always happening upon the discovery of a great, an unique truth; and this he flippantly and condescendingly consented to communicate to that boorish monster, the public. Art was an ivory tower in which dwelt the long-haired seraph of the sunflower; the drama was merely a platform for the *flair* of the *flaneur*; and all the world a stage for the wearer of the green carnation. It has ceased to be a paradox, perhaps, to attribute an exalted, if extravagant, sense of virtue, sanity and morality to Walt Whitman, to Elisée Reclus, to Bernard Shaw. Their notions of right, of justice, and of morality differ from those of the average man—Zola's *l'homme moyen sensual*—in that they sharply diverge from, if not occasionally transcend, the conventional standards, the perfunctory concepts of right living and just conduct. If Wilde could be said to have any morals, it was a faith in the artistic validity of poetic justice. If he could be said to have any conscience, it was the professional conscience of the impeccable artist—of Poe, of Pater, of Sainte Beuve. If he could be said to have a sense of right, it was a sense of the right of the artist to live his own untrammeled life.

In speaking of Sainte Beuve, self-styled the "naturalist of the human heart," Emile Faguet once remarked that men are, without being entirely right, at least

not entirely wrong in ignoring many faults in the man who possesses the virtue proper to his own profession. Only through absolute dissociation of the merits of the artist from the demerits of the man is critical discussion of Wilde, the *littérateur*, in any sense justifiable. Never was there a more lamentable failure than the wrong-headed and ill-considered defence of Wilde, recently published. Its sentiment is unhealthy, its point-of-view myopic, and the general trend of the book is to sicken and alienate the reader; indeed, to defeat the very purpose for which it was designed. The publication of such a book puts us in possession of the facts of Wilde's life—the sinister aspects of his heredity, the pernicious influences of his environment, and the complicated coil of circumstance by which he was entangled in the fatal net of his own unconscious manufacture. But so numerous and so damaging are the enforced admissions of the biographer, so petty, nauseating and inhuman are the traits of his subject, that the general impression left upon the reader is a verification of the justice of his instinctive feeling and a validation of the decree which condemned Wilde to prison. The point of departure for an estimate of Wilde is to be found, neither in a wrong-headed sense of outrage against the verdict of society nor in a groping for hopeless excuse behind the imperfect researches of pathological criminology. The *raison d'être* of any future study of Wilde is to be found either in the palliative charm of his personality as friend and temperament as artist, or in the orchidaceous modernity and brilliant exoticism of his spoken and written art. There is nothing morbid or meretricious in a sympathetic search for the master-key to the secret of the charm of his temperament and of his art. But a justification of his life is a contradiction in terms. There can be no defence of the indefensible.

II.

One year before Arthur Pinero and two years before Bernard Shaw, Oscar

Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was born at No. 1 Merrion Square, Dublin, on October 16, 1854. His parents, both brilliant and distinguished figures, took a leading part in the life of their age; and certain of the distinguishing traits of both find striking reproduction in their unhappy son. Mr., afterwards Sir, William Wilde, Oscar's father, early distinguished himself in the field of letters; but the logical bent of his mind was toward medical study, which he pursued in London, Berlin and Vienna. He devoted his first year's fees as a physician, indeed, more, the first thousand pounds of his professional earnings, to the founding of St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital where the poor could be treated for eye and ear diseases; and his distinction as a physician won him the title of "the father of modern otology." He received many honors, including knighthood, during his lifetime; but it was Oscar Wilde's misfortune to inherit from his father, not his talents as a scientific specialist, but his vicious traits as immoralist and libertine.

Just as Bernard Shaw derived his musical bent from his mother, who was a rarely talented musician, so Oscar Wilde derived his literary sense, in great measure, from his brilliant mother—Jane Francesca Elgee. Signing her verses "Speranza" and her letters "John Fanshaw Ellis," this woman of genius, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy called her, contributed frequently to *The Nation*, of Dublin, from 1847 on; and her celebrated Nationalist manifesto, *Jacta Alea Est*, inspired by Williams' *The Spirit of the Nation*, gave her a notoriety little short of treasonable. In *savoir faire*, in all the arts of the *salon*, Lady Wilde was unexcelled; and it was the testimony of all who met her that she was a personage. In her son are represented certain marked characteristics: indifference to practical affairs of life, brilliancy in the art of social converse, profound aversion to "the miasma of the commonplace," and a moral laxity of tone in conversation

which, in her case, found no counterpart in her actual life.

"Under 'direct inheritance' or 'transmission by blood,'" records Wilde's latest biographer, "may, perhaps, be classed his literary capacity, his gifts of poetry, languages, of ready mastery of difficult studies, his love of the beautiful, the sound common-sense of his normal periods, his family and personal pride, and his moral courage in the face of danger, but also an indifference to the dangers of alcoholism, an aversion from failure, physical, social and mental, an exaggerated esteem, on the other hand, for wealth, titles and social success, a tolerance for moral laxness."

As a very small lad, Oscar was spoken of by his mother as "wonderful," as a child of phenomenal versatility. His fondness for mystery and romance was born through his tours with his father in quest of archeological treasures; and his natural wit was sharpened by listening to Ireland's thought and wit in the *salon* of his mother. It was at his father's dinner-table and in his mother's drawing-room, as has been justly said, that the best of his early education was obtained; but he doubtless gained not a little from his schooling at the Portora Royal School. He had no aptitude for mathematics, nor was his talent for composition at this time in evidence; but he had a marvelous faculty of intellectual absorption, mastering the contents of a book in an incredibly short space of time. He kept aloof from his companions, practiced his wit in bestowing nicknames upon them, and enjoyed nothing more than leading his teachers into long discussions of some point which "intrigued his fancy." His brilliancy in reading and interpreting the classics was proven at the time of his entrance to Trinity College, Dublin—October, 1871. Like his great-uncle Ralph, Oscar won the Berkeley Gold Medal at Trinity, as well as a scholarship; but he never held his scholarship, preferring to seek better things at Oxford.

"I want to get to the point," Oscar

Wilde says in *De Profundis*, "where I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford and when society sent me to prison." Certain it is that at Oxford he first began to exhibit that devotion to art, that attachment to literature, and that passion for beauty which were the foundations for whatsoever of value is to be found in his writings. Here he sat under Ruskin; and there is little reason to doubt that the artistic and personal influence of Ruskin upon Wilde was far from inconsiderable. "The influence of Ruskin was so great," we read in a biographical notice of Wilde, "that Mr. Wilde, though holding games in abomination, and detesting violent exercise, might have been seen on gray November mornings breaking stones on the roadside—not unbribed, however; 'he had the honour of filling Mr. Ruskin's especial wheelbarrow,' and it was the great author of 'Modern Painters' himself who taught him how to trundle it." There is, however, little reason to believe, in spite of the evidence of *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, that in Wilde's mind were sown any of the seeds of that "practical interest in social questions which is the 'Oxford Movement of to-day.'" Ruskin's influence upon Wilde is chiefly exhibited in the growth of the latter's artistic tastes; for Wilde's rooms at Oxford were noted for their beautiful decoration and for the display of collections of "objects of virtue." Recall his well-known remark: "Oh, would that I could live up to my blue china!" In his early Oxford days he began to contribute both prose and verse to magazines published in Dublin, notably to *Kottabos* and *The Irish Monthly*. About this time he visited Italy; and although inclined, through the spiritual element in art, to Roman Catholicism,—even writing notable poems such as "Rome Unvisited" which won high praise from Cardinal Newman,—his faltering faith lacked the strength of ultimate conviction.

Wilde's journey in Greece with the party which accompanied John Pentland Mahaffy was the profoundest determinative influence which had yet come into his life. And if it did not make of him a "healthy Pagan," certainly it was a confirmation of all his dreams and visions of beauty undreamed and unimaginable. In his own words, in regard to this experience, "the worship of sorrow gave place again to the worship of beauty." For a time he dreamed of the beauty of religion; for all time afterwards he devoted himself in art to the religion of beauty. It has been suggested that Wilde's classical studies at Oxford so familiarized him with certain pathological manifestations that he really failed to realize their horror; and the brilliant French symbolist, Henri de Regnier, does not hesitate to attribute his downfall to the fact that he had so steeped himself in the life of by-gone days that he did not realize the world in which he was actually living. Oscar Wilde believed that "he lived in Italy at the time of the Renaissance or in Greece at the time of Socrates. He was punished for a chronological error. . . ."

During his stay at Oxford, he acquitted himself very ably in his classes; and possibly through the happy chance that Ravenna, which he had recently visited, was announced as the topic for the Newdigate competition, he won the Newdigate Prize for English Verse in 1878. This poem exhibits a great advance on his previous work, and in many respects, despite its lack of a controlling central thought, deserves high praise. On leaving Oxford, he went up to London in the rôle of a "Professor of Aæsthetics and Art critic," according to Foster's statement in the *Alumni Oxoniensis*. Now he began to assume that "affectation of singularity" which so distinctively marked the author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*—that eccentric genius, the toast of Baudelaire and Balzac—Oscar Wilde's great-uncle, Charles Maturin. Like Zola, like Shaw, Wilde realized that this is an age of push

and advertisement. He saw years of neglect at the hands of the public stretching out drearily before him if he did not force himself, by sensational methods, upon its attention. When the treasures of his mentality went for naught, he unhesitatingly focussed the public gaze upon the eccentricities of his personality. Like Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, he assumed the "dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others." Prior to this time, his garb was characterized by no stigmata of affectation or preciousness; but he now hit upon the spectacular device of *outré* and *bizarre* costume. Celebrities often exhibit a harmless and pardonable penchant for peculiarity of dress—the scarlet waistcoat of Gautier, the monk's cowl of Balzac, the *vaquero* costume of Joaquin Miller, the khaki of Bernard Shaw. In his rôle of aæsthetic, Wilde wore a "velvet coat, knee-breeches, a loose shirt with a turn-down collar, and a floating tie of some unusual shade, fastened in a *Laval-lière* knot, and he not infrequently appeared in public carrying in his hand a lily or a sunflower, which he used to contemplate with an expression of the greatest admiration!" It was Wilde's pompous pose, as the high priest of Aæstheticism, to plume himself upon the discovery of whatsoever of real beauty exists in nature and art; by inference, those whose eyes were not thus opened to the miracles of the common day were "hopelessly private persons"—termed Philistines. Wilde and his cult were shining marks for the wit, satire and caricature of Du Maurier and Burnand; W. S. Gilbert caricatured Wilde in "Patience," and *Punch* overflowed with cartoons and skits of which the following is a type example:

"Aæsthetic of Aæsthetes!
What's in a name?
The poet is WILDE
But his poetry's tame."

Wilde's notoriety was enhanced by a pseudo social lionization; but in spite of a certain sort of superficial luster attaching to him, he was regarded with sus-

picion—a fear that at any time his lion's skin, as in the fable, might fall to the ground and reveal only a braying ass. Thus he began his career under the cloud of a not unjustifiable suspicion of *réclame*, quackery and imposture; and it is a suspicion that not only his life, but even his death, have been inadequate to allay. At any rate his notoriety, though won by questionable and unworthy means, enabled him to secure a publisher for his first volume of verse; and won him an invitation to lecture in the United States. He was encouraged to visit America not as the author of a book of poems which had been most widely read in America, but as the much-discussed leader of the "Æsthetic Movement and School." Some verses in the *World*, in which Wilde is labeled "Ego Upto Snuffibus Poeta," appeared just before his departure for New York; they sound the dominant note of public opinion:

"Albeit nurtured in democracy
And liking best that state Bohemian
Where each man borrows sixpence and no man
Has aught but paper collars; yet I see
Exactly where to take a liberty.
Better to be thought one, whom most abuse
For speech of donkey and for look of goose,
Than that the world should pass in silence by.
Wherefore I wear a sunflower in my coat,
Cover my shoulders with my flowing hair,
Tie verdant satin round my open throat,
Culture and love I cry, and ladies smile,
And seedy critics overflow with bile,
While with my Prince long Sykes's meal I share."

Wilde paid to the full the penalty for making himself a "motley to the view." Never afterwards was he allowed to forget that the way of the *blagueur* is hard.

In America he was greeted with amused incredulity, treated as a diverting sort of literary curiosity, ridiculed, satirized, caricatured. He was violently attacked in many quarters, and few cared to face the ridicule inevitably consequent to any defence of his theories and practice. Not a few personages of distinction nevertheless showed him courtesy and hospitality, among whom may be mentioned John Boyle O'Reilly, Julia Ward Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Clara Morris, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Joaquin Miller,

General Grant and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. Although Wilde, as one of his friends records, suffered poignantly from the attacks directed against him, he cannot be absolved from the charge of occasionally provoking them. "I am not exactly pleased with the Atlantic. It is not so majestic as I expected," gave rise to an infinitude of humorous verse; and his oft-quoted remark about Niagara was nothing more nor less than a clever bait thrown out to the press: "I was disappointed with Niagara. Most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest if not the keenest disappointments in American married life." Most people attended his lectures out of vulgar curiosity to see and to laugh at this licensed buffoon; it did not seem to occur to them, as we read in a contemporary review in the *Sun*, that his lecture was "not a performance so trifling as to insult the intelligence of the audience, but a carefully prepared essay which proves its author to be a man of cultivation, taste, imagination, education and refinement." One of his lectures, attended by an acquaintance, was described to me as a weak solution of Ruskin; and this is a fair indication of the contemporary valuation. The truth of the matter is that his lecture on "The English Renaissance" was a very artistic and capable, if somewhat paradoxical and precious, appreciation of the significance of that movement. And his "Decorative Art in America" was a simple and straightforward expression of many sane, practical truths which the utilitarian thrust of modern art has amply substantiated. Not by any means is it to be understood that Wilde originated all the ideas he gracefully presented; he simply gave concrete expression to much that was in the air in the art criticism of the day. "As a plea for the encouragement of the handicraftsman," writes Mr. Glaenzer in regard to "Decorative Art in America"; "for the rejection of the hideously natu-

realistic tendency in house-furnishing; for the establishment of museums, enriched by the finest examples from the finest periods of decorative art; for beautiful surroundings for children, and for schools in which these children might develop their artistic proclivities under the guidance of artists and capable artisans—as a *plea* for all that is beautiful, noble and sane in art, this lecture falls little short of being a masterpiece."

Now that his "apostolic task" was concluded, to his great relief, Wilde lightly disclaimed any intention of continued charlatanry. Of his connection with the *Aesthetic Movement*, he said in 1883: "That was the Oscar Wilde of the second period. I am now in my third period." He settled in Paris in the Hotel Voltaire, and soon made himself known, through presentation copies of his *Poems*, to a number of the leading figures in the world of art and letters in Paris. Well received in many quarters, Wilde numbered among his acquaintances Victor Hugo, Edmond de Goncourt, Paul Bourget, Alphonse Daudet, Sarah Bernhardt, and many of the leaders of the impressionist school of painters. His success in Parisian circles would have been greater if he had only possessed the necessary reserve and tact. His desire to "astonish the natives," to indulge in affectations and extravagances of dress, and to utter paradoxical *blague* about art and letters, rather rubbed the Parisians the wrong way. He took Balzac for his model, wore the Balzacian cowl whenever he was at work, and carried on the street a replica of that celebrated *Canne de Monsieur Balzac* perpetuated in the novel of Delphine Gay. In certain cases only is imitation the sincerest form of flattery; in this case, however, it seemed the insincerest form of absurdity. His imitation of Balzac took one good direction: he began to take infinite pains with his art, capacity for which, as Balzac strenuously maintained, indicates true genius. During this period Wilde wrote "*The Duchess of Padua*," a fine play in

the Elizabethan style, yet scarcely *du théâtre*. Under the influence of Poe, through Baudelaire, whose "*Fleurs de Mal*" made a profound impression upon Wilde, he wrote the strangely pagan and sensual poem "*The Sphinx*"—an excellent type of the derivative poem, of the art which is not spontaneous. But all his diligent application temporarily went for naught. "*The Duchess of Padua*" was refused by Mary Anderson, for whom it was written; and the proceeds of the sale of Wilde's property in Ireland could not long survive the onslaughts made upon it by Wilde's extravagant mode of life; his literary work brought him nothing. And so, in the summer of 1883, he returned to London to try a hazard of new fortunes. There he was conspicuously dedicated to oblivion by a prominent journal in an article entitled "*Exit Oscar*." To which Wilde buoyantly replied: "If it took Labouchere three columns to prove that I was forgotten, then there is no difference between fame and obscurity."

During the years from 1883 to 1891, the output of Wilde was quite small—he gave himself up to the art of living rather than to the art of writing. For a time, at first, he was compelled once more to take the lecture platform, this time in England; but he resolutely refused to make capital out of the eccentricities of his personal appearance and costume. During one of his lecture tours, he met in Dublin the lovely Constance Lloyd, who became his wife on May 29, 1884. His wife's dowry enabled the young couple to lease a house in Tite street, decorated under the direction of Whistler, who became a close acquaintance of Wilde. For several years Wilde wrote various signed and unsigned articles for the press, purely ephemeral in character, and a number of those beautiful modern fairy tales which combine a delicacy of fancy with a touch of social philosophy, rarely charming and arresting. But for Wilde *la lutte pour la vie* became increasingly difficult; and even Whistler—in

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies—took a hand in facilitating his downhill progress. When the Messrs. Cassell and Company offered him the editorship of *The Woman's World* in 1887, he was in no position to refuse; and his connection with that magazine lasted from October 1887 to September 1889. If he was not precisely a success as an editor, although he was conscientious and industrious at this period, it was because his taste was too refined, too artistic and subtle for the clientele of his magazine. Wilde himself once plaintively said: "I have put my genius into my life; into my books I have put my talents only"; and yet it is the verdict of his greatest admirers, especially among foreign critics, that the works which he wrote between the time of his marriage and the year 1892 entitle him to an exalted place in English literature, and to rank as a philosopher of acute penetration and delicate insight. There were *The Happy Prince* and *The House of Pomegranates*—fanciful *Märchen* shot through with a sensitive and beautiful social pity, like embroidered, jewelled fabrics firmly filiated with a crimson thread. There was *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, reminiscent of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, rich in opulent fancy, in subtle mystery, and in the strangely ominous prevision of its author's own coming fate. And there, too, was *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, that brilliant and paradoxical revelation of Wilde's *état d'âme*—a brochure which has gone triumphantly forth to the very ends of the earth. Last, and highest, was *Intentions*, that miraculous masterpiece of connected writings, with its inverted truisms and forthright paradoxes, its fanciful reasoning and reasonable fancy—quintessence of style, of form, of taste in art.

During the years from 1892 to 1895, Wilde attained to remarkable success as a playwright; and at last the rewards of literature flowed without cessation into the pockets of this lavish spendthrift. "*Lady Windermere's Fan*," "*A Woman of No Importance*," "*An Ideal Husband*,"

and "*The Importance of Being Earnest*" were phenomenal popular successes; and at one time three of Wilde's plays could have been witnessed on a single night in London. But in March, 1895, the *débâcle* came; and the information for criminal libel which Wilde, in a state verging upon intoxication, laid against the Marquess of Queensberry, was the beginning of his undoing. The thin edge of the wedge went in; and Wilde at last was hoist by his own petard. The history of the two trials, Wilde's condemnation and disgrace, his two years of poignant anguish and physical suffering in prison, his subsequent piteous descent to disaster and death—the harrowing details may be learned elsewhere. Suffice it to say that his predisposition to vice through inheritance, the fearful effect upon him of intoxicants which seemed to lash his brain to madness, and the indulgence in ultra-stimulative food and drink in the two or three years immediately preceding his disgrace serve, in the eyes of the specialist in pathology and degeneracy, as indicative causes of his downfall and ruin. There survive from the days of imprisonment his greatest poem "*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*," and that soul autobiography *De Profundis*—morbid, pitiable, yet wonderful *mélange* of confession and palliation, penance and defiance, self-incrimination and exculpation. Wonderful document—true confession or disingenuous plea, soul creed or soul blasphemy!

There is no room for doubt that Oscar Wilde was, as Nordau classed him, a pervert and a degenerate. And yet his case warrants disbelief in the dictum of letters that an artist's work and life are fundamentally indissociable. Wilde was a man, not only of multiple personality, but of manifest and disparate achievement. The style is not always the man; and the history of art and literature reveals not a few geniuses whose private life could not justly be cited in condemnation of their pictures, their poetry, or their prose. If Wilde's life were to be cited as the sole criterion of his works,

then must they forever remain *res tacenda* in the republic of letters. It is indubitable that Wilde, with his frequently avowed doctrine of irresponsible individualism and Pagan insistence upon the untrammeled expansion of the Ego, gave suicidal counsel to the younger generation. He based his apostolate upon the paradox; and, as he himself asserts, the paradox is always dangerous. In his search for the elusive, the evanescent, the imaginative, he found certain exquisite truths; but they were only very partial and obscure truths, embedded in a mass of charmingly phrased, yet damnable perverse, falsehood. Much of his verse—flagrant output of what Robert Buchanan called the “Fleshly School of Poetry”—is a faithful reflex of his personality and feeling—with its morbid and sensuous day-dreams, its vain regrets of “barren gain and bitter loss,” its unhealthy and myopic vision, its obsession with the wanton and the *macabre*. And yet, in spite not only of these things, but also of the persistent reminder of alien influences, certain of his poems are lit with the divine spark and fitfully flame out with startling and disturbing luster.

Walter Pater once said of Wilde that his books argued that he was a brilliant conversationalist. In this characterization there is far more than a germ of truth: it is the truth itself. Wilde was a master of the *causerie* and he passed his life in lavishly expending upon his friends the brilliant coinage of his thoughts’ realm. His inventive faculty as a fictionist was inexhaustible; and for hours at a time he could recite poems in prose, indulge in a riot of paradox and epigram, or descant with miraculous and exquisite eloquence upon painting, literature, art, and—above all—upon life. Like the Japanese painters, Hokusai and Hokkei, Wilde was an artist in the little; and his art found room for expansion only in the microcosm. Thus his plays scintillated with brilliant characterizations of English society, acute observations upon life, unique and individual psychological comparisons. But their structure is in the

last degree conventional; and the technique is trite, time-worn and hackneyed. Only in “Salomé”—the marvel of Continental Europe—does Wilde betray genuine mastery of the dramatic form; yet so fleshly, so sensual and so horrifying is its atmospheric emanation that, despite its beauty of imagery and marvels of word-music, one feels that not inappropriately was Aubrey Beardsley—strange, exotic flower of a decadent period—chosen for its pictorial representation.

As an artist in words, as *prosateur*, Wilde was possessed of rare gifts. The social ease, as it were, of his paradoxes, the opulence of his imaginative style, the union of simplicity and beauty of phraseology with vague and sometimes almost meaningless gradations and shades of thought, his insight into the real meaning of art, his understanding of the “thing as in itself it really is,” and his rapt glimpses of art’s holy of holies—all these things, at times and at intervals, were his. His faculty of imitation was caricature refined and polished to an infinite degree; and, with less real comprehension of *arcana* of art, Wilde might have been the author of a transcendent *Borrowed Plumes*. And if he himself did not actually masquerade in the literary garments of other men, certainly he possessed that rare faculty, now almost a lost art, of creeping into another’s personality, temporarily shedding the husk of self, and looking out upon the world with new and alien eyes. There lies, it would seem, the secret of his genius—the faculty of creative and imaginative interpretation in its ultimate refinement. He was ever the critic as artist, never the creator in the fine frenzy of creation. It has been said of him that he knew everything; but in the last analysis his supreme deficiency as an artist was his arrogance and his overweening sense of superiority. Breaks down in Wilde’s case—as does many another truism—the maxim: *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner*.

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THE GROWTH OF THE SLUM IN OUR CITIES.

BY ELINOR H. STOY.

THE RAPID growth of the slum in our cities becomes every year a more acute problem. It forces itself upon the minds of all thoughtful men and women. In it is to be seen a danger to democracy, a peril to our national life and destiny. When it is allowed to grow in our larger cities, what shall prevent it in our smaller cities and towns?

From the ever-increasing foreign population coming to us at the rate of a million a year, the slum is constantly being recruited, the mortality among the poor is frightful, yet the ranks fill up so quickly, the dead do not count. How are we going to solve this stupendous problem? What are we going to do about it?

The class of immigrants crowding in upon us are not of the same races as were the earlier settlers, nor are the conditions the same. In those days the Puritan, the Huguenot, the Scotch-Irish, and the Roman Catholic priests with their missions, who came, had what we recognize as noble purposes—the desire for religious and political freedom for themselves and their children who were to come after them. Equal dangers were shared, equal courage was shown in the hardships and perils incidental to pioneer life. Practically they were all of one language and one purpose.

On the other hand the vast hordes pouring in through New York harbor are alien to us, alien to one another in language, ability and interests—a motley crowd collected largely from the slums of the old countries, lured by false promises of steamship agencies whose only concern is their passage-money; ignorant, poor, often vicious and degraded, the slum conditions are thereby increased; the sweat-shop, child-labor system and social vice augmented; and life becomes a "tooth-and-nail" struggle for all. The

slum is very far away from all our ideals of democracy, brotherhood or united purpose for the common good.

Crowded into dark streets and narrow alleys, forced to live in filthy, unlighted rooms, men, women and children are herded together—as many as 1,158 persons to the acre, 290,000 to the square mile in one ward in New York!

One of the most terrible aspects of the tenement is the destruction of home-life. With the indiscriminate crowding of all sorts and conditions of humanity home-life is but a name. High rents and small wages force respectable working-men and women into the slums, and contact and familiarity with the depraved, the vicious and the lawless who make up this evil congestion, exert an influence which cannot but be downward. Three-fourths is a very large proportion when it stands for people who live in tenements or apartment houses—not homes! "Wash, and be clean" is evidently not a commandment; bath-tubs are almost unknown in the tenements. Even in New York and Boston until quite recently there were no public baths open the year round, and those now in use were only won after a hard fight; the school bath, too, is an innovation, not at all generally provided for the children. Heathen Japan does better than that for her people. There we find a bath-house on every corner—here we plant a saloon.

Two thousand years ago Rome was washing her population, but we seem to fear an outbreak of hydrophobia among the poor should adequate bathing-places be afforded them.

Two or three million children are at work in our cities and towns; countless others are loose upon the street, learning the lessons it has to teach, developing, as the records show, into thieves, burglars, thugs and murderers at seven, eight

and twelve. The lack of attractive home-life and proper places to play, and their energies turned into the wrong channels, make havoc with any growth of character, patriotism or respect for law and order. Their very play partakes of their environments. The girls unmoral and degraded, intimately acquainted with vice, while yet in their childhood, become mothers to another generation of thieves and murderers, passing on the torch of life to offspring doomed to disease and misery. How can it be otherwise while men, women and children, as many as fourteen sometimes, are living in one or two rooms, eating, sleeping and performing all the acts of life with never a thought of privacy? Under these conditions what chance to develop in the girls a sense of delicacy, decency or purity? Children in the slums are not so truly just born—they are damned into the world.

The question will not down: Who is responsible for the slum? The slum-dwellers? No; they are but the outcome. Then we must indict the landlord who rents those tenements at maximum price and minimum outlay. These houses, in many instances, are owned by men and women who stand high in church, social and business life. Some of these do not know; others do not care about these awful conditions, so long as the rents enable them to live in the ease and luxury of irresponsible wealth.

Another fact we have to face in solving this problem is this: The slum is in politics. The first thing an immigrant learns is his value as a voter; so he works his franchise for all it is worth. He may never master the language of his new country but he has a boss who tells him how to vote and pays him for it. Untrained and unfit for democracy, he is a most dangerous element to our national interests and institutions.

Let the reformer or better class of citizens try to pass laws for social or civic betterment, and right there the slum gives the command, "Keep off the grass!"

It understands its orders—"Vested rights over against human rights." With truth it has been said: "Money is the greatest linguist in the world; it talks in all languages." And it puts our life as a nation in jeopardy.

Our fathers having resolved that "All men are free and equal," we let in the immigrant without serious restrictions, and are filling our cities with a motley citizenship which increases our slums, obeys the behest of the boss and casts us into depths of corruption, out of which "That same kind Providence that takes care of the idiot, the drunkard and the United States" only can deliver us.

We find as an outcome of the slum a terrible phase of the competitive system, which forces little children into the industrial army, and women and young girls into factories and department stores, to work for wages that do not sustain life on a self-respecting basis. In some cities the average wage of women is \$4.83 a week; average living expenses \$5.24 a week! And we wonder why prostitution is on the increase. Men's shirts are made for 30 cents a dozen! Coats at 5 cents apiece! It is not always inclination or natural depravity, but actual starvation and bodily want that sends so many women to utter degradation. We spend millions to punish crime and vice, but how little provision is made or money spent to prevent it, or save self-respect before it is lost forever.

We lead the world in commerce and invention, but on our back streets and along the water-fronts flourish the brothels and saloons—miles of them—where the youth are debauched, and the tenement, sunless, filthy, disease-breeding, children are born, whose education is to be chiefly in vice and crime, whose existence is to be a menace to American ideals. If they live like pigs, how can they act like men? Liberty in the slum is a disgrace and a danger. Here flourishes the rule of politics; here is the mob-ready-made,—which puts "bosses" into power and keeps them there, looting the

public treasury of millions of dollars, upon which these traitors to the common good wax rich, thus are the children deprived of school-houses, parks and playgrounds, turned loose upon the street to meet its temptations—in short, robbed of their rights and subjected to degradation. How futile under these conditions are all efforts to make good citizens of them, when they have had no moral development! Babies are going out of life because they are denied sunshine, air and food. One of every five babies born in the slum dies in infancy, as foully murdered as were the infants in Herod's day. Men and women are deprived of home and home-life, the fierce struggle for a bare living, scarcity of work, are all factors in the growth of the slum, because it is in politics.

Under the sweating system, men, women and children are huddled in small rooms making ready-to-wear garments; some of these workers in the last stages of consumption, and sewing into this clothing which you and I may possibly wear, the seeds of this "white terror." One hundred and fifty thousand died of tuberculosis in the United States during the past year, and the disease is increasing. The tenements swarm with its germs. "No man liveth unto himself." Life is an endless chain. We are all linked together for better—for worse. Disease in the slum must spread, directly or indirectly, to the homes of the well-to-do. The body politic is an organism. Disease or diminished vitality in a part must affect the whole.

We let the slum into business; we opened the door wide; we said, "Come in" to unrestricted immigration, and we see now the consequences. This influx of the foreign poor has had a marked influence upon our character and population. In our largest cities four-fifths of the births are foreign, considerably surpassing the multiplying of the American stock.

I have in my mind a young boy of fifteen, who first opened his eyes in the

slums, whose play-ground was the street. Here he learned to lie, to steal and finally to murder. He himself expressed the truth: "I never had no bringing up." Bad books and bad associates had lent their influence to make him what he was. Was he responsible, though the law took his life? Where for him, was the influence of the home, the school, the church? He was a victim of our savage civilization—a product of the slum. The churches have generally moved away from the slums as the latter have grown up about them, and the saloon, so wonderfully adaptive, has moved in and not only dominates the neighborhood, but become a dictator on all public questions.

Every child who goes out of life because he has not been protected in his rights—and children die by thousands in the slums—who has lacked "bringing up," sunshine, shelter and opportunity, is a charge against the church, society and civilization. Every boy and girl whose life is crime-darkened, who is without education or training for useful citizenship, is evidence against us, when the charge shall be made: "Ye knew your duty and ye did it not." In the slum we see the offspring of national and municipal neglect and lack of true brotherliness, that which strives to help each in his place and according to his needs, that which devotes itself specially to the helping of the more helpless.

How shall we check the growth of the slum? With common-sense and the Golden Rule, I should say. What we do not want or would not do ourselves, let us not impose upon others. We do not want to live in crowded, dark, disease-breeding houses; we do not want our babies swept out of life, our boys and girls to grow up without the elements of decency and honesty. We do not want the sweat-shop system and child-labor perpetuated. We do not want the saloon to displace the home. We want the helping hand and a square deal for the slum, while it exists. Now, it is our enemy, to be fought to a finish, but it is

also our brother. It has its human side. I wish you could see it as I have seen it—the little kindnesses done in the spirit of friendliness and neighborliness: the slipping of little pieces of money into the hands emptier than those of the helper; the loan or gift of coat, shoes, or hat, and the proffer of a home to another who is without them; the readiness of a man who slept in a park that a woman and her children who had been evicted, might be sheltered in his poor room: "Sure, what else could I do?" All are in the same boat, and a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind.

Dr. Jane Robbins, called the "Good woman doctor," said that when her father died, the little scamps of the street were positively pathetic in their attempts to show their sympathy. One little chap offered to let her hold his top while it was spinning as proof of his affection. So there is love in the slum—even there "the soul is pestered with the thought of wings." A birthday party given to a woman who never in her life had had one, what a change it wrought! She had been slow to respond to overtures of friendliness; but who that saw her radiant face, when the birthday cake with the sixty bright candles gleaming upon it, was placed before her, can forget her joy, as she said: "What have I ever done that God should be so good to me?" Just a cake, a few bright candles, a few friends wishing her happy returns of the day, and, to her, God had reached out of Heaven and made her the special object of His love and care. A wealthy woman, childless, bereft, bitter, interested in a poor waif girl, catching at the suggestion, "Maybe I was not intended to be the mother of just one little girl, but maybe He wants me to be a mother to all girls," experienced thereupon a turning-point in her life. Ah, "Just the art of being kind, how much the sad world needs!"

"Down in the bottom of the social pit are millions of human beings rotting in squalor and vice, spreading a slow con-

tagion that is infecting the whole of civilization." The contagion of the slum—whose only cure is Brotherhood, Justice, Humanity, Freedom, those natural aspirations of everyone born into the world. This is the real meaning of "Thou shalt open thy hand wide to thy brother, to the poor and to the needy in thy land." This demands more school-houses open the year round, day and night, for social as well as educational purposes, more play-grounds, more public baths for the unwashed, gymnasia, kindergartens, small parks, every one of which is a nail in the coffin of the slum—breaking upon its darkness. Crime does not propagate so fast when we supplant it with organized work and play, self-respect and social interest. This has been proven by trial, even in a small way. Pictures, music, domestic science, manual training, the club, all these, it is well known, arouse interest and open new avenues of thought and conversation different from the usual introduction of one slum-child to another, meant to be polite: "Does your husband beat you?" and gives us visions of the city that shall be, "With room in the streets for the soul."

I would plead for one thing more: Convalescent homes for women who work, but who can make no provision against sickness, the inevitable lot of the very poor—places where proper food and care and kindness may be theirs, until, when really well and braced with courage, they are ready to take up the burden again. Many a woman would thus be saved from the street or the river. With uncertainty of employment, underpaid work, underfed bodies, penniless, weak, hopeless, after the hospital where shall she go but upon the street? Prostitution is on the increase, but to me the constant wonder is, not that so many fall, but that so many remain good. "Civilization so indifferent to men and boys, is cruel to women and girls." I read recently that somewhere a congregation had decided not to put a steeple on top of the church they were building. In-

stead, they would make the roof a playground for the children of the street. The suggestion is pertinent—church-steeples might be converted into some things really useful and beneficial for the waifs and other derelicts of the cities, who now wander away in the slums.

Let me close with the story of a dream dreamt long ago by a little boy in the town of Bethlehem: "And he saw in his dream a world full of beauty. He heard sweetest strains of music, myriad bells pealing and little children clapping their hands and calling to each other to listen to the chimes—for Christ was born in Bethlehem! He saw beautiful temples aglow with lights and flowers, and homes for the sick and poor and old, and for the little children who had no homes but who were gathered in and cared for; he saw smiles and happy faces. Griefs, too, he saw; he saw into lonely rooms and saw people bowed under heavy burdens of sorrow, upon whom he looked with love; he gazed upon prisons grim and dark, and saw into poor dwelling-places"—the slums, I think—"and he saw the squalor and the pitifulness of it all; the sinful he saw, the despairing and the outcast, and upon these he looked most

lovingly of all. And as he dreamed on, he saw this change: into these faces came the uplooking and the light, because of one born in Bethlehem. He saw, as he looked backward through the years, a little baby lying in a manger, owning nothing in all the world but a pair of empty hands; then a boy with wistful eyes, looking out upon the world, with only a loving heart—empty-handed still; then the boy grown to be a man—empty-handed still, only for the nails that pierced them; then the man hanging upon the cross, naked and thorn-crowned; then the tomb; then the joyful uprising; then the time when the hands once a baby's, then a boy's, then a man's, were no longer empty, but filled with blessings for all the world. He saw the rich years move on and swing slowly into rhythm with God's loving purpose for the good of all men. The pain and the waiting and the patient work to be done day by day, which he saw as his share, he took up with joy, looking forward gladly to that divine event, the consummation of his desire, the realized Brotherhood of Humanity—his dream come true."

ELINOR H. STOY.

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JUSTICE TO VICTIMS OF MISSIONARIES.

BY R. L. BRIDGMAN.

TO THE moral question of the right of the people of the United States to kill large numbers of Filipinos in order that the survivors may be better Christians, to the question whether it is right to conquer Africa by arms for the spread of the gospel, there promises to be added soon a discussion of the broad question of the right to hold the people of India by force of arms for the alleged benefit of civilization in general and of the people of India in particular. Until the right answer is given, this question

will recur for discussion. Though our national persistence in our Philippine policy, instead of its repudiation under the lead of the Protestant churches, still keeps us in the attitude of justifying slaughter for the benefit of the survivors, as far as the missionary argument is concerned, yet the recurrence of the issue elsewhere proves that it is still a practical matter of large importance.

Probably the question is never considered in missionary circles whether the subjects upon whom the missionary zeal

is to be exercised have any rights inherent in themselves against those who wish to convert them. Yet it is a fundamental question, entitled to full consideration before missionary activity begins. We must be just to all men before we make them the subjects of our benevolent activities. That seems to be an axiom. One of the leading Protestant ministers of this country, in the early enthusiasm for missionary activity for the Filipinos, said: "We'll shoot the gospel into them with shot and shell." All the course of the missionary societies toward the Filipinos,—not one of them has raised a protest against the slaughter which was the preliminary of the missionary activity,—is in line with this spirit. Histories of Spanish conquests in North and South America, in the name of carrying the gospel to the natives, furnish striking illustrations of the same practice in earlier days.

Now justice demands that the rights of the proposed subjects of missionary activity be fully respected before a beginning is made to subject them to missionary methods. These weaker peoples are God's children to absolutely as large a degree, in every sense, as the stronger. Being so,—and Christianity affirms it,—they have as rightfully a place on the face of the earth as the stronger, and without asking the consent of the stronger, or the stronger's having any right to destroy that right. They have a title from God, as strong as any other people, to a country of their own where they may work out their own destiny. Forceable interference from without is not justifiable unless they are enemies of mankind, as when they are pirates or slave-traders or are committing other gross offenses against human welfare. The mere fact that they are backward in civilization, or lie at the mercy of a stronger power, or that the natural advantages of their country can be put to a more profitable use by a more civilized power, or that the stronger people can teach them more than they know at the time, or have a higher moral standard than they, does not weaken in the least their just claim

to a place on the earth where they can live by themselves. Around every weak people, as fully as around the strong, is the divine and awful arm of justice, defending them as children of God, and woe be to the stronger people who have the rashness and folly to break down that protection, for the penalty must surely be paid and no temporary success is proof that the aggressor's cause is just.

See what is the logical conclusion of our doctrine that the strong have a right to invade the territory of the weak in order to do them good, to Christianize them and to bring them up to a higher mental and moral condition. In the first place, putting this doctrine in practice, it is the strong people who make the decision. The weak have no voice regarding their own fate. If they resist the missionary activity of their powerful conquerors, then they are slaughtered till the remainder have no further power of resistance. Now, on the part of a Christian people it must be admitted, whatever be the practices tolerated by international law, that moral reasons must be supreme in international relations. Conquest by armed force is on the same plane as robbery and murder and is intolerable to true Christian thinking. Purchase of a weaker people from a stronger people who have conquered them is equally intolerable, for neither individual men nor entire peoples can rightfully be bought and sold. Neither can purchase combined with conquest give the transaction any moral standing, for where the moral element is wholly lacking in the two component parts when separate it cannot be found in them after they have been put together. Moral standards must be supreme. If missionary conquests are justifiable, they must be on moral grounds alone.

But moral standards never conflict with each other. Truth and right are always consistent with themselves. If, therefore, a stronger nation has a moral right to conquer a weaker nation for the good of that weaker nation, that it may become a Christian nation and share

Christianity's progress, then the right to slaughter those who resist conquest rests upon the ground that before the slaughter begins, by the fact of moral superiority inherent in the attacking people, the weaker people have no right to independent existence as against the stronger, but are rightfully subject to them. The stronger are merely enforcing rights which already exist, and the determination of the existence of these rights and the manner of enforcing them is wholly within the province of the stronger people, without any obligation to give the weaker any opportunity to be heard. In truth, the weaker are really rebels against the moral right of the stronger and deserve to be put to death for refusing to submit as soon as commanded, for, unless they already deserve death, it would be wrong to kill them. Indeed, it is the moral duty of the weaker to tender their submission before summoned to submit, for by this theory of the political relations of stronger and weaker peoples the latter have no right of independence of the former, but are subject in the divine order of things. The weaker have, morally, no right to a voice regarding their own rights.

But this doctrine requires us to go still further. Rights necessitate duties. If the stronger have a right to Christianize the weaker by force, it is their duty to do so. They are bound to use their power for the service of God and for the good of their fellowmen, and they alone are to be judges. Logically, therefore, by this theory of missionary activity, every nation which deems itself to be on a higher moral plane than certain others is under obligation to God to undertake by arms, amid the horrors of war if need be, the political subjugation of those nations which refuse to obey its summons to surrender in order that it may preach the gospel to them, or which refuse voluntary submission before being summoned. It is a further truth that each of the great nations believes conscientiously that, on the whole, it is morally in advance of all others, judging by

the criticisms of other nations and self-congratulations which are heard in turn from Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen and citizens of the United States. Consistency, therefore, requires each nation to affirm that it is the head of mankind and is justified in killing all who resist its Christianizing rule. The same principle applies with equal conclusiveness to a Mohammedan or pagan nation, and China, when she becomes the foremost military power of the world, will, by our own standard, be justified in undertaking the political conquest of the world in order to bring all other nations under Confucianism. To such a conclusion does this theory logically lead.

One further point is worthy of consideration. Protestantism affirms the right of private judgment in religious matters, the supremacy and inviolability of the individual conscience, and that no earthly power has any right to coerce a person in religious belief. How far does the theory of political conquest for the spread of Christianity harmonize with this right? How much freedom does a member of a weak non-Christian nation, or of a non-Protestant Christian nation, enjoy when he knows that he will be killed unless he submits to the political power of a stronger nation of a different faith in order that religious influences in that nation may be exerted upon him?

All that is here emphasized is that undeniable human rights be held sacred against any religious, philanthropic or altruistic sentiments which would overstep them. A man's conscientious convictions regarding his duty to a weaker and less developed people have no standing whatever against the rights of those people, no matter how much those people might be benefited by accepting his views. Rights are sacred, and good intentions which would invade them cannot, in the very nature of things, be rightfully carried out, and any theory which presupposes the contrary leads to ridiculous and terrible absurdities.

R. L. BRIDGMAN.

Boston, Mass.

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VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO, SHOWING WEST HARBOR, EAST HARBOR AND
HOTEL TITCHFIELD.



THE "BLUE HOLE," NEAR PORT ANTONIO.

JAMAICA, THE FAIR AND UNFORTUNATE.

BY WILLIAMSON BUCKMAN.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

I. PORT ANTONIO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE NEWS of the recent earthquake in Kingston, Jamaica, with its appalling mortality and widespread devastation, came to me with far more of a shock than one feels at news of a great calamity that visits a land and people he has never seen or known; for less than a year had elapsed since I had spent some of the most pleasant weeks of my life on this fairy-like island with its ever-varying beauty, and the vivid and striking contrast it presents to the natural phenomena of the temperate zone gives it a peculiar charm for visitors who love nature in her multitudinous and ever-changing robes of glory.

In company with a few congenial friends we landed at Port Antonio and immediately repaired to the justly famous Hotel Titchfield, from whose wide piazzas one may enjoy the most beautiful scenes I have ever beheld, though I have visited many famed, and justly famed, haunts of beauty and grandeur in the Old World as well as the New. Here in the presence of ocean and mountain—those two grandest physical expressions of sublimity—one beholds on every side the glory of tropical vegetation; trees, shrubs and plants vying with each other in garments of beauty, presenting every shade of green and often decked with gorgeous blooms, the whole producing a color scheme rarely approached, and much enhanced by their peculiar setting, in which sea, mountain and tropical sky conspired to add to the general splendor. At our feet was the sea with its multitudinous aspects. At morning and evening the ocean takes on the splendor of the sky and reflects a brilliancy in its myriad iridescent tints that would be the despair of an artist. The sky, too, is a

never-ending source of delight, especially when the pink and purple of dawn flood land and sea; at flaming sunset, when the clouds in kaleidoscopic beauty defy man to imitate the Master Artist; and at night, when the sapphire sky is studded with brilliants, or when the moon rides high and the ocean croons its eternal lullaby to the palm-fringed shore. From the sea the island rises tier on tier. First there are ranges of hills, then mountainous hills, and finally mountain peaks which culminate in the crest of the Blue mountains that are the backbone of the island, extending from the east to the west. Their slopes are mantled in green of every tint and shade. As the eye wanders from the palms and bananas that fringe the shore to the mountains in the distance, the change in color is so gradual that one must turn abruptly from the vivid green of the bananas at his feet to the blue-mantled mountains, to realize how great is the transformation, due largely to the atmosphere.

We found it difficult to leave the Hotel Titchfield, the chief jewel of man's creation in the neighborhood of Port Antonio. Still, the quaint old town is not without its luring power, with its picturesque bits of the ancient fort built by the English in the rugged and perilous days when they first wrenched the island from Spanish control. I found the people, however, even more interesting than the houses and historic haunts; for here one meets with various races and men and women in almost every stage of advancement. The negroes, of course, here as everywhere in Jamaica, preponderate; but there are the coolies or East Indians, introduced into the island in 1840 to cultivate the fields; and there are some of the crimson-colored Maroons, the descendants of the aborigines, but with strains of white and



VIEW FROM HOTEL TITCHFIELD, WEST HARBOR.

negro blood coursing through their veins. Here also are Chinamen, with a few Caucasian residents, and many white visitors from various lands, sight-seers and searchers after health.

One day during our stay at Port Antonio we drove over to the Blue Hole, six miles from the town. It is an inlet almost entirely surrounded by land. Its banks are thickly set with dense growths of cocoanut palm, bananas and other tropical vegetation, and the water is a deep and brilliant sapphire blue, presenting at mid-day, when the sun shines full upon it, a wonderfully beautiful picture in vivid

coloring,—a veritable sapphire in a huge emerald setting.

II. JAMAICA IN RETROSPECT.

As I rode to Port Antonio along the roadway that hugs the shore, the slow-sailing vessels and crafts that were lazily floating on the tranquil sea suggested to my mind those far-away days when Christopher Columbus discovered this island. That was in 1494. The navigator, with his passion for honoring the saints, named the island Santiago, but the natives called it Xam-



"THE TEMPLE," IN HONOR OF RODNEY'S VICTORY, SPANISH TOWN.



THE CATHEDRAL, SPANISH TOWN.

ayca, or Jamaica, the isle of springs. It was not until 1509, however, that the Spanish settled Jamaica and began in earnest, with Bible and sword, their strenuous work of benevolent assimilation after the manner of militant Christians in every age. The natives were the most mild and docile of any of the aboriginal tribes, and so they rapidly disappeared under the rigorous rule of their masters, until when the British seized Jamaica in 1655, there were scarcely any of the full-blooded natives in existence.

The tragedy enacted by Christian Spain, in which a happy, free people were practically exterminated, was followed by another dark page in a tale of sordid shame, insatiable avarice and human savagery in

which England was the responsible moral, or rather immoral, agent. Spain had early laid claims to the New World and refused to recognize the rights of the English explorers, discoverers, settlers or her hardy seamen, and she had mercilessly striven to stamp out all England's attempts to get a foothold in territory she claimed as her own. The English sailors were summarily treated as pirates when they fell into Spanish hands, and naturally enough this course brought about reprisal acts on the part of the British. The high seas also at this time were rendered dangerous by numerous bands of lawless, wild sea-rovers, dar-

ing and desperate buccaneers who sailed under the black flag of the pirates and



THE BASKET MARKET, KINGSTON.



GOING TO MARKET, ON ROAD BETWEEN CONSTANT AND KINGSTON.

scoured the seas for the rich prizes of commerce. Now it occurred to the English Governor of Jamaica that if he commissioned these corsairs of the deep to annoy Spanish fleets, he would greatly weaken Spain's hold on the Western world, despoil her of riches that were making her dangerously powerful, and concentrate the pernicious activity of the pirates on England's greatest foe. He therefore commissioned the pirates to "annoy the Spanish fleets," issuing them letters of marque. The pirates were not slow to take advantage of the protection and the evidence of respectability granted by these commissions. Moreover, it gave them what they so greatly needed,—a rendezvous. Hence these desperadoes of the ocean, these daring outcasts and criminals from many lands, made haste to embrace the Governor's tempting offer.

Portuguese, Dutch and other foreigners, no less than English, figured among the pirate chieftains that made Jamaica their base and rendezvous in these halcyon days of the buccaneers. Among those whose

names struck terror to the merchant marines of the day were Brafiliano, Bartholomew, Mansvelt, John Davis, Lewis Scott, and, last but not least, Henry Morgan. These men were for the most part dominated by an insane greed for gold very like in character the mania that to-day affects our high financiers and law-defying captains of industry who have so mercilessly destroyed competitors by lawless and criminal practices.

The buccaneers of the high seas, though only licensed by the Governor to annoy the Spanish fleets, ere long cast greedy eyes upon the prosperous Spanish settlements. It

is a peculiarity of moral perverts under the compulsion of gold madness, that when their avarice is stimulated they let few things stand in their way; so the pirates began to descend upon the Spanish settlements, leaving murder, rapine and desolation in their wake and usually retiring to their ships laden with rich booty. Mansvelt seized the island of St. Cath erine and extorted an enormous ransom ere he would give it up. Davis scoured St. Augustine and Nicaragua, plundering and committing nameless deeds of infamy. But the most famous, or infamous, of all these corsairs of the seas was Henry Morgan. He was the master-spirit, the bravest and most daring of the fellowship; but because he ever sailed under commissions granted by the British officer and because of his more peaceful latter life, when he became a zealous upholder and representative of law and order, he has found many apologists. The story of his bloody career on the seas, however, seems to fully justify the verdict of one of the able historians of Jamaica, that his career as

a buccaneer was marked by almost incredible barbarities and cruelties. This man was the son of a Welshman. He had been sold into slavery and been made to feel all the barbarities of the slave-drivers' brutality on the Barbadoes. How much this experience had to do in deadening his moral sense cannot be guessed, but certain it is there was little of the milk of human kindness in evidence during his ill-famed career as a licensed pirate. In 1670 he descended on Panama, then one of the wealthiest Spanish towns in the New World. He ruthlessly plundered and sacked the place and his descent was so timed that he gained



THE RIO COBRE HOTEL, SPANISH TOWN.

possession of an enormous treasure train of gold and silver which had just arrived for reshipment to the Old World. Of this amount Morgan appropriated so liberal a share to himself that he came very near falling a victim to his own avarice, as his men, feeling that they had been defrauded of their just share, planned his destruction. He escaped, however, and though the English Governor who granted the commissions was recalled for his act, Henry Morgan was knighted for his descent upon helpless Panama and appointed Lieutenant-



THE "ADMIRAL SCHLEY" LEAVING PORT ANTONIO HARBOR.



AN OLD SUGAR-CANE PRESS (ON THE WAY TO THE "BLUE HOLE.")

Governor of Jamaica. At length, however, public sentiment in England was so aroused that Governor Vaughan, who came after Sir Henry Morgan, put a stop to the scandal by hanging every pirate he caught.

In 1782 Jamaica faced a formidable peril when the combined forces of France and Spain, under de Grasse, just off Dominica sailed to subject the coveted isle of beauty and plenty; but the decisive victory won by Admiral Rodney saved the island from the horrors of invasion and the havoc of war.

In those days the principal city of Jamaica was Port Royal, a place which according to a chronicler

more enthusiastic than accurate, was "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the universe." It was the principal port of entry and one of the most flourishing towns of the West Indies until 1692, when it was visited by a terrible earthquake which destroyed more than three thousand lives. An eye-witness thus described the scene:

"Whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which when shut upon them squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several were left with their heads above ground. . . . It was a sad sight to see the harbor covered with dead bodies of



EARLY MORNING BUYERS, KINGSTON.

people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial, for the burying place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs, and the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried out of their graves."

Eleven years later a great fire almost entirely destroyed the town, and in 1712 a hurricane almost swept away the homes that had quickly arisen from the ashes of old Port Royal. But it was not until 1722, or nineteen years after the great fire, that the town was practically destroyed by a terrific hurricane, during which many of the houses were swept into the sea.

This series of calamities led to the rapid upbuilding of Kingston, a few

miles distant, which in time became the capital of the province and the chief city of the island.

Jamaica has suffered much at various times from flames, floods, hurricanes and earthquakes. A record of the calamities that have come upon the inhabitants would lead one to imagine that the island was the sport of malignant elements. But that is only one side of the picture. Chroniclers are wont to dwell on calamities. Man remembers tragedies long after he has forgotten beautiful and pleasing happenings. And if Jamaica and her cities during the past few hundred years have at intervals suffered severely we must remember that during most of these hundreds of years nature



A BIT OF CONTRAST.



MARKET SCENE, PORT ANTONIO.

has smiled upon the island, making it a fairy-like garden-spot, rich in beauty and fruitfulness and with a climate that fosters health and makes living worth the while.

III. FROM PORT ANTONIO TO KINGSTON.

At length the day came for us to cross the island to Kingston, the capital of Jamaica. We took the train at about sunrise. For a time the railway follows the coast-line and the scenery is very beautiful, with the ocean on the one side and the mountains on the other, while here and there are magnificent groves of cocoanut trees and plantations of bananas. Before long we entered the mountain region and the engine toiled up steep grades. Here again the scenery was all that eye could desire. Indeed, the beauty of Jamaica lives in the memory, a haunting delight to all tourists who have eyes to see that which is lovely or sublime. The slopes of the mountains are clothed in verdure. Fine forests, containing many valuable woods, such

as mahogany, ebony, rosewood and satin-wood, are to be seen as one ascends from tier to tier toward the crest line of the Blue mountains that form the backbone of the island. Beautiful valleys lie between the tiers of ascending hills and in the mountain ravines are many strikingly magnificent cascades. Here, too, one beholds a wealth of luxuriant ferns such as is seldom seen.

One of the most pleasing and common sights when traversing the island are the little villages and hamlets in the valleys, embowered in tropical trees, shrubs and plants that are often gorgeous in splendid many-colored flowers.

At length we reached the highest point on the road and our descent was very swift. We arrived at Kingston at half-past ten—Kingston, the capital city of the island, with a population then of fifty thousand souls. This city has felt the triple fury of the elements. In 1880 it was severely injured by a hurricane; in 1882 a great fire destroyed a large proportion of the town; and now she lies a

wreck as the sport of the earthquake. When we visited the place it was a thriving city, there being more energy and bustle than one usually encounters in tropical towns. In architecture and in general appearance Kingston was rather striking, for it was part English and part Spanish. Here, as indeed elsewhere in Jamaica, one cannot fail to note the strong impress of two nations which in architecture and in domestic tastes, as in other things, are very unlike.

From Kingston we took the electric cars to Constant Springs Hotel, situated six miles from the capital city on one of the old-time estates, now out



THE ENCLOSURE BACK OF THE CATHEDRAL, SPANISH TOWN.

of cultivation, at the foot of a range of the Blue mountains. It is a delightful hostelry, and from here we visited many attractive spots in the vicinity, the chief point of interest being Spanish Town, thirteen miles from Kingston. It is an old place founded by the Spanish about 1523, who christened it Santiago de la Vega. In early times it was a place of wealth and fashion, but to-day it is little more than a country village, its principal attractions being its beautiful public square filled with tropical plants and flowers, its fine old Cathedral, one of the finest specimens of Spanish architecture on the island, and the temple erected in honor of Admiral Rodney. In the cathedral are many handsome monuments and tablets, and under our feet were numerous slabs with curious records such as one often finds in old cemeteries. One of these especially attracted my attention, as after recording some facts relative to the deceased, it assured us that the sleeper "died amid much applause." Was he an actor who fell before the footlights, I wonder?

This slab reminds me of a still more remarkable inscription carved on the tomb of Lewis Galdy at Green Bay. This unfortunate, or rather fortunate, individual was, I believe, one of the lucky victims of the great Port Royal earthquake, for the epitaph tells us that he "was swallowed up by the earthquake, and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death."



ROYAL PALMS, SPANISH TOWN.

Just now people are wondering why men and women who could live elsewhere would dwell in a land of earthquakes and hurricanes, as if these things were everyday occurrences or happened frequently. As a matter of fact, life and death are companions in all lands and under all skies. If the yellow fever occasionally visits Jamaica, its ravages are insignificant compared with those of pneumonia or the white plague in our northern lands. If earthquakes and hurricanes sometimes devastate sections of Jamaica, do we not have our cyclones, floods and blizzards, our periods of cold, our losses by fire, and the needless waste of life by railway and other avoidable accidents? Yes, death walks by our side under every flag and in every clime. As for me, I can easily understand why occasional earthquakes or hurricanes do not drive from Jamaica many who, if they desired, could live in other lands.

WILLIAMSON BUCKMAN.
Trenton, N. J.

THE STATE-OWNED RAILWAYS OF GERMANY.

PART II. OF "THE RAILWAY EXPERIENCE OF GERMANY."

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, Ph.D.

THE POLITICAL dangers and abuses, so strenuously predicted by objectors to public railways, have not materialized in Germany. The spoils system is unknown. No member of Parliament can get a friend or constituent a place on the State railways through political influence. President Hadley says that political difficulties have not been experienced in the administration of the Prussian railways, which he thinks "is chiefly due to the superb organization of the Prussian Civil Service." There are no paid lobbyists, no subsidized newspapers, no publication bureaus, no rake-offs. Neither graft nor partisan politics have any place in the administration of the railways.

The Government railways effected large economies, partly by condensation and coördination of staffs and services, made possible by the unification of the railways, partly by lopping off the corporation cupolas from over-grown official salaries, and partly by improved methods of operation. The president of a Prussian railway division gets \$2,750 a year and the Minister of Public Works \$9,000 a year and the use of a house. Think what a saving could be made in our railways if the salaries of railway presidents were cut from \$25,000, \$50,000 and \$100,000 to the German figures, which cannot be considered as out of the question, since presidents of colleges often receive only \$3,000 to \$3,500, about the same as the Prussian railroad president, including the house-rent he has in addition to his salary; and the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Postmaster General or other member of the President's Cabinet in this country only gets \$8,000 a year, which is considerably less than the pay of the Prussian Minister of Railways.

Further economies in the German railways, as compared to ours, result from the fact that they do not have to cover the expenses and emoluments of gentlemen engaged in manipulating conventions, electing railroad candidates and running legislative lobbies. They are also free from the wastes due to competing offices, circuitous routing, etc., from which our transportation system suffers.

In respect to safety the German railroads take very high rank. We kill more people on our roads each week than are killed on the German roads in a year. Taking the averages per million passengers over our railroads and those of Prussia, we find that the railways of the United States kill over six times as many and injure 25 times as many as the Prussian roads.

The service is not so good in some respects as ours, but is admittedly the best in Europe, far superior on the whole to that afforded by the French or English railway systems. No nation on the globe can equal America in what pertains to the development of mechanical civilization, but it is very clear that the secret of our superiority is not private-ownership, since the private roads of France and England as a whole are more inferior to ours than is the German system.

Both freight and passenger rates are lower in Germany than in England or the United States. The average passenger rate is less than 1 cent a mile, against 2 cents in the United States, and 2.25 cents in Great Britain. Liberal discounts from ordinary rates are made in favor of education and labor. Schoolchildren get 66 per cent. to 70 per cent. off on monthly tickets and 75 per cent. off on yearly tickets. Workingmen in

Prussia get a rate of about one-third of a cent a mile on journeys to and from work up to 31 miles, and for long distances, 30 working-men together can get 50 per cent. off the ordinary rate. On the Berlin elevated railways, which are owned and operated by the State in conjunction with the suburban roads as one system, the ordinary fares are 2 cents anywhere from 1 to 5 stations (about 15 miles) and 5 cents for any distance, the maximum being about 31 miles. By purchasing weekly or monthly tickets, workingmen can get rates considerably below these normal charges.

There is an impression that freight rates in Germany are much higher than in the United States. This impression has resulted from the comparison of average rates without explanation of what the averages represent. The average merchandise rate in Prussia is 1.36 cents per ton-mile against .78 of a cent in this country. But the American rate does not include express, which pays very high rates, while the German rate does include express. It also includes large amounts of traffic which in this country is handled by fast freight and private-car lines, the earnings of which are not included in the reported railroad revenues. The American rate is cut down by including large amounts of freight carried for the companies themselves, for which no charge is made, while the German figure includes only freight actually paid for. The German roads carry an immense amount of mail and packages for the parcels-post, for which they get no pay, while American roads receive large sums for carrying the mails, and the packages for the most part go by express with us. The proportion of bulky, heavy, low-rate freight, such as coal, iron, ore, timber, etc., is very much larger here (where coal alone constitutes one-third of the total tonnage) than in Europe, where the bulk of such traffic is carried by water. The average haul in Germany is 78 miles, against 244 miles in the United States, over three times the Ger-

man haul, and this cuts down the average mile rate tremendously, so that on two roads run with equal efficiency and charging the same rates for equal service involving the same amount of labor and capital the road with the long average haul will show a much lower ton-mile rate. Our low ton-mile rate is partly due to carriage on circuitous routes and other unnecessary competitive transportation representing a waste of industrial force. And worse yet, our average tells the story of special rates and secret concessions to favored shippers. Our ton-mile rate does not represent the rates the public has to pay, but is brought below the actual public rate level by the rebates and concessions granted the trusts and combines and other big shippers. The German average represents the rates that all the people pay. Making allowance for express and mail, company freight and private-car line traffic, the German commissioners, recently in this country, conclude that a proper figure for our average freight rate would be 1.44 cents per ton-mile, while the figure for the Prussian roads would be .95 of a cent.

After studying German freight-rates on the ground and comparing them with American rates for similar distances and shipments, I found that the German ton-mile rates on local traffic are generally less than one-third of ours.* (For specific comparison see *The Railways, the Trusts, and the People*, page 338.) Taking direct comparison for longer distances into the calculation, we find that our rates on less than carload lots are 50 to 200 per cent. higher than the German rates. This is a much more accurate method of investigation than any comparison of general averages with the broadly differing content behind those averages in the two countries. On the private railroads of Great Britain the average ton-mile rate is over 80 per cent. higher than the average German rate, so

*See note at end of this article for statement in reference to the criticism of Professor Hugo R. Meyer.

in another way it is clear that some other cause than private-ownership is to be credited with our low average freight-rate in the United States. The German Government has been criticized for not making blanket-rates to develop long-distance traffic and especially for not making rates that would enable the railways to absorb the long-distance traffic which now goes by water. It is not clear, however, to one who is not a railroad lawyer or official why the railways should try to capture freight which can go at lower actual cost by water. If one big trust owned both the waterways and the railroads in this country, would the railroads take freight that could be sent by water at lower than actual cost? That is the situation in Germany where the big People's Trust owns both the railways and the waterways.

It must not be supposed that the German railway management is free from difficulty or beyond criticism. The conflict of sectional interests which exists in Germany not less than in the United States gives rise to many serious and difficult questions. The adjustments are not always what a disinterested observer might think best, but the methods of adjustment are beyond criticism. In Germany questions of sectional interest are decided by fair, open, earnest, exhaustive discussion of the representations of all the interests involved. In the United States questions of sectional interest are decided by secret conference and arbitrary action of a few powerful individuals acting with sole reference to their private profit. Under the German system, New England, Kansas, Colorado, etc., would have a full hearing and a vote in determining the railway policy. Under our system, the destinies of New England, Kansas, Denver, Spokane, etc., are determined by decree of Wall-street's railroad kings and trust magnates without a hearing and without consideration of anything but the profit of the railroad owners.

The profits of the German railways are

very large amounting to one-third of the total receipts. The gross profits of the Prussian roads are over \$150,000,000 and the net surplus after all expenses and interest charges are paid, including new equipment, extensions, and special funds, is over \$100,000,000.

The employés of the German railways are well cared for. The management takes every reasonable precaution against killing or maiming them; carefully avoids over-working them; pays them excellent wages according to the general wage-level in Germany—much higher wages than the English railways pay, although the general wage-level is higher in England than in Germany; pensions them when their working days are over; makes provision for their widows and orphans; and gives them a share in the management of the roads through their right to help elect the members of the Railway Councils and the members of Parliament, who finally determine the policy of the roads and the conditions of the service. It has been stated by an influential writer in this country that the German railway workers are disfranchised, but this is a mistake. They have the same right as any other citizen to vote, both in local and national elections and they exercise their right.

The crowning glory of the Prussian railway administration is the system of local and national Councils, composed of representatives chosen by chambers of commerce, laborers' organizations, farmers' unions, dairy associations, merchants' clubs, etc., to coöperate with the railway directories in the management of the roads. The law requires the railway officers constantly to advise with these Councils and to act upon their recommendations so far as reasonably possible, so that in Germany to-day, through the Councils and the Parliament, the railway system is practically in the hands of the people to manage and direct. The roads are actually operated in the interests of the people on one of the most democratic and coöperative

plans it would be possible to conceive.

Imagine our railway managers constantly subjected to cross-examination by the people's representatives, under conditions that would make it folly to tell anything but the absolute truth, with books and transactions always under the scrutiny of public auditors and inspectors, obliged to reveal all bargains, costs, rates, methods and agreements! Imagine our people having a share in the management of the railways through councils and standing committees composed of merchants, manufacturers, farmers, workingmen, etc., elected by chambers of commerce, labor unions, agricultural associations, etc., under laws requiring the railway management to consult these people's councils continually as to rates, time-tables, etc., and conform to their decisions so far as reasonably possible, with appeal to a national council representing the business interests of all classes of people and constituting virtually a coördinate part of the national railway administration! Everyone free to make suggestions and complaints without fear of railway persecution or expensive litigation! Every petition sure of fair-minded consideration and every important question certain to be investigated with comprehensive thoroughness, not to ascertain how the most money can be made for a few railway managers and controlling owners, but to ascertain what is best for the interest of all concerned! What would become of the arbitrary power of Baer, Morgan, Rockefeller and Company? What would become of the whole congregation of railroad graft and chicanery, the whole congested slums of railroad politics and finance in this country?

As Charles Francis Adams long ago pointed out, the German railroad system is "practically a coöperative system, the Government being nothing more nor less than a trustee managing a vast industrial organization for the general public benefit," and in constant consultation with local and national bodies representing the interests of all classes of people.

Our railroads know how to coöperate with each other and with the trusts, sometimes for the public good—too often against it. May we not reasonably ask for a system that will give the people a fair share of influence in the management of the railways? Is it just that the sugar people, beef people, coal people, and oil people, should have a large share in rate-making, while most all of our 80,000,000 of people have no share? Especially, is it just when most of the 80,000,000 need a share in rate-making far more than the sugar-beef-coal-oil people *et al?*

Public sentiment in Germany is overwhelmingly with the State system. There are complaints, of course. Few things human are free from complaints and opposition, but the complaints and the opposition are relatively insignificant. Public opinion in the mass is with the railway system. This is not only my own conclusion after earnest efforts to get at public sentiment by talking with many people of various classes, but is the conclusion also of Professor Ely, Hon. B. H. Meyer, the American Consul at Berlin, and other American students of the German railway situation.

The Germans believe that whoever owns and operates a country's transportation system virtually owns the country; and that the public highway should be managed for the public benefit and not for private profit. This is the keynote of their railroad philosophy.

The regulation of private railways as in England, France and the United States, tends to secure the dominance of public interest for prevention, to some extent at least, of the positive abuses to which private railways in a state of liberty are prone to devote so much of their attention. But regulation cannot secure in any reasonable degree the dominance of public interest or a management actuated by public motives and devoting themselves earnestly and effectively to the public good.

The German system secures the dom-

inance of public interest both for prevention and for action. It secures the dominance of public interest for prevention much more completely and perfectly than the French or English system—as one might expect, since it is hardly possible by any amount of control to get as good results from the other fellow's servants as you can from your own—and it secures also the dominance of public interest for positive service. The management does not have to be coerced to act in accord with public interest; for those who have the actual possession and active management of the railways have also the fullest motives to act for the public benefit, are employed for that purpose, and have their success measured by that standard.

Other nations have attested the success of State-ownership in Germany by that best of all indorsements, sincere and earnest imitation. Switzerland, for example, has nationalized her railways, basing her argument partly on Germany's successful experience; Italy also has undertaken the operation of her roads, hoping she may attain some of the bene-

*The reader will find strenuous criticism of the Prussian railway and canal policy in a new book on *Government Regulation of Railway Rates*, by Hugo R. Meyer, an assistant professor in Chicago University. The book is a brief for the railroads against President Roosevelt's policy of rate regulation, and against State ownership, and the backbone of it is a rabid attack on the German system.

Professor Meyer has never been in Germany. That was not necessary. In fact, it might have made havoc with his argument and interfered with his purpose. For example, in this book, and in his testimony before the Senate Committee, May 5, 1905, he tells us that "one single firm [the firm of von Bolle, as we learn from p. 387 of the book] is stabling to-day within the city limits of Berlin 14,000 cows. . . . And within the limits of Berlin one can count, and smell, upwards of 14,000 cows, kept there to supply the population with milk that the railroads are not allowed to bring from a distance." (P. 156.)

Now the great dairyman, C. Bole (not von Bolle), made a statement in the spring of 1905, when Mr. Meyer's testimony was called to his attention, saying that he had no cows at all in Berlin; that there was a large number of cows in the city, but that there was no causal connection between that fact and the railway rates on milk, and that of the 600,000 liters of milk required in Berlin daily, only about one-sixth is produced in Berlin and its suburbs.

Professor B. H. Meyer, who visited the Berlin

fits Germany has secured from her Government railways; and now Japan has decided on the policy of State management, influenced largely by Germany's example, though it would not be fair to forget that the success of the State roads of Belgium, Denmark, New Zealand and other countries has also contributed to the spread of the public system.

Meanwhile the German railway management (fully conscious that their system, fine as it is in many ways, is still capable of great improvement) are ransacking the world for new ideas and suggestions, and the people's representatives are constantly discussing what can be done to make the roads still more serviceable to the public. And when a change in the public interest is voted, the way is open to the execution of the plan, not only without resistance on the part of the railway managers, but with their cordial coöperation and earnest wish to make the railroads just what the public—the stockholders and owners of the roads—want them to be.*

FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

dairy within a few weeks of Professor Hugo's testimony and who brought out the facts in the *Journal of Political Economy* for February, 1906, also states that in the German article from which Professor Hugo garbled and misquoted the sentence out of which he constructed his cow-fiction—in that very same article on the development of the milk traffic in Germany, the writer shows that "the requirements of the agricultural and dairy interests have been met in a most satisfactory manner, and that an experience of twenty years has met all demands reasonably well." Very properly, Professor B. H. asks, "whether due respect for fair play and the truth should not have impelled him to give a hint of these things to his American readers, instead of garbling a single sentence from the article."

The same tendency to make fiction masquerade as railway economics—a tendency that has been discovered also in the returns of some of the private railways Professor Meyer admires so much—this same tendency to use imagination in place of reason marks the Chicago man's discussion of the German canal policy, and in fact his whole book.

He says the Prussian railways are at fault because they do not make rates to compete with the canals, but calmly let a lot of heavy traffic go by water; that the appropriation of millions proves the railway system a failure; that the crying need of Germany is long-distance traffic on the railways, etc.

This crying need is a figment of the Professor's fertile imagination. The German people control

THE REDEMPTION.

BY BOLTON HALL.

MY COMPANION had been very silent, but as the camp-fire blazed again, he began:

"Well, sir, I do n't think it was a dream, and it could n't have been that I imagined it all, for you know I was born and brought up in Mexico, out on the plain, and I'd never heard that story about

their railway rates, and if there were a crying need for more long-distance traffic in their judgment, the rates would be made so as to secure it. I may be mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that the German people are right in relying on their own judgment in this matter rather than on that of any economic professor of the Rockefeller University. The industrial progress of Germany in recent years is marvelous, as even Professor Meyer admits. Almost in the same breath we are told that the railways have paralyzed Germany, and that modern industrial Germany is the marvel of the world; that the German railways are merely feeders to canals, and that there has been "a huge increase in the volume of traffic" on the railways; that the German railway policy has caused excessive concentration of population, and that the German distance tariff prevents a high development of long-distance transportation.

The fact is that long-distance transportation is one of the prime causes of excessive concentration of population. The comparative statistics of urban and rural population in the United States and Prussia show a greater percentage of increase in this country than in Germany during the railway age.

If the appropriation of millions for canals proves the Prussian railways a failure, then I suppose the canal appropriation of \$120,000,000 by New York State, approved by popular vote, is convincing proof to Mr. Meyer of the inefficiency, incompetence and mismanagement of the New York Central.

What would we think of a German writer who should tell his readers that American railways had failed because the Government was still spending money on canals, or because the railways had not kept all traffic off the Great Lakes, the rivers and the oceans? If German traffic can go at less than rail cost from point to point by water, why should n't it? And in America, if freight can go at lower cost by the lakes, or round the cape to California, why should n't it? Why should our railroads cut long-distance rates to the bone to capture traffic that belongs on the water by the law of economics, and compel local traffic to pay not only its own fixed charges but part of all that belong to the cut-rate long-distance business?

The Chicago man is so saturated with the philosophy of the private railways that he can't see

Cain. It was the second day that I had been lost in the bare bad lands without water, or maybe it was the third. Nothing was moving now over the endless desert but the blazing sun and millions of little ants or grains of sand that scurried round my feet—and I sank down to die.

anything but railway tonnage. His only question is: "Does it make money for the railways?" He never asks, "Is it just?" "Does it make for economy of industrial power?" "Does it tend to the diffusion of wealth and power?" "Does it make for good citizenship?"

He does not test the Prussian railway by any such standards; does n't seem to be aware that such standards exist; is entirely satisfied, apparently that the Standard Oil and the Beef-Trust should have better rate arrangements on our railways than other shippers; can't see anything the matter with our railways; says, "Discrimination is the secret of the efficiency of American railways"; has no word of condemnation for the payment of rebates, the free pass, terminal railroad and private car abuses, the watering and manipulation of stocks, the concentration of railroad power in the hands of a few men for their private benefit, the evil of railway corporation influence in politics, the bribery of legislators, the railroad lobbies, the packed conventions, the control of elections, and the legislation in private interests.

For excellent estimates of Meyer's work I refer the reader to the criticisms by H. C. Adams, B. H. Meyer and Ray Stannard Baker, in the *Yale Review* (February), *Journal of Political Economy* (February), and *McClure's* (March), 1906. Adams says that the writer's assumptions in respect to controverted questions relating to the tests to be applied in judging of railway managements "vitiate his entire treatise." B. H. Meyer speaks of "the unreliability of the references" given by Hugo Meyer, and says that Hugo Meyer misquotes and misrepresents German and French authorities cited by him, giving the reader to understand that their views are "diametrically opposed to the views they really hold." He also says that "bias is the unifying principle of the book." Ray Stannard Baker says: "The work throughout is marked by singular bias and prejudice. The *Railroad Gazette*, which is itself in possession of sufficient bias to make it hard for it to see the real weight of the wrongs our railroads are guilty of, nevertheless has fairness enough to say editorially of this book (December 1, 1905): 'We deeply regret that the learned professor should have approached his subject with such unmistakable evidences of partisanship and bias.'"

"As I touched the ground, I felt some quick blows on my boot, and the whir that had been in my ears so long seemed to grow louder. I looked at my leg and saw, without any interest, that as I fell I had pinned a big rattlesnake to the ground with the side of my boot, and he was striking again and again at the leather near his head.

"My stick was still in my hand, and I raised it—the snake was working forward under the boot: soon he would reach my knee—what matter! I must die; that death could be no worse than this, and he in his handsome vigor, he will live; he wants to live—I could see the muscles working under his skin. In a moment he struck my knee, and it felt like a burn. But I threw the stick away, and the snake stopped striking and slid away from under the weight of my foot, slid away—to nowhere. I give you my word—there was n't so much as a tuft of sage or a stone on all that plain, nor there was n't a hole but the little sun-cracks in the earth."

He paused, and the darkness about us was very still; then he went on:

"And a man stood beside me that came from nowhere; and he picked me up and carried me all that day out of the bad lands—he was a big fellow,—until at night we came to a ranch on Gyp Creek. And he talked to me all that day; he said he was Cain, the son of Eve and of the Snake. And he told me how his brother was a sheep-man and he had killed him, the same as we kill the sheep-men here, and God had changed him back into his father's shape, and told him he must live

like that, and be against every man, and every man's hand against him,—until some man that he would wound, and that could kill him, should love him enough to spare him.

"For he said that the man that gives love always gives life, and that it was hate that made all the evil of the world. He said that love was the savior that would redeem the earth, and that before we can love, which is doing good, we must quit hating, which is doing wrong.

"He said that it was n't enough not to hurt anyone, nor even to help everyone; that to love truly, we must forgive everyone,—even those who would hurt us and who would treat us unjustly. We must even stop wishing that they would get their deserts. When we accept Nature, which is the kindness of God, and so get free of all bitterness, the real life begins, and happiness is then as natural as it is for a plant to grow in the light. Only that Love gives happiness which is the reward of Love.

"He said that if we love, though we be dead, yet shall we live again, and he told me a lot of other things that I can remember only in my heart—I am an ignorant man, Sir.

"Those ranchmen claim I drifted in about midnight, plum crazy, and with nothing but a bad bruise on my knee; but I know better. Well, sir, before that I had killed men, but since that day I 've never killed a living thing, and I never will."

He stopped, and the silence closed in on us again. BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

MR. BRYAN'S MISTAKE.

BY LINTON SATTERTHWAIT.

IF PRESIDENT Roosevelt may be regarded as the chief asset of the Republican party, Mr. Bryan is easily next in value to that organization. Without the able assistance of Mr. Bryan and the more influential of his followers, not even the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt could for long hold the Republican voters together as a political organization. It is the continued existence of the Democratic party as a political organization, associated in the minds of Republican voters with all of that party's past history, whether good or bad, that prevents the breach in party lines and the realignment of the voters, which present conditions plainly call for. Were that party to disband, the Republican party would speedily divide. The two leading factions would quickly become two antagonistic parties. As Mr. Blaine remarked, in speaking of the divisions in the old Republican-Democratic party, when the Federalist party disappeared from the scene: "No political organization can live without opposition." With the common enemy overthrown, or no longer in sight, internal dissensions inevitably lead to party disruption. Such is human nature. But so long as the organization which has been bitterly fought in past years stands before the eyes of the voters as the only haven of refuge, if they refuse to submit to the dominant influences in their own party, they are impelled by their prejudices and their pride to cling to their own organization and to hope for its redemption through some miraculous aid.

The present political condition naturally and normally should result in the abandonment of the Democratic organization, the consequent withdrawal of the more radical democratic element from the Republican party and the crystallization into a new truly democratic

organization—whatever its name—into which would be drawn by the law of political gravitation the democratic element of the country. The so-called conservative Democrats would naturally find their way into the Republican organization, making of that party the great so-called conservative party of the country, just as the pro-slavery Whigs found their way by easy stages into the old pro-slavery Democratic party. The issue between privilege and popular rights, between plutocracy and democracy, could then be joined with a reasonable hope that the real public sentiment would be expressed.

Mr. Bryan's mistake consists in his hugging the delusion that Republican voters will come to the Democratic organization so soon as they become convinced of the wisdom of the policies which it may espouse. True, some will do so. But where one voter will thus change his party affiliations, a dozen who feel much the same will refuse to do so because of prejudice and party vanity. Partisan prejudice is one of the strongest forces which control men's actions. Doubtless Mr. Bryan feels great pride in the historical Democratic party to which his father and grandfather belonged, but he should not forget that the perfect complement of this pride is the prejudice against affiliating with that same party entertained by the Republican whose views may be similar to Mr. Bryan's and whose father, and perhaps grandfather, were loyal Republicans. These two men may cherish the same sentiments, but the party-pride of the one and the party-prejudice of the other keeps them apart. They could meet on the common ground of a new organization, without humiliating the pride of the one or offending the prejudices of the other. It is far less difficult to induce a man to leave his

party to unite with a new organization than it is to induce him to join the organization against which he has fought with partisan zeal.

Mr. Bryan should adjust his political eye-glasses and view his grand old Democratic party as Republicans view it, and he might begin to understand why it is that while the Democratic party remains a minority party its policies are, after a time, being carried out, one by one, by the Republicans.

There is to-day a great unorganized party of democracy in this country. The individuals who compose it are to be found among those calling themselves Democrats, among those calling themselves Republicans, and among those styled Independents, or to state the situation in a different form, there are two actually antagonistic parties within the Republican party-lines, and practically the same two antagonistic parties within the Democratic lines. Normally there should be a dissolving and a re-crystallization, so that each of the two similar Republican and Democratic parties might coalesce, so that Republican plutocrat and Democratic plutocrat might join hands as their hearts are already joined, and Republican democrat and Democratic democrat might march under one banner proclaiming their common principles.

The actual situation is abnormal. Nothing would so greatly help to restore natural conditions as the retirement from the field of the Democratic organization. By keeping it alive, Mr. Bryan may start with the advantage of the party machinery and of the votes which will follow the party name, but to win success, the popular movement needs more than the votes which control of the Democratic machinery will give. It needs the votes of those who are repelled by the very fact that the cause they feel disposed to favor is identified with that same party machinery. There can be little doubt that by injecting some vitality into the Democratic organization Mr. Bryan is

rendering the greatest possible service to the Republican organization and the cause which it represents. He ignores human nature and, it would seem, disregards the teachings of our political history. Could the free-soil sentiment have captured the Whig party organization in the early fifties, the movement would have had the prestige of a party name, and the added strength due to the formal adherence of voters who would have cared little for the newly-espoused principles, but who would have blindly followed that party name. But could the rehabilitated Whig party have secured the confidence and won the support of free-soil Democrats, as did the newly-organized Republican party in the formation of which Democrats, Whigs and Free-Soilers alike took part? Manifestly not. The first poll might have been greater, but the growth of the movement would have been much less rapid. Why, in 1860, did the leaders of the young Republican party in doubtful states urge that, with Mr. Seward as the candidate, their states could not be carried by the Republicans? Was it not because Mr. Seward had been for years a leader among the Whigs and, as such, had incurred the hostility and excited the prejudices of the Democratic voters of free-soil proclivities, whose support it was necessary to win to the new party? Men hesitate to step out from among their neighbors and friends to join the organization which they, in common with those neighbors and friends, have been fighting. It is folly to ignore this obvious fact.

When a new issue of commanding importance arises, the natural thing is for one of the two chief existing parties to disband. It is almost certain that one or the other of the existing parties will be so under the control of the exponents of one side of that issue that its destiny is already determined. This party will almost necessarily be the dominant party at the time. Thus the Democratic organization was fated to become the champion of slave-extension in ante-bellum

days, and the Republican party of to-day—in spite of the Roosevelt episode—seems destined to wage the battle of the "interests" in the coming struggle.

The Democratic party of to-day, as the Whig party of the fifties, is the minority party, rent by the cleavage lines of the developing new issues, and the most signal public service that party could render would be to pass into history, as did the Whig party when the Kansas-Nebraska question gave birth to a new issue with a new party to espouse it. Had some Whig leader of free-soil principles and great personal popularity held the Whig party together, it is not at all likely that the free-soil sentiment would have carried the country in 1860.

The analogies of the situation now and in 1852-54 are by no means fanciful. The split in the then triumphant and all-powerful Democratic party could soon

be duplicated by a split in the present Republican party if the Democratic party of to-day would follow the example of the Whig party of that day and retire from the field, where its continued existence apparently serves only to supply Republicans who dislike their party's attitude with an excuse for remaining within the old party-fold.

It is no disrespect either to Mr. Bryan or to the Democratic party to say, that the best guarantee the Republicans have for success in the next and succeeding Presidential elections is the probability that he will be able to galvanize his party into sufficient life to keep active in Republican breasts all the old-time prejudice and distrust.

Mr. Bryan's position, it is repeated, is a mistake.

LINTON SATTERTHWAIT.

Trenton, N. J.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY: PROPHET OF PEACE AND APOSTLE OF SOCIAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE MAN.

NOT SINCE the untimely death of Henry Demarest Lloyd has the cause of fundamental democracy and social justice experienced a greater loss than it received early in last January, when Ernest Howard Crosby was suddenly stricken down by pneumonia. Among all the leaders who are faithfully and with superb courage battling to bring civilization to a higher vantage ground, he, it seems to us, most perfectly embodied the spirit of the great Nazarene in life, deed and message; and this being the case, his life was a wonderful inspiration to all aspiring minds who came in touch with him, and his death is a serious loss to the cause of truth.

Mr. Crosby enjoyed the inestimable

blessing of being reared in a home where moral enthusiasm and broad spirituality permeated the lives of both parents. They were more than conscience-guided; they possessed that wisdom and enlightenment that enabled them to rear their son in such a way as to develop all the moral faculties or awaken life on its highest plane of expression. They were great enough and wise enough to know that fear is degrading in its influence and that attempts to make people good by coercion are far less effective than rational appeals to the divinity in the soul of man; and so Ernest Crosby received from his father, the distinguished clergyman Rev. Howard Crosby, and his mother only love and appeals to his reason and sense of justice.

Dr. Howard Crosby, as many of our

readers will remember, was a valued contributor to early issues of THE ARENA. He was long the popular minister of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. Though he held strongly to what he believed to be true, he was one of the most tolerant and charitable men in the religious world when it came to considering the views or convictions of others, and though the pastor of one of the richest churches in the metropolis he never allowed the possession or the lack of worldly goods to count a feather's weight with him, and he was absolutely fearless in denouncing the criminality, the slothfulness and the criminal selfishness and indifference of the rich. Many of our readers may remember the sensation created by Dr. Crosby's bold paper in *The North American Review* on "The Dangerous Classes," in which he showed that at the present time the rich were the most dangerous class in the Republic. And yet, though possessed of courage and moral strength, he was one of the most lovable of men.

With such a father and in a home made radiant with love, Ernest Crosby's mind received its moral bent. From his earliest childhood he was taught the supremely important fact that a sacred responsibility rested with him. He was made to feel that unless he consecrated life's best gifts to the service of civilization he would be recreant to the high trust imposed upon him. At this ideal fireside the youth imbibed that sturdy morality, that all-compelling love, that passion for justice and that reverence for duty that are so essential to leadership in conflicts of right against might.

He was prepared for college in the Mohegan Lake School and from thence entered the University of New York, from which he graduated in 1876. In 1878 he graduated from Columbia College Law School, after which he commenced the practice of his profession. In 1886 the corruption of New York politics was the subject of general agitation and some prominent newspapers

appealed to the educated sons of the rich and well-to-do to enter politics and cleanse it of its corruption. Among those who responded to this call was Ernest Crosby. He stood for representative to the State Legislature and in 1886 was elected on the Republican ticket. He served in the legislature in 1887, 1888, and 1889. During the last year he performed efficient service on the most important committee of the assembly, that on cities.

But it did not take him long to find that corrupt as was Tammany Hall, the Republican party was also in the hands of the grafters and corrupt interests and that the political machines were responsive to corporations and interests inimical to honest, pure or just government, and though at all times faithful to his ideals and fearless in his efforts to further what he conceived to be just and good government, he soon realized his own powerlessness in the presence of the sinister influences that have long dominated our legislative bodies. What he saw in the legislature at Albany of the power of monopolistic influences and the general corruption that permeated the law-making bodies sickened him of American politics, and when President Harrison in 1889 offered to nominate him for Judge of the Mixed Tribunal at Alexandria, Egypt, Mr. Crosby gladly signified his acceptance. The Khedive confirmed the nomination, which is a life position, and the young statesman set out for Alexandria. For more than four years Mr. Crosby presided as one of the judges whose duty it was to consider disputes between foreigners and between foreigners and natives. The decisions were all given in either French or Italian, and as Mr. Crosby was a master of both tongues, his rulings were given in either language that seemed best for the occasion.

In 1894 there came into his hands a book written by Count Tolstoi. He read it with profound interest. It took hold of him as had no book since he had

reached maturity. Indeed, its message came as a bugle-call to the young judge, awakening and arousing his conscience and impelling him to obey the imperative mandate of duty. It made him see things in a new light. Great truths which had been before but dimly perceived now became plain, and he saw the fundamental reason for things social and economic that had not before been clear to him. After reading this work, Judge Crosby found it impossible to longer remain in his comfortable and lucrative position in Alexandria. The Count had given a new meaning to life and had shown him where lay his duty. He forthwith resigned his post and set out for Russia, where he visited the Count, whose moral majesty still further aroused his spiritual nature.

Before Mr. Crosby left Russia, Count Tolstoi said to him:

"As an American, you of course have read the writings of Henry George?"

No, Mr. Crosby had not, nor had he ever met the author of *Progress and Poverty*.

"Mr. George is one of the greatest of the Americans," said the Count. "Be sure and make his acquaintance when you reach your native land."

The young American left the home of Count Tolstoi imbued as never before with the religion of humanity. Henceforth he could not be other than a democrat. More than this, Count Tolstoi had shown him the importance of thinking for himself instead of being content to take his views from others; and he now saw that the great end of education was not to attain intellectual culture and to become accomplished in the arts of the drawing-room, but that its first requisite in a civilized state should be the development of a true, fine character, the cultivation of those attributes that make a man above all a democrat and a lover of all his fellowmen. He knew now that fine and necessary as was intellectual training if it was balanced by moral development, of greater importance was

the schooling that makes men intellectually honest and courageous while at the same time being just, tolerant, loving and loyal to the high demands of freedom.

Arriving in America he soon made the acquaintance of Henry George and in time accepted the major demands of that great thinker's economic philosophy. But, naturally enough, the writings and thought of Count Tolstoi always exerted the greatest influence over his mind.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in some verses addressed to Whittier in the poet's later years thus referred to the compelling power which the lines of the Quaker bard exerted over his mind just after he had left college:

"At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, 'Sleep no more!'

If any good to me or from me came,
Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
If aught rose worthy in thin heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade of
shame;
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was
thine."

These lines might with equal truth have been penned by Mr. Crosby in regard to Count Tolstoi and his writings; and the following beautiful characterization of the great Russian by Mr. Crosby well expresses the admiration he cherished for the man he always loved to consider as his spiritual awakener:

"Hail, Tolstoi, bold, archaic shape,
Rude pattern of the man to be,
From 'neath whose rugged traits escape
Hints of a manhood fair and free."

I read a meaning in your face,
A message wafted from above,
Prophetic of an equal race
Fused into one by robust love.

Like some quaint statue long concealed,
Deep buried in Mycene's mart,
Wherein we clearly see revealed
The promise of Hellenic art,

So stand you; while aloof and proud,
The world that scribbles, prates, and frets
Seems but a simpering, futile crowd
Of Dresden china statuettes.

Like John the Baptist, once more scan
The signs that mark the dawn of day.
Forerunner of the Perfect Man,
Make straight His path, prepare the way.

The desert too is your abode,
Your garb and fare of little worth;
Thus ever has the Spirit showed
The coming reign of heaven on earth.

Not in kings' houses may we greet
The prophets whom the world shall bless,
To lay my verses at your feet
I seek you in the wilderness."

In this connection it will not be inappropriate to give some observations made to us a few years ago in answer to our question:

"What would you say were the focusing points of Count Tolstoi's social theories, or upon what chief foundation truths does his philosophy of life in its larger relations rest?"

"Tolstoi's great discovery and central theory," replied Mr. Crosby, "is the old, old truth that *love* is the natural spiritual energy of man, and that all circumstances, laws and institutions must bend before this prime function of his soul. In short, he takes Christianity at its word, not because 'it is written' but because he has found its truth attested in his deeper experience. All of his apparent eccentricities become intelligible, or even necessary, when we trace them back to this paramount obligation of loving. While he is not a constructive philosopher, his spirit must underlie any sound piece of construction. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' Tolstoi's great importance in the bringing in of a new day is his dramatic value. Himself a great dramatist, he has always seen things dramatically, and he has at last become a dramatic representation of the need of the age. Scenes, pictures and events have always impressed him more than arguments and books. The freezing of his coachman at Kazan, while he was dancing at a ball, first called his attention to the grievances of the working-classes. An execution by guillotine, which he attended at Paris, first shook his faith in government. It was his own experience in the Crimean war that first revealed the horrors of wholesale murder to him. The contrast between himself and a peasant, as they both

dropped a coin in a beggar's hat, opened his eyes to the defects of a rich man's charity. His dramatic instinct made him a great novelist and dramatist, and made him understand the Gospels as few men have understood them. As he explains them you see the events as if they occurred in the streets to-day, and you comprehend why the Pharisees speak thus and the disciples answer so. And now unwittingly, but by an unerring instinct, he has become the protagonist in a great drama. Like the Roman knight he has plunged into the abyss yawning between class and class, and in his own person is endeavoring to realize the reconciliation of a world divided against itself. Tolstoi has written many great works, but his greatest work is his simple, pathetic, inevitable life. If he could have helped it, we might criticize his rôle; but it has been as much the work of destiny as Mont Blanc or the Atlantic."

II. THE PROPHET OF PEACE.

Count Tolstoi's hatred of war was heartily shared by Mr. Crosby. Many of his strongest poems and most ringing utterances were against this relic of barbarism that speaks as perhaps does nothing else of the failure of Christianity to bring men and nations that are nominally Christian under the compulsion of Jesus' message. Mr. Crosby since his awakening in 1894 in regard to war and the employment of brute force, has reflected more perfectly than any other leader of the new time the teachings and acts of that One of whom it was written, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench," and who voiced His views on force and war-like acts when he said, "Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

In a notable protest against the action of the church in upholding war, made before the Episcopalian Church Congress in Providence, Rhode Island, November 15, 1900, Mr. Crosby said:

"War is hell, as General Sherman long ago told us; but he did not go on to tell us why. There is only one possible reason. Hell is not a geographical term; it is merely the expression of the spiritual condition of its inhabitants. War is hell because it transforms men into devils. . . . War is hate. Christianity is love. On which side should the Church be ranged? War is hell. The Church is, or ought to be, the Kingdom of Heaven. What possible truce can there be between them? And yet it is a fact that the Church favors war. Can you recall a single sermon condemning war, or even severely critical of it?

"A great movement has been going on in England during the last two years. I find among its leaders Frederick Garrison, the positivist, Herbert Spencer, the agnostic, and John Morley, the atheist, but the whole bench of bishops has been on the side of bloodshed. In France the Church has given its unanimous support to the military conspiracy against Dreyfus, and left it to the free-thinking Zola to show 'what Jesus would do.' In Germany and Russia the Church is the mainstay of military despotism. Is it true that things are so very different in this country? . . .

"Is it strange, then, that outsiders should criticize us? A Japanese writer, Matsumura Kaiseki, uses this language in a recent article: 'To the Oriental Christian there seems to be something absolutely contradictory in the gospel preached by the missionaries and the action of their governments.' And the eminent Jew, Max Nordau, is surprised to find that 'the Church does not seem to see that it is blasphemy to ask of the God of love to look with favor upon murder and destruction.' May we not have something to learn from Jew and Gentile?

"This backwardness of the Church to do the work of Christ, while those beyond the pale are endeavoring to accomplish it, has a precise analogy in the history of the anti-slavery movement. It

was such 'infidels' as Garrison and Phillips that were fulfilling the obligations of the Church fifty years ago, while she was searching the Scriptures to find authority for a sin which the world had outgrown. War is going to be condemned by the conscience of the world just as surely as slavery was condemned. I do not say that wars will cease. Murder and theft have not ceased, though they are condemned by mankind. But I do say that war will be adjudged a crime, like other murders and robberies, and that those who take part in it will know that they are doing wrong. The only question is, What instrument will God use in bringing this about? Shall we allow Him to use the Church, or shall we ask Him to look for other agents? It is because I believe the Church may still be persuaded to volunteer for this great task that I am here to-night.

"We condemn arson, adultery, murder, burglary, lying, and theft. War includes them all, and in a form more exaggerated, more self-evidently wrong, than any one of them taken alone. War repeals the Ten Commandments and explicitly places a portion of the human race outside the universal obligation of Christian love.

"Every age has had its barbarisms. We wonder now at slavery, at the hanging of boys for stealing a shilling, at imprisonment for debt, at the torture of witnesses, at the rack and thumbscrew and stake. All these things were supported by Christians and the Church. Are we to suppose that our age is the first without sanctified barbarisms? And if not, what barbarism of the day is so conspicuous as war? No, it is an awful hallucination, a fatal delusion, that war can be Christian. Let us fill our hearts with love and look forth upon our enemies, if we have enemies, with that love, and we shall see clearly that a Christian war is as impossible as a Christian murder."

Ernest Crosby believed in following Jesus' teachings rather than in pretend-

ing to do so while denying the Master at every turn; and the hypocrisy of those who at once claimed to be Christians and yet championed war was so offensive that it called forth the following protest which it would be well for militant Christians seriously to consider:

*"Talk, if you will, of hero deed,
Of clash of arms and battle wonders;
But prate not of your Christian creed
Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.*

*And if your courage needs a test,
Copy the pagan's fierce behavior;
Revel in bloodshed East and West,
But speak not of it with the Savior.*

*The Turk may wage a righteous war
In honor of his martial Allah;
But Thor and Odin live no more—
Dead are the gods in our Valhalla.*

*Be what you will, entire and free,
Christian or warrior—each can please us;
But not the rank hypocrisy
Of warlike followers of Jesus."*

Mr. Crosby was nothing if not fundamental in his reasoning. He ever strove to direct men's thoughts from the symbol to the thing symbolized; from the outward seeming to the soul or real essence within. In this respect again he was traveling in the footsteps of the Great Nazarene. To him justice was of more moment than a law born of corrupt practices and embodying injustice; and the flag of our nation was something glorious only when it symbolized the ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence. When, on the other hand, that flag was used in the cause of oppression, injustice and wars of aggression, the great fundamental principles of freedom, justice and fraternity—the bed-rock of democracy—loomed up as the things really worth while, and the flag lost the glory that it radiated while it symbolized them. On this point and in answer to the shallow demagogues in state and press who strove to justify the inhuman water-cure torture and other outrages practiced by American soldiers in the Philippines, our lost leader penned these lines entitled "The Flag":

"Who has hauled down the flag?

*"Is it the men who still uphold
The principles for which it stood,
Who claim that ever as of old
Freedom is universal good?*

*Or is it those who spurn the way
That Washington and Lincoln trod;
Who seek to make the world obey,
And long to wield the master's rod?*

*Who boast of freedom, but prepare
Shackles and chains for distant shores,
Who make the flag the emblem there
Of all that Liberty abhors?*

"These have hauled down the flag!"

Many of Mr. Crosby's poems were written in the style employed by Walt Whitman. On one occasion we asked him if he did not think his thought would be more effective if he conformed to the conventional rules of versification. "No," he replied, "it would be less effective. The requirements of rhyme and conventional versification often work as fetters on the thought which should be presented briefly and forcibly."

He felt he could better drive home the truths he wanted to impress and more effectively create a series of striking pictures before the mental retina of the reader by writing as Whitman wrote than by employing conventional methods. The following lines embodying the old dream of the upholders of force, imperialism and war and the new dream of enlightened democracy afford an excellent specimen of Mr. Crosby's Whitmanesque verse:

*"The old, old dream of empire—
The dream of Alexander and Cesar, of Tamerlane
and Genghis Khan—
The dream of subject peoples carrying out our
sovereign will through fear—
The dream of a universe forced to converge upon
us—
The dream of pride and loftiness justified by
strength of arms—
The dream of our arbitrary 'Yea' overcoming all
'Nays' whatsoever—
The dream of a cold, stern, hated machine of an
empire!"*

But there is a more enticing dream:
The dream of wise freedom made contagious—
The dream of gratitude rising from broken fetters—
The dream of coercion laid prostrate once for all—

The dream of nations in love with each other without a thought of a common hatred or danger—
The dream of tyrants stripped of their tyrannies and oppressors spoiled of their prey—
The dream of a warm, throbbing, one-hearted empire of brothers!

And will such a life be insipid when war has ceased forever?
Be not afraid.
Do lovers find life insipid?
Is there no hero-stuff in lovers?"

We close the notice of our subject as a prophet of peace with the following beautiful stanzas:

"Peace, O Peace, when will the nation
Lift its eyes and understand
How thou holdest all creation
In the hollow of thy hand?

Thine the strength that stays the ocean
Hypnotized within its bed;
Thine the power that keeps in motion
Constellations overhead.

Thine the orb of love afire,
Lighting up the heavens profound;
Thine the suns that never tire
Swinging planets round and round.

Thine the strength, serene, unshaken,
Which can master self alone,
Quelling passions when they waken
From thy calm, eternal throne.

Teach us, while the battle rages,
What we never understood:
This the mystery of the ages—
Evil overcome by good.

Far above the storms and thunders,
Far above the war and strife,
Far above our sins and blunders,
At the source of strength and life—

There I see thy hand commanding
With the olive branch for rod,
Peace, that passest understanding!
Spirit of Almighty God!"

III. THE APOSTLE OF SOCIAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Mr. Crosby was too broad-visioned and too clear a reasoner to imagine that the rise of the spirit of militarism was unrelated to other disquieting and sinister facts in our national life. He was too much a follower of the Nazarene to fail to see the need and hear the cry of the men, women and little children who are under the wheel of the Juggernaut of commercialism, and his voice was ever

raised, clear, insistent and imperative, in a demand for the spirit of Christ to be exercised by the Church in the presence of the poor and the unfortunate, and for the ideals of the Declaration of Independence to again become the dominant note in our government, instead of the practices that place class privileges and special interests before the common weal and the interests of the masses. He understood as did few reform leaders how men were bound by words and sentences. He saw Justice prostituted in the halls of legislation. He saw laws bought and paid for by criminal interests—laws that robbed and exploited the people—exalted to the throne of justice, and men everywhere commanded and expected to respect and obey these issues of bribery and corruption as much as they would were they the children of justice. He knew from what he had personally seen when in the Legislature, no less than from the facts that were constantly brought to his attention from various authoritative sources, that the great public-service corporations, the trusts, monopolies and other privileged interests, were systematically corrupting the government and defeating the interests of the people by their pernicious activity in framing or modifying legislation so as to enrich the few at the expense of the many; and in one of his most biting satirical poems he thus unmasks the traitors who betray the people, and their corrupt masters, while striving to show that laws are to be revered when they embody justice, but that bought or corrupt legislation should be mercilessly exposed, to the end that justice and civic righteousness may prevail:

"Up to the State-House wend their way
Some score of thieves elect;
For one great recompense they pray:
'May we grow rich from day to day,
Although the State be wrecked.'

Up to the State-House climb with stealth
Another pilgrim band,—
The thieves who have acquired their wealth,
And, careless of their country's health,
Now bleed their native land.

And soon the yearly sale is made
Of privilege and law;
The poor thieves by the rich are paid
Across the counter, and a trade
More brisk you never saw.

And we, whose rights are bought and sold,
With reason curse and swear;
Such acts are frightful to behold,
Nor has the truth been ever told
Of half the evil there.

At last the worthless set adjourn;
We sigh with deep relief.
Then from the statute-book we learn
The record of each theft in turn,
The bills of every thief.

Now at a shameful scene pray look;
For we who cursed and swore,
Before this base-born statute-book,
Whose poisoned source we ne'er mistook,
Both worship and adore.

'For law is law,' we loud assert,
And think ourselves astute;
Yet quite forgetful, to our hurt,
That fraud is fraud, and dirt is dirt,
And like must be their fruit.

We laugh at heathen who revere
The gods they make of stone,
And yet we never ask, I fear,
As we bow down from year to year,
How we have made our own.

We all deny the right of kings
To speak for their Creator;
May we not wonder, then, whence springs
The right divine to order things
Of any legislator?"

The prophet is at times disquieting. He raises the interrogation point. He asks why things are accepted unquestioningly that obviously do not rest on the granite of justice. He points out the fact that it is not the Infinite Father or the great natural laws that are responsible for the pitiful misery of the poor, for the slavery of the children, and for the suffering of the multitudes who are under the wheel. Yet in America there are millions of men, women and children who are not receiving sufficient nourishment to maintain them in a state of efficiency. There are hundreds of thousands of children that are so poorly fed that their bodies invite disease and their brains are unable to properly appropriate the knowledge they should acquire in the public schools; and there is also a vast army of little ones condemned to virtual slavery in mine, mill and factory.

The slums of the great cities are yearly enlarging their borders, and thousands of native-born Americans are year by year being pushed over the precipice of self-respecting manhood into the abyss where exist the exiles of society. And there are tens and hundreds of thousands that by the inexorable pressure of present business, social and political conditions are being brought nearer and nearer the brink of the awful abyss. The prophet sees that in this land of almost boundless natural wealth only fifteen per cent. of the families own unencumbered homes, and more than fifty per cent. of all the families are merely tenants or renters. Now, seeing all these things he wishes to make the slow-thinking people awaken from the moral lethargy into which conventionalism has lulled them; and he does this by showing them that neither God nor the laws of the universe are responsible for the evil conditions that flourish in Christian society to-day. We know of no writer among our prophets of progress who has better impressed this lesson than has Mr. Crosby in the lines entitled "Not the Lord":

I.

"Praise ye the Lord,
For he hath given to his poor a world stored with
all riches:
Stone in the mountain, brick in the field, timber
in the forest to build them their houses;
Wool and cotton to make them clothing;
Corn and fruit and every manner of plant for their
food.
Who hath shut them out from the fullest enjoy-
ment of all these things which they themselves
produce?
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord."

II.

Praise ye the Lord,
For he hath given to his poor brains, and eyes and
ears of the best,
So that they might know the beauty of the land-
scape,
So that they might acknowledge the sway of the
old masters of art,
And feel the thrill of the noblest music,
And take to their bosom the greatest poets,
And love their books as themselves,
Who hath shut them out from all this fruition?
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord."

III.

Praise ye the Lord,
For he hath given to his poor hearts to love their
fellows,

So that they might have the key to the kingdom of heaven.
Who is it that taketh away the key and shutteth up the kingdom against them?
That neither goeth in himself nor suffereth them that are entering to go in?
It is not God. Praise ye the Lord."

A very powerful piece of writing that reveals the recreancy of the Church in the presence of the corruption and triumphant greed of the present-day plutocracy is found in these lines:

"I passed the plate in church.

There was little silver, but the crisp bank-notes heaped themselves up high before me;
And even as the pile grew, the plate became warmer and warmer, until it fairly burned my fingers, and a smell of scorching flesh rose from it, and I perceived that some of the notes were beginning to smolder and curl, half-browned, at the edges.
And then I saw through the smoke into the very substance of the money, and I beheld what it really was:
I saw the stolen earnings of the poor, the wide margin of wages pared down to starvation;
I saw the underpaid factory girl eking out her living on the street, and the overworked child, and the suicide of the discharged miner;
I saw poisonous gases from great manufactories spreading disease and death;
I saw despair and drudgery filling the dram-shop;
I saw rents screwed out of brother men for permission to live on God's land;
I saw men shut out from the bosom of the earth and begging for the poor privilege to work in vain, and becoming tramps and paupers and drunkards and lunatics, and crowding into almshouses, insane asylums, and prisons;
I saw ignorance and vice and crime growing rank in stifling, filthy slums;
I saw usury, springing from usury, itself again born of unjust monopoly and purchased laws and legalized violence;
I saw shoddy cloth and adulterated food and lying goods of all kinds, cheapening men and women and vulgarizing the world;
I saw hideousness extending itself from coal-mine and foundry over forest and river and field;
I saw money grabbed from fellow-grabbers and swindled from fellow-swindlers, and underneath them the workman forever spinning it out of his vitals;
I saw all the laboring world, thin and pale and bent and careworn and driven, pouring out this tribute from its toil and sweat into the laps of the richly dressed men and women in the pews, who only glanced at them to shrink from them with disgust;
I saw money worshiped as a god, and given grudgingly from hoards so great that it could not be missed, as a bribe from superstition to a dishonest judge in the expectation of escaping hell.
I saw all this, and the plate burned my fingers so that I had to hold it first in one hand and then in the other; and I was glad when the parson

in his white robes took the smoking pile from me on the chancel steps and, turning about, lifted it up and laid it on the altar.
It was an old-time altar indeed, for it bore a burnt offering of flesh and blood—a sweet savor unto the Moloch whom these people worship with their daily round of human sacrifices. The shambles are in the temples as of yore, and the tables of the money-changers waiting to be overturned."

Child-slavery is only one phase of the child-problem that is pressing for solution on the conscience of the best minds of the New World, but it is a question of very grave import, a question that we cannot ignore and be quit of responsibility for the blighting of the army of little lives or the weakening of the Republic of tomorrow by handing on an army of morally, mentally and physically inefficient ones. Mr. Crosby has emphasized the iniquity of child-labor in two of his stirring Whitmanesque poems, which we reproduce as tending to further arouse the conscience of men and women who think:

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

What are the machines saying—a hundred of them in one long room?

They must be talking to themselves, for I see no one else for them to talk to.

But yes, there is a boy's red head bending over one of them, and beyond I see a pale face fringed with brown curly locks.

There are only five boys in all on this floor, half hidden by the clattering machines, for one bright lad can manage twenty-five of them.

Each machine makes one cheap, stout sock in five minutes, without seam, complete from toe to ankle, cutting the thread at the end and beginning another of its own accord.

The boys have nothing to do but to clean and burnish and oil the steel rods and replace the spools of yarn.

But how rapidly and nervously they do it—the slower hands straining to accomplish as much as the fastest!

Working at high tension for ten hours a day in the close, greasy air and endless whirr—

Boys who ought to be out playing ball in the fields or taking a swim in the river this fine summer afternoon.

And in these good times the machines go all night, and other shifts of boys are kept from their beds to watch them.

The young girls in the mending and finishing rooms down stairs are not so strong as the boys.

They have an unaccountable way of fainting and collapsing in the noise and smell, and then they are of no use for the rest of the day.

The kind stockholders have had to provide a room

for collapsed girls and to employ a doctor, who finds it expedient not to understand this strange new disease.

Perhaps their children will be more stalwart in the next generation.

Yet this factory is one of the triumphs of our civilization.

With only twenty-five boys at a time at the machines in all the rooms it produces five thousand dozen pairs of socks in twenty-four hours for the toilers of the land.

It would take an army of fifty thousand hand knitters to do what these small boys perform.

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

What are the machines saying?

They are saying: 'We are hungry.'

We have eaten up the men and women (there is no longer a market for men and women, they come too high)—

We have eaten up the men and women, and now we are devouring the boys and girls.

How good they taste as we suck the blood from their rounded cheeks and forms, and cast them aside sallow and thin and care-worn, and then call for more!"

The devil has somehow got into the machines. They came like the good gnomes and fairies of old, to be our willing slaves and make our lives easy.

Now that, by their help, one man can do the work of a score, why have we not plenty for all, with only enough work to keep us happy?

Who could have foreseen all the ills of our factory workers and of those who are displaced and cast aside by factory work?

The good wood and iron elves came to bless us all, but some of us have succeeded in bewitching them to our own ends and turning them against the rest of mankind.

We must break the sinister charm and win over the docile, tireless machines until they refuse to shut out a single human being from their benefits.

We must cast the devil out of the machines."

Here is the second poem dealing with this shame of present-day civilization:

"Ogre dread!

Slavery raised from the dead!

I see you—not in the fields as of yore—

But stalking the factory floor,

Cracking your whip overhead,

While pale-faced children droop in the rumbling roar,

With tiny fingers twining the hateful thread,
And dreaming of bed.

Half gone is the night.

To left and right

An acre or more of dim-lit whirr extends.

For six dull hours' interminable length

These babies have strained their strength;—

Another six must wear away

Before, at break of day,

Their torment ends.

What is that piercing cry?

Only another thumb and finger crushed;
Another little hand awry.

The cry is hushed.

The girl has fainted, but the surgeon comes;
How skilfully he cuts and binds and sews.
Fingers to sever, and thumbs,

How well he knows!

Carelessness maims and kills,

And children will be careless in the mills.

Now he leads her out, never to climb

Those stairs again to earn her nightly dime.

Yes, in this dismal hall
Broods the angel of death.

Many his shapes.

He lurks in their very breath—

In the cloud of cotton-dust that hangs like a pall,
Over all.

Strange that a child escapes,
For dropsy, the wasting sickness, the fatal cough,
Crouch, ready to carry them off.

In a dozen years from to-day

Half of these infant slaves

Will sleep in forgotten graves,
More happy there than those who stay,
Still bound to the wheel of the mill,
And racked and tortured still.

Will a monument ever rise to attest
How they fell at the Ogre's behest?

Yes, far away in the North

Will a Herod's palace set forth

Why they labored and died;

For its splendors will hardly hide
Its foundation laid on their tombs,

And the walls of its sumptuous rooms
Cemented with children's blood, where lingers
The trace of bruised and wearied flesh and mutilated fingers.

Murder will out:

And the palace will tell

How its corner-stone stands firm in hell

With a shout!

And, who knows? our Herod may build

With the gold of the killed

A church to his devilish god—his Moloch, who,
from his throne

Gave him the world, as he thinks, for his own.

And asylum, and hospital, too,

May spring from the bleaching bones

Of these innocent ones,

Crying to heaven the truth

Of their massacred youth,

And the story of Herod anew

In an epitaph true.

These be thy triumphs, O Trade!

Triumphs of peace, do they say?—nay, of war.

At the cannon's foul mouth afar,

Sore afraid,

Brown men, and yellow and black,

Buy what they never would lack

When the Ogre says 'Buy!'

And with white lands as well it is war that we wage.

Let them die!

Their trade must be shattered to naught in this age

Of the dollar supreme.

We must conquer. Our dream

Is a beggared world at our feet.
So we draw up the armies of trade
And invade,
With the children in front, to fall first, as is meet—
Children of mill and of sweat shop and mine—
And behind them the women stand,
Jaded and wan, in line;
Then come the hosts of the diggers and builders,
 artisans, craftsmen and all.
It is fine!
It is grand!
Let them fall!
We are safe in the rear, with the loot in our hand.

And you, makers of laws!
Who are true to the gold-bag's cause—
Who will not interfere—
To whom commerce alone is dear,
And who pay any price—
Child's life, or woman's, or man's—
For its plans—
Makers of devil's laws, breakers of God's,
Open your eyes!
See what it means to succeed!
Confess once for all that you worship the Ogre of
 Greed.
And then
Turn again!
For know, there are scorpions' rods
Of remorse, and dishonor, and shame,
In the wake of his name.
Ogre dread!
Send him and his slavery back to the dead!"

In "Broadcast," Mr. Crosby's latest book of poems, appear a number of timely and suggestive lines pregnant with serious import and well calculated to stimulate and arouse thought, as will be seen from the following examples which appear under the general title of "Democracy":

"I saw laws and customs and creeds and Bibles
 rising like emanations from men and women.
I saw the men and women bowing down and wor-
 shiping these cloudy shapes, and I saw the
 shapes turn upon them and rend them.
Nay, but men and women are the supreme facts!

How rarely have men revered the truly reverend,
 and respected the truly respectable!
How much of reverence has been, and still is,
 mere fetish-worship!
Reverence for Moloch and Juggernaut, who shall
 count its victims?
Respect for tyrants and despots, for lying priests
 and blind teachers, how it has darkened the
 pages of history!

There is only one true respect, the respect for the
 conscious life that fulfills its true function.
Revere humanity wherever you find it, in the judge
 or in the farm hand, but do not revere any
 institution or office or writing.
As soon as anything outside of divine humanity is
 revered and respected, it becomes dangerous,—
And every step forward in the annals of man has

been over the prostrate corpse of some an-
cient unmasked reverence.

The lists are open; the combat is on.
The brute-man of the past and the God-man of
the future must fight it out while heaven and
earth look on expectant.
You can easily distinguish them by their weapons.
The brute-man fights with claws and teeth, with
spear and sword, with bayonet and cannon
and bomb.
The God-man has for his artillery naught but the
naked truth and undissembled love.
Yet the brute-man blanches with the sure presenti-
ment of his speedy overthrow, and winces as
the God-man gazes upon him with infinite
compassion.

Would you make brothers of the poor by giving
to them?
Try it, and learn that in a world of injustice it is
the most unbrotherly of acts.
There is no gulf between men so wide as the alms-
gift.
There is no wall so impassable as money given
and taken.
There is nothing so unfraternal as the dollar,—it
 is the very symbol of division and discord.
Make brothers of the poor if you will, but do it by
ceasing to steal from them;
For charity separates and only justice unites.

Peace between capital and labor, is that all that
you ask?
Is peace then the only thing needful?

There was peace enough in Southern slavery.
There is a peace of life and another peace of death.
It is well to rise above violence.
It is well to rise superior to anger.
But if peace means final acquiescence in wrong,—
 if your aim is less than justice and peace,
forever one—then your peace is a crime.

I am homesick,—
Homesick for the home that I have never seen,—
For the land where I shall look horizontally into
 the eyes of my fellows,—
The land where men rise only to lift,—
The land where equality leaves men free to differ
 as they will,—
The land where freedom is breathed in the air and
 courses in the blood,—
Where there is nothing over a man between him
 and the sky,—
Where the obligations of love are sought for as
 prizes and where they vary with the moon.
That land is my true country. I am here by some
 sad cosmic mistake,—and I am homesick."

As we think of our lost leader who has
passed from view in the prime and glory
of a splendid manhood, and remember
his message; his superb moral courage
in unmasking the traitors to the high
trust which democracy imposes on Co-
lumbia, and the betrayers of the masses;

his love for the people, and his tender concern for the weak, the oppressed and all victims of injustice; his intellectual hospitality and his fidelity to the fundamental principles of free government,—when we remember how tirelessly he labored to scatter the seeds of knowledge and how persistently and patiently he strove to awaken the sense of moral responsibility, of justice and right in the hearts of the people, we are reminded of Victor Hugo's splendid lines descriptive of what the poet-prophet beheld and how he rose to meet the crying need:

"These burdened ones are silent; they know nothing, they can do nothing, they think nothing: they simply endure. They are hungry and cold. Their indelicate flesh appears through their tatters. Who makes those tatters? The purple. The nakedness of virgins comes from the nudity of odalisques. From the twisted rags of the daughters of the people fall pearls for the Fontanges and the Chateauroux. It is famine that gilds Versailles. The whole of this living and dying shadow moves; these spectral forms are in the pangs of death; the mother's breast is dry, the father has no work, the brain has no light. . . .

"The group of the little ones is wan. This whole mass expires and creeps, not having even the power to love; and perhaps unknown to them, while they bow and submit, from all that vast unconsciousness in which Right dwells, from the inarticulate murmur of those wretched breaths mingled together proceeds an indescribable, confused voice, a mysterious fog of expression, succeeding, syllable by syllable in the darkness, in uttering wonderful words: Future, Humanity, Liberty, Equality, Progress. And the poet listens, and he hears; and he looks, and he sees; and he bends lower and lower, and he weeps; and then, growing with a strange growth, drawing from all that darkness his own transfiguration, he stands erect, terrible

and tender, above all those wretched ones—those of high place as well as those of low—with flaming eyes.

"And with a loud voice he demands a reckoning. And he says, Here is the effect! And he says, Here is the cause! Light is the remedy. He is like a great vase full of humanity shaken by the hand within the cloud, from which should fall to earth great drops,—fire for the oppressors, dew for the oppressed. Ah! you deem that an evil? Well, we, for our part, approve it. It seems to us right that someone should speak when all are suffering. The ignorant who enjoy and the ignorant who suffer have equal need of instruction. The law of fraternity is derived from the law of labor. The practice of killing one another has had its day; the hour has come for loving one another. It is to promulgate these truths that the poet is good."

Ernest Crosby saw and felt the hour's august demand and he consecrated heart and brain to the service of civilization, to the enfranchisement of the enslaved and to the ennoblement of man. He was a sower of the light, a son of democracy, an uncompromising foe of all forms of despotism and injustice, a lover and unfailing friend of the weak and all in need. To such a man death is but an incident, a promotion, an emancipation; and that he felt this may be gathered from the following apostrophe to death:

"Hail, cleansing, purifying Death!
I see you as a pretty red-cheeked housemaid, with
neat white cap and apron,
Cheerily singing at your work, as you dust and
clean and scrub the good old house of Life;
Sweeping together the rubbish, and quietly putting
it out at the door,
Where it will find new surroundings, and be no
longer filth.
What could we do without you, poor, dirt-excret-
ing, disease-breeding mortals that we are?
What would become of us if we did not at last fall
under your grateful ministrations?
And who can tell how often we may have need of
them?"

I wait for you, dear sister, confidently, fearlessly;
I seem to recognize you.

I am half persuaded that I have met you before.
When you come toward me with your pail and soap and water, may your song be of the merriest.
I will not turn away from you.
You will lay hold of me firmly, but tenderly, too,
 I am sure.
Who knows? Perhaps you may even kiss me on the forehead.

And in the hereafter how shall we look back at you, sister?
Will it not be as at a kindly, bustling, gossiping mid-wife,
Who ushered us into life, and was proud of our weight, and gave us our first bath, and put on the new clothes that were waiting for us?"

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS ON HIS PROBLEM-POEM DEALING WITH LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE: A CONVERSATION.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

ONE MORNING during his recent visit to Boston, Joaquin Miller entered the office of *THE ARENA*. "Well," he said, "now my business is off my hands I can play. I have just closed arrangements for the bringing out of my latest and, I think, greatest poem."

"And that reminds me," I ventured to suggest, "that you have promised to give us an outline of your poem, which, from what you have hinted, must be rather unique and decidedly unconventional."

"I began this book," said the poet as he seated himself, "more than twenty years ago. I have worked on it pretty steadily at home on my Heights; for I had around me all manner and form of beauty,—flowers of the fields and flowers of flesh and fine air, and more than this, I had, as I thought, a new motive. You can ask any married man the happiest hours of his life, and he will tell you they were the hours of courtship. I have lived alone all my life in a measure, and it seemed to me that the truest happiness should begin after marriage. I felt there was something entirely wrong in the present world-idea; otherwise we should not see everywhere that supreme social tragedy—the wreckage and drift and crash which come when a man gets familiar with his wife, when he forgets the great attention and respect he paid her

before marriage. Among my friends I noticed after the honeymoon they were different people. They came back worn out, weary people,—weary of one another, weary of the world. They had been intoxicated, but not with the intoxication of friendship which Emerson describes. They had forgotten St. Paul's injunction; they were not temperate in all things. No, they had not been temperate in anything. This wretched spectacle I have seen in Europe as well as in America. I have seen it everywhere, and so I have written this book with a serious purpose, although I hope the purpose is not too apparent, because the moral motive should not be obtrusive in a picture or in a poem."

"So your poem deals with ideal love, which should be the practical realization of every marriage,—the life union marked by the charm and uncloyed pleasure of a perpetual courtship?"

"Yes, that is the underlying ethical motive. But this story is as full of movement and color as I could make it, and if I have ever written any poetry it is in this book."

"Now the story deals with two lovers in California. They are of that great race of people who crossed the continent and became great from contact with great things. They belong to the second generation, and I have taken pride in

trying to make them great and good and fearless and free.

"When the story opens they are above the Golden Gate. The sea lions are roaring in the sea and a hundred thousand sea doves, all mated and happy, are flying about. The young woman is lying on her back, and she is very pretty—just as pretty as I could make her. Her limbs, form and features are all beautiful. I think the time has come when we can treat the limbs and grace of form something as the Greeks did,—as graceful and beautiful, and I have tried to do that—to put aside the folly of too many clothes in a climate like that of California. By the side of the beautiful woman is the man—the lover. They are watching the sun go down. I think I have woven some poetry into this description. The clouds, the golden sheep of the Western sky, are descending into the corral while God counts and distributes them. Then there are great banks of gold in the sunset such as are seen nowhere else.

"The splendor of the scene stirs the man and sets him thinking of gold, the possession of which he yearns for, while the woman cares more for God's gold of the sky and of the poppy fields. Then the lover says:

"What banker keeps this gold? Is there no place? There must be some place."

"She replies:

"There is gold enough. The world has plenty of it."

"And they, too, have all they want. But he is angry and impatient that she is always seeing gold in everything, for he has not lifted his face to the finer things of life. She is pulling flowers and throwing them at him, playing and thoroughly unconscious of her beauty and her attractiveness. And then he says:

"Yes, the gold! I must up and lead the firing line to the Klondike, under the triple North Star."

"At this she becomes very angry and

impatient. She rises up and there is a lovers' quarrel at once, because he wants to go and lead as his fathers led when they came from the East, and she wishes him to stay.

"The scene shifts, and night steals on. They are standing on her high porch which looks out over the sea, and he is taking his leave, saying:

"Bide, wait. An hundred thousand Didos sat by the sea bank and waited for their lovers to come back. Wait as Penelope waited."

"And she replies:

"Of all fool tales that is the fooliest. No, I am not a Penelope."

"But with 'Good-bye!' he is gone.

"Then he comes to the Klondike, and here I have given a poetic picture of the Chilcoot Pass, with all the color and vividness of description possible. I have tried to tell what he saw and felt. The man tries to go out down the Yukon, and suddenly the whole world turns to ice, and the sun goes down to rise no more for a long half year, and he turns back in the snow, back, back. The Indians help him back and he is blind and dying in the Indian camp. Then one night he feels some one at his side; he feels some one there in the Indian lodge, and a soft hand is laid on his eyes. She has come; the wonderful woman of love is there, and she nurses him back to life. Then the spring comes and they take a boat and go down the Yukon and away to Japan.

"Next I try to picture the color of the Japanese Sea and the strange and wonderful scenes in that most wonderful land. I picture the people, their temples and their worship, their coming and going. This is the background to some strong love scenes. The man is passionate, virile, and far too ardent. He lacks the self-possession that speaks of the greatest strength—the power to control or hold in reserve or in leash the emotional, imaginative or impulsive tides of being. Again the woman is pulling poppies, and the lover is mightily moved

by her beauty and her charm. He is terribly tempted, but looking up she sees something evil in his eye. She springs up, as the old Greek shepherd king when Hercules wrestled with him, and she hurls this man as Hercules was hurled, with a voltage that is terrible, and she bids him go his way, for he has forgotten himself.

"Then the scene shifts to the seas again; the lovers are in Honolulu. The woman points to a little church up on a steep hillside, and says:

"There is the true light—the light of Christ. These are pretty stories you have told me; you are a true lover. Here the roads divide. Will you go with me?"

"I will go with you," he replies.

"And so she gives him her hand, her all.

"Now he has wed her, but he has not won her. Now she begins to talk and to tell him the little truths of life; about his place and her place; about his privileges and her privileges. Thus the grand motive of the poem is unfolded, and the lover begins his life wooing. I think I have gotten it pretty. I have gotten it tender. I think it must be true, because finally he wins her. The love scenes are new, the ground is new and the situations are new.

"At last I plead with men how to be great, how to be happy. The glorious thing is the awaking and finding a maiden at your side, the woman you have wooed, the woman you still woo, the one fair woman.

"Then comes the garden scene. She is in a silken hammock in Hawaii. He sees something in her face and he feels he is winning her. The peacocks are flying about. He throws her into the hammock, and then he is terrified at his own audacity and trembles and shakes. This is under the cherry trees. He shakes the trees till the flowers cover her, and he prays, 'What shall I do?' And she says, 'Shake the trees again.'

"Then finally he goes back to his horses and his hounds.

"Come back, come back early," she says.

"And all day he looks at his cruel watch, and then he comes back and she is at the door, pretending to try and keep him out, and he kisses her for the first time.

"By and by, one moonlight night, a mellow night such as is only found in Honolulu, he goes with the moon, he is led by the moon that points out her place, her bed-chamber, her bed. The moon points it out with her silver finger, and then turns aside and leaves her as bridesmaids leave the bride. He has finally won her.

"All the privilege that a man should get of the preacher or of the civil authorities is the privilege to woo that one woman for the remainder of his life."

"In *The Building of the City Beautiful*," I ventured to say as the poet paused, "you propounded great ethical lessons in regard to social conditions—the larger social conditions, as they relate to the life of to-day. In this poem you propound the most fundamental of all questions—the most important of questions—that of the love that will redeem the world, the love that will make a new race. The other deals with the externals, the social conditions that will transform the world, working from the outside—just conditions, as Miriam moulded them in her environment and as the man failed to mould them in his environment. In each romance I note that you have made woman the heroine. It is woman who wins the victory; only in your poem you deal with the most intimate and sacred things of life—the heart of life."

"Yes," said the poet, "this new poem, my latest, strongest and best, is meant as a sort of spiritual companion to my last and best bit of prose, *The Building of the City Beautiful*. The poem deals with a sacred subject, and I may have failed; but I have tried to do a big thing and a very important thing. I worked slowly and worked over and over. I know my ground. I take the risk. I stake on this what place I have won in the world, and I stake it fearlessly."

WHY I AM NOT A SOCIALIST.

BY GEORGE D. JONES.

I AM NOT a Socialist for the following categorical reasons:

1. The word Socialism, in our country, seems to imply a definite and determined political movement looking toward the radical reorganization, if not the practical abandonment of our present constitutional system of government. This effort is premature and, as it seems to me, is based on a fundamental misconception of the meaning of the word as defined and used by those best qualified to speak, scientifically, on the subject. Abroad where the matter is better understood and defined and where the scheme is more applicable than to our state of society, the idea is that Socialism represents a great social movement looking toward a vast enlargement of the scope of human life with reference to collective and individual morals, the principles of justice and science as applied to all the institutions of organized society, toward culture with reference to a better conception of the relations and rights of man in a more orderly state, and toward a deliverance from the ferment and chaos which now envelopes the body politic, in other words a propaganda, rather than a political party. The difficulty of applying this lofty conception to the simple purpose of the organization of a political party, as is proposed by the so-called socialists of our country, to bring about through practical politics, a more even division of the product of labor and of the property of the country, seems so apparent that even one, who, like myself, is thoroughly impressed with the fact of the need of a remedy for bad industrial and economic conditions, cannot look with the greatest favor on it. There is a great lack of definiteness in both the purpose and the plan.

2. Philosophic Socialism, which must ultimately dominate the whole Socialistic

world, if the idea is to have any dynamic force in society, runs counter to one of the most national and firmly established institutions of modern society, the family. It is regarded and openly declared that, the first consideration in point of time and importance is the State, and that what is assumed as the old, "barbaric" idea of the family and the home, as an exclusive institution for the propagation and education of children, must be abandoned. It is assumed that the home even under ideal conditions is no aid to the State. It is difficult to understand how the best fundamental conception of a family, or a home, when realized along sane and human lines, could militate against the State. The best government is the highest realization of the ideas of the most mentally and morally enlightened citizens. The strongest influences toward the development of the highest civic character must ultimately be found in the family, the home. And this we maintain to be true under any general state of society which can prevail. The liberty of the street and the hustings may tend toward the development of individual strength in some direction, yet those faculties and ambitions, upon which the safety of society must chiefly rely, will be found to develop best under the wholesome admonitions and restraints of the wisely organized and conducted home. No popular government will ever, in its moral elevation, exceed that of its average citizen. The great Citizen first and the great State afterward. The sound moral and mental culture of the home first and the great citizen afterward.

3. The form and theory of our government, being founded on the principle of the sovereignty of the citizen, must, in justice, if it fulfills its mission, guarantee and preserve to every citizen the largest

possible measure of political liberty, including free thought, free speech, free press, freedom of action, the right of petition, of civil process, the elective franchise, and what is perhaps greater than all else the right to acquire, control and enjoy, exclusively, property of all kinds. Socialism, as we know it, accedes to all these rights except the latter. The individual initiative, it is claimed, must not apply to the matter of property and property rights. The right to acquire and to control and enjoy property is a purely political right. Socialism affirms that in the matter of property, liberty and the rights of individualism must be denied. Can this be done in a constitutional state which is politically free? How can the individual initiative be maintained as to every other political right and denied as to the right of property which is the greatest of them all? Socialism claims to be the highest democracy but how can this claim be maintained in view of the facts? As to matters of property which are purely personal, and in no way involve public considerations, how can the individual initiative be denied, even in the name of Socialism, without seriously curtailing the political liberty guaranteed by our constitution?

4. As to the matter of public utilities which should be owned and operated by

and for the people, their ownership and operation by the government is perfectly consistent with the political liberty of the individual under our fundamental and statutory law, because they are maintained and established by the power and authority of the State and are properly ancillary thereto. Through and by a well-regulated system of public-ownership and control of all public utilities, out of the abuse of which, in countless forms by private owners, takes rise many if not most of the great industrial and economic wrongs of which Socialists partly complain, can be greatly palliated if not ultimately overcome. Is it wise to abandon a system of political liberty which we now have, and is fixed and staple in form, and yet so flexible in its application if properly used as to subserve so great a purpose as we have indicated, and set out on an unknown sea of political adventure, as our American Socialist proposes, without the aid of experience or precedent and without as yet so much as a formula to guide us? A more courageous and intelligent use of the ballot under our present system, with all its defects, will accomplish substantially all that Socialism demands and will involve none of its dangers.

GEORGE D. JONES.

Columbus, Ohio.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

BY FRANK VROOMAN.

ONE OF the most undemocratic of our institutions, the spoils system, is builded on the most undemocratic of our foundations, in the undreamed of arbitrary power given the President in his appointive power, and as well the arbitrary power of removal from office. It early laid the foundations for not only a vicious privileged class but a class of vicious privileges.

The first Congress and the Constitution laid the foundation for the degradation of the American civil service and the debauchery of American politics by the decision that the sole power of removal was vested in the President, placing practically every civil position at the mercy of a President's whim or pleasure. This has been one of the fatal elements in the civil service, considered as a career, and

must ever be until this objection is wholly removed. There is no possibility of a career without tenure, or when officially a man can be hanged first and tried afterward, so to speak, or indeed not tried at all.

President Madison, one of the framers of the Constitution, places the mode of appointing to and *removal from office* with the right of suffrage and the rule apportioning representation, alongside, as fundamental in a free government, and he says they "ought to be fixed by the Constitution."

By this he plainly meant that not more than the right of suffrage should the appointing to, and removing from office, be in the power or whim of any one man. This has been one of the rocks, submerged and out of sight, on which our nation early struck and nearly split, *viz.*, in the undemocratic and un-American possibilities or tyranny and public debauchery placed in the autocratic hands of one man, and in the fact that the federal civil service offered not an honorable career, but a political job for political jobbery to be run by political jobbers. There can be no career without tenure—*certainty* of tenure—during good behavior and competent service. In the military and naval service, no one can be removed without court-martial. A career is offered to even the common soldier and marine. The civil service of the United States, while infinitely improved, offers no certainty of tenure during good behavior and faithful stewardship to this day. Every man and woman who passes his examination under the stars and stripes and enlists in the civil service of a free country is entitled, on the broad grounds that every man deserves a fair chance, to a hearing and a defense, before he is dispossessed of a livelihood. The civil-service law was a blow to star-chamber proceedings, which are undemocratic and un-American. They can not prevail in a free country—for then the country is no longer free—either in arbitrary removal without

a hearing from an office a man has sacrificed all other possible careers for, or in another star-chamber institution which is a national infamy, the refuge of the blackmailer and the last resort of an irresponsible and devious hate—*viz.*, the grand jury.

In 1820 Secretary Crawford secured the passage of the four-year law for the Treasury Department. It was a hard blow dealt the principle of tenure in the civil service. It opened the door wider for the "spoils system," which was organized nationally by Andrew Jackson in 1829; *viz.*, in the inauguration of the system of paying private debts with "public trusts." It is well that Jackson's fame does not rest wholly on his being the one who first crystallized the most gigantic system of political corruption in modern history. But if he was the rock on which the early waves of secession and rebellion broke, and were forced back until the North was ready to stem the tide; if he preserved the Union, it was he, also, who crystallized a political idea, which, if left unchecked for another fifty years, would have destroyed the nation.

Andrew Jackson came to the Presidency as did other Presidents later, a pledged advocate of the security of the civil service. Had he not twelve years before urged Monroe to exterminate the monster called party-spirit, to select characters most conspicuous for probity, virtue, firmness and capacity, without regard to party?

"The chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never indulge in party feelings," said Jackson. And yet, when elected to office, he removed in a year, to make place for his political friends, about twenty times as many office-holders as had been removed by all the Presidents preceding him in all the forty years of the national history. Washington, in eight years, removed nine officials, all for definite cause. John Adams removed nine. Jefferson removed twenty-nine. The next three

Presidents removed sixteen in twenty years. Then Jackson conceived the "clean sweep" and removed 2,000.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Theodore Roosevelt is the only President since Jackson's predecessors, who, in his whole official career, including the Presidency, has been a fearless and uncompromising friend of the reform and rehabilitation of the civil service. There never was a more effective Civil Service Commissioner, and his policy has not been changed by accession to high office.

It is interesting to note here a circumstance in the career of a mere advocate of civil-service reform, Grover Cleveland. Out of 2,359 post-officers known as presidential, Mr. Cleveland removed 2,000; out of 52,699 lower post-office clerks, about 40,000 were swept out. He removed 100 out of 111 collectors of customs; all the surveyors of customs; all the surveyors-general, all the post-office inspectors in charge; eleven out of thirteen superintendents of mints; 84 out of 85 collectors of internal revenue; 65 out of 70 district-attorneys; nearly 100,000 out of 125,000 were removed by this civil-service reformer, who then wanted to preserve the *status quo*. In 1899, even President McKinley issued an order taking 10,000 from the classified service.

The civil-service law is one both parties openly espouse, and many of their leaders secretly combat. It was a law forced on the politicians by public opinion, and forced upon public opinion by a few patriotic, far-sighted men. It was in no sense a party-measure. It did not emanate from Congress. As Goldwin Smith has said: "It was wrested from them [the parties] at a juncture when one of them, being on the point of laying down power, was very willing to diminish the prospective spoils of its opponent's success, while the other with its feet upon the steps of office did not dare show itself indisposed to reform."

General Grant, who was himself one of the greatest sufferers from the spoils system, made an appeal in 1870, which

was followed by a law in March, 1871, under which a civil-service commission was appointed. He said in his message: "The present system does not secure the best men, and often not fit men for the public places. The elevation and purification of the civil service of the government will be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States."

Two years after the commission was appointed, with George William Curtis on the commission, Congress refused to make further appropriations. President Grant's recommendations for examinations were not supported financially by Congress, and they were consequently suspended. President Hayes endeavored to put an end to the "spoils system," but Congress refused the funds.

The Civil-Service Law, or Pendleton Act, of 1883 relates to those offices filled by executive appointment without consent of the Senate. The power of appointment is vested in the President by the Constitution, so that Congress is not able to pass any act prescribing the manner of appointment of such officials, which the President can not accept or reject as he chooses. The Civil Service Commission, therefore, chosen by the President, not all from one political party, is a commission of the President's advisers, and while, as a matter of fact, their rules are their own, and their acts are practically final, theoretically and potentially they are subject to acceptance or rejection by the Chief Executive.

The aim of the civil-service law is "to regulate and improve the civil service of the United States," as declared in its title. It provides for this end in the appointment of a commission of three, composed now of General John C. Black, of Illinois, president; and Colonel Henry F. Greene, of Minnesota, and Hon. Alford Warriner Cooley, of New York.

This commission aids the President, as he may request, in preparing such rules as may best carry the act into effect. These rules, however, shall provide a test of fitness for the classified service in

competitive examinations; the apportionment of appointments in the Departments at Washington among the States and Territories on the basis of population; a period of probation; and a prohibition of use of official authority to influence political action, and, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, the solicitation by any person in the service of the United States of contributions, to be used for political purposes, from persons in such service or the collection of such contributions by any person in a Government building.

Our civil service, a modern and highly differentiated function of State, is composed of the entire body of public officials charged with the duty of conducting the civil administration of the affairs of the United States. It excludes elective officers, the army and navy, but includes others from the Cabinet down. The classified civil service only comes under the jurisdiction of the Commission and refers to appointments of the President without consent of the Senate.

The Civil Service Commission eliminates the material by process of competitive examination, and all who pass these examinations with averages of seventy per cent. or upwards are placed on the lists of eligibles.

A vacancy is called for in the civil service from among three of the sex called for, standing highest on the appropriate register. The names do not appear until the rating is completed, and the examiners do not know the writer of one paper until all the papers are averaged. Persons who have served in the naval or military service of the United States, and who have been discharged by reason of disabilities resulting from wounds or sickness while on duty, and who receive a rating of at least 65, are certified first for appointment.

There were six hundred and fifty kinds of examinations last year. During the year 1904, there was a total number of examinations of 133,069; in 1905, 148,730. In 1904, 103,718 passed and 50,-

830 were appointed. In 1905, 116,019 passed and 39,427 were appointed.

These figures show an increase of 15,661 in the number examined, an increase of 12,301 in the number who passed and a decrease of 9,907 in the number appointed during the year, as compared with the previous year. This decrease was almost wholly in two classes of positions, there having been 4,180 fewer appointments of rural carriers and 5,708 appointments of mechanics under navy-yard regulations.

During the past year the number of competitive positions increased from 154,093 to 171,807, a gain of about nine per cent., resulting from extensions of the rules and natural growth. The entire executive civil service has increased within the same period from about 282,620 to 300,615 positions, or six per cent. Since July 1, 1904, 3,626 positions have been included in the competitive service.

The recent report of the Chief Examiner, Mr. Frank M. Kiggins, says: "The positions under the government are considered desirable, and it is generally supposed that the commission has little difficulty in filling vacancies as they occur. This, however, is not always the case. While sufficient applicants enter the general examinations, there are numerous declinations of appointments when tendered, especially to positions in Washington."

It appears that since January, 1905, 137 appointments were made from the clerk register. Before these could be made, 91 eligibles, who were tendered appointments, declined; from the book-keeper register, 91 appointments were made since December 19, 1904, but 52 eligibles declined before the positions were filled; from the stenographer and typewriter register, 285 appointments were made since October 21, 1904, and 186 eligibles declined before the vacancies were filled. The report says: "These figures indicate that the salaries offered are, in many cases, not a sufficient inducement for the best eligibles

on the registers. If larger salaries could be offered by the Government for the more important positions, more applicants of a higher grade would enter the examinations and there would be fewer declinations by the highest eligibles on the register when they are tendered appointment. The government would as a result be the gainer."

The educational inspiration of this great work is one of its most important features. Out of the common-school and business college, out of the colleges of the sciences and the arts, out of the universities and higher technical institutions, from the man who can dig a ditch to the man who can weigh the stars in their courses, there is a vast army of American youth getting ready every year to take his examinations under the stars and stripes to enlist in the civil service of his country.

The Civil Service Commission is the head of perhaps the largest educational inspiration in the world. While in no sense a university, yet following the plan of the European universities, it says practically to its students: "*Get your training where you like. We will test you for results.*" Perhaps a half-million students are working in the schools and colleges from Maine to the Philippines to fill the 171,807 classified positions, or about 40,000 to 50,000 annual appointments under the executive civil service, subject to competitive examinations, the prizes aggregating upwards of \$175,000,000 a year.

While possibly the best test in sight, the competitive examination is an over-worked idol. It is only better than the irresponsible power of partisan appointment to which no one but a spoilsman would return. The competitive examination is a register of too much of the memorizer and too little of the man. No one who has ever seen advanced standing given in college not to the ablest men but the men with the most fatal facility for chattering their "polly-wants-a-cracker," forwards and backwards and sideways,

and for bamboozling "exam." inquisitors into sheer admiration for their ability to cram, can fail to see one of the pitfalls of the competitive examination system. Never was any number of men gathered together for any purpose where the personal equation did not count. The more the work wants to be machine-work, the more the memory avails, and the less the man.

'Sufficient latitude should be left outside and over and above examination papers to give due weight to personal fitnesses, not measured by ability to answer cut-and-dried questions on paper that any clever school-boy or school-girl could answer, but for accomplishing the required work. A certain college president said a few years ago that scarcely three college presidents in the United States could pass the entrance examinations to the freshman class. That did not prevent this gentleman from becoming a college president. And perhaps he is a better college president than some one who could pass even the sophomore examinations. Nothing certainly is better established than that there is no relation between the college rating of men on the basis of their examinations, and the world's rating of them later on. Few men have won the prizes of the universities and the prizes of life as well. The government of China is a vast system of competitive examinations. There the system is reduced to its lowest terms.

Almost nothing in the educational side of a competitive examination counts for standing but the fact that the candidate remembers so much of what he has been taught. It registers almost nothing of ability to think, to act, to do, only to remember. If the competitive examinations were framed to register a minimum knowledge of a subject—a *sine qua non* required for the federal service, and some better test, possibly in the direction of probation, were found for final fitness, would not the service be improved?

The Civil Service Commission aims faithfully within the limitations set by

the Federal Statute to get the best man for the place. Its examinations are not mere academic tests, nor measures of scholastic ability. When it is remembered how many thousand places are filled by the Commission each year, one wonders that the service has been so wonderfully improved. The real value of the system lies in the fact that it has curtailed the undemocratic power of the Chief Executive, which three decades ago was a menace to the Republic.

It has been said, with a characteristic American perversion of the idea of politics, that the civil-service law is "an attempt to take the civil service out of politics." It is anything but that. It is an attempt to take the civil service from the market-place and restore it to politics—politics in the dignified sense in which Plato and Aristotle and a few moderns have conceived it, as existing for the best life of mankind.

To-day the United States Civil Service Commission, standing between the people and the political spoilsmen, occupies the strategic position in the war on political incompetency and dishonesty. In it and in its work lies the hope of the nation. It is not too much to say that upon the final success or failure of our civil-service law, rests the final success or failure of popular government and democratic institutions in the United States. The Commission stands for a principle which has opposed the reign of graft in all its forms, wherever human liberty has found standing-room in the world in its long struggle with favoritism and tyranny. It has accomplished several important things.

Every assessment of office-holders under the civil service is absolutely prohibited, although voluntary contributions are allowed. But the government in power no longer calls upon them. Under the old *régime*, office-holders were mercilessly assessed for election expenses. With the small salaries, large assessments, and uncertainty of tenure, an office in the federal service was not generally

profitable, unless it became the pathway to some perquisites or considerations on the side. Yet these secondary adornments of public office were so important that, to save this vast number of paltry offices overburdened with taxation, fraud and violence were resorted to so often as to stain the good name of the nation. This it was, more than anything else, that fostered the fanatical devotion to party, which so often stifled the issues and throttled our free institutions at the ballot-box.

It is no longer possible for a ward-heeler to force his congressman to insist on his appointment to public office, which the congressman, who may be a good man, must do at the cost of his being dragged down to defeat on next election. This kind of political parasitism has been practically destroyed. Most of the scandals that have arisen in the service have not been developed among those appointed under the Civil Service Commission. They have been among the men, almost wholly, who have been appointed without the intervention of civil-service rules.

The mechanical execution of the public service has been immeasurably improved. A man is no longer turned into the public crib. To hold office is something higher than a consideration of business. A man secures a place in the public service because he is the best available man for that place; not because some one else can pay off a private debt in giving him the place. The Commission does not exist for the individual, nor to protect the rights of an individual to hold office. Of all the individuals who have the right, the Civil Service Commission selects the one who can best serve the nation.

As far as possible the Civil Service Commission exists to select those who shall hold the executive offices of the United States—that is to say, those who shall execute the civil business of the United States, not because they are bribers, heelers, sluggers, or electioneering engineers, but because they are the best men available for the

vacant places. The good of the service is the only concern of the Civil Service Commission.

The Civil Service Commission is doing all it can under the law, and is doing that well. The civil-service law, however, can be improved.

Let the United States Government offer salaries, so that a man without an independent income can afford to serve his country in the peaceful service of the stars and stripes.

Let us furnish an education for the higher branches of civil service as good as that given to the naval and military branches of the federal service.

This seems to be a fundamental necessity for the professional improvement of the service. Perhaps in this direction lies the path of future civil-service reform. Washington saw the need of trained officers for the army. West Point was the result, and Annapolis followed. In his eighth annual message, he advised the creation of a National University, "a primary object of which should be the education of our youth in the science of government." This has not come yet.

While a few of our universities are offering some work in this direction, our higher educational institutions are pitifully weak. Perhaps some day under the Civil Service Commission will be a

great political university, equipped as only a nation can equip it. A national university, devoted to the teaching and investigation of the science and philosophy of politics and political ethics, seems to be a national necessity, for over and above the mere servants of the State to be educated are the masses landing on our shores at Castle Garden, coming faster than they are assimilated by American institutions and ideals. Our nation is rapidly changing—and not for the better.

As in the army and navy, let our Government provide for the declining years of the veterans of the civil service, unless we say bluntly, we wish to Oslerize them, or turn them out to grass on the poor-farm. It is our shame if we can not provide for those who have given their lives to their country as well as for their country. We are the only civilized nation in the world without a civil-service pension. The United States can afford first-class men and can afford to treat them in a first-class way. The nation can not afford any thing else. It should guarantee those who serve her, such security of tenure and sufficiency of stipend and protection in old age as shall offer its civil patriots a career and not a job.

FRANK VROOMAN.

Washington, D. C.

SOME ASPECTS OF POE'S POETRY.

BY H. HOLLAND CARTER.

IN WRITING of Edgar Allan Poe's personality and literary genius, one finds a subject of unusual interest. His life and work were so full of contradictions, and so many queries about the man arise as you read him that no paper of ordinary length could adequately cover these. And even by limiting the subject to the one phase of his poetry, for which he is probably less remembered than for his prose tales, many questions suggest themselves to one into which he feels he

cannot enter. In the following article, it shall not be our purpose to discuss the various interesting opinions of critics as to his habits of life, how far his genius was affected by circumstances and hereditary tendencies, or what his work might have been had his manner of life been different. Nor yet shall we be much concerned with comparative values, in attempting to assign Poe to his place among his contemporary writers and the great ones of history. It shall rather be

our aim to give a few impressions from the poetry itself, citing only enough comments of critics to elucidate these impressions or to create new ones which the reading itself did not suggest.

First of all, a prospective reader of Poe's poetry should bear one or two things in mind before he condemns the writer as unworthy of a place in his library of classics. He must not expect to be uplifted "above the Ionian heights" by any Miltonic epic, nor fascinated by the nobility of any Homeric verse nor charmed by the subtle suggestiveness of any Shakespearian or Tennysonian lyric. He must rather be willing to submit himself to the "haunting spell" of a wild, strange music. Henry James denounced Poe's verse as valueless. And, as another has put it, "It must always appear so if we ask from it more than it can give."

What, then, is Poe's idea of the province of poetry? This we probably find best expressed in his "Poetic Principle." He declares that a long poem, by its very nature, can not exist. Again he maintains that the didactic has absolutely no place in the art of poetry. Listen to his own words. "I would define in brief the Poetry of words as the rhythmical creation of Beauty. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth." This sounds like strong language but it is somewhat tempered later in the essay by these words: "It by no means follows however that the incitements of Passion or the precepts of Duty or even the lessons of Truth may not be introduced into a poem and with advantage, for they may subserve incidentally in various ways the general purpose of the work, but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down into perfect subjection to that Beauty which is the atmosphere and real essence of the poem."

We need but recall the barest outlines of Poe's life. How born in Baltimore in the year 1811 of semi-Celtic parents who followed the acting profession, he

was early made an orphan and was adopted by one Mr. Allan; how his school and college days were marked by dissipation and how this same dissipation caused his expulsion from college and the academy at West Point, the estrangement from his foster father, the loss of several literary positions and finally wrecked his life and caused his death. His whole life of thirty-eight years was one great struggle. He tried to be industrious. He tried to be master of himself. He knew he was worth saving but the odds seemed too strong.

Just how Poe secures his weird effects in his verse is hard to explain. He must have been a conscious artist, often stopping, I fancy, to read his work aloud. The proper names which he uses are fantastic and musical. Lenore, Ulalame, Lalage, Weir, Yaanek, Delormie, Auber, Eulalie. They are strange, you do not meet them elsewhere. Sometimes he uses a word which seems devoid of meaning in its context, yet phonetically exactly the word for the place. Such a one is "immemorial" in "Ulalame." One critic writes of this word, "It would puzzle the most adroit student of words to attach a distinct, usual sense authenticated by lexicons to 'immemorial.' And yet no one with an ear can fail to see that it is emphatically the right word and supplies the necessary note of suggestion." And indeed one feels the very breath of October through the poem.

"The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

Then there are words which if not meaningless seem in queer connections except as they please the ear. Such is the word "universal" in "The Sleeper" where a "dewy vapor vapor comes softly dripping, drop by drop, upon the quiet mountain top,

And steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley."

One wonders just what this "universal valley" is unless he means by it all the earth.

The use of the word "unusual" in "Israfel" is singularly suggestive. This is the song of "Israfel whose heart strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

They say "that Israfel's fire

Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire,
Of those unusual strings."

All are familiar with the strange fantasy found in "The Raven," the "very genius of Night's Plutonian Shore." It is popularly called the greatest of Poe's works, but this point seems much open to question. Quite as imaginative, if not more so, are "The Haunted Palace," "The Conqueror Worm," and "The City in the Sea." This imaginative element often leads to incoherency as anyone who has read the "Al Aaraaf" and tried to picture clearly to himself its symbolism has discovered. But we must be constantly bearing in mind the fact that whatever seems lacking, Poe's ear is the principal and sometimes apparently the only criterion of his work. Probably one of the best examples of his poems written for the sake of sound merely is "The Bells."

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!"

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

Surely there is not great food for thought here, but we hear the bells, which is probably all the author desired.

There are a few elemental themes about which the muse of Poe turns constantly. There is ever the love of some pure, exalted maiden and almost as surely coupled with this sorrow, sorrow for his love departed. When we consider the excesses of Poe's life, the passion and degradation to which his evil nature car-

ried him we must be impressed by his unfailing deification of woman. She occupies a place far above the world of his struggles and dissipation. Stedman says, "There is not an unchaste suggestion in the whole course of his writings." Those who knew him best bear witness to this. Mrs. Osgood writes, "To a sensitive and delicately nurtured woman there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect." We are interested in knowing that the subject of his "Annabel Lee" was his wife and we learn that the tender affection which he always displayed toward her was one of the beautiful sides of his best nature. This little poem is one of the simplest of his melodies and easily catches the popular ear. The music is pleasing and the sentiment suggestive. The sadness is not so morbid as sometimes and more child-like. We must feel sorry for the man for whom,

"The wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing his Annabel Lee,
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from him,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In that kingdom by the sea."

Yet we feel that he has risen above his grief as he writes,

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

We like to hear him say to "One in Paradise,"

"Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine."

We must admit that Poe's verse does not always direct our thoughts into the most healthy channels, but when he surrenders himself up solely to the simple spell of his love we are not only led in

pleasant ways, but the suggestion is good. So here,

"Of all who hail thy presence as the morning—
Of all to whom thine absence is the night—

Of all who owe thee most—whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship—oh, remember,
The truest—the most fervently devoted
And think that these weak lines are written by him—
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel's."

One of the loveliest of these delicate tributes and a great favorite with critics are his lines "To Helen." This shows how to Poe's mind beauty crystallizes into something vital and becomes a direct factor in his life.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me,
Like those Nican barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within my hand!
Oh, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!"

Poe says that a certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of beauty. It is significant, then, that in shaping all his poetry to the end of beauty there is nearly always a melancholy strain present. This contemplation of death seems almost the key-note of his imagination. But his sorrow is not like that of a Burns. When Burns weeps for his "Highland Mary," you feel the sorrow of a passionate man at his life's center. Yet you can think of him as happy, one thinks of him now on the heights and now in the depths. But Poe's grief is of the brooding, morbid kind. He dwells ever in the dim light of tombs. He is ever weeping for Lenore, "for the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore." He is introspective, stopping in the very midst of his sorrow to analyze his own feelings and philosophize upon his grief. Listen to his "Lenore," there is a melancholy delight in it, almost a Bacchic joy in the death:

"Come! let the burial rite be read—
The funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died
so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so
young."

And again,

"The sweet Lenore hath 'gone before' with
Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should
have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly
lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her
eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon
her eyes."

One is not sure how far he would care to probe into Poe's philosophy of life and death and still less sure how far this would be possible since that same dualism which we found in his personality elsewhere is even more marked here. Listen to a passage from "Politian," Poe's unpublished drama. Politian has just declared his love for Lalage and receives this response:

Lal. "Alas! proud Earl,
Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!
How in thy father's hall among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonored Lalage abide?
Thy wife and with a tainted memory,—
My seared and blighted name, how would it
tally
With the ancestral honors of thy house
And with thy glory?"

Pol. "Speak not to me of glory! I hate,—I loathe
the name,
I do abhor the unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?
Do I not love—art thou not beautiful—
What need we more? Ha! glory! now
speak not of it.

What matters it—What matters it, my fairest
and my best,
That we go down unhonored and forgotten
Unto the dust—so we descend together.
Descend together—and then—and then per-
chance—

Lal. "Why dost thou pause, Politian?
Pol. "And then, perchance,
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest."

Nothing could be more peaceful, nothing could be more hopeful than this.

"And then arise together Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest."

Yet contrast with these lines from "The Sleeper." His lady love lies dead "strange in her all solemn silence."

The lady sleeps! Oh may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy.
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by."

The very best that he can hope for his love is oblivion and this no pantheistic oblivion in a great primal essence.

"My love she sleeps! Oh may her sleep
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold,"

and so it runs. Perhaps these examples are as characteristic as any. Yet it does seem that the pessimism must really have been in the ascendancy and that one who could write the tale of the "tragedy Man and its hero the conqueror Worm," one who could write the "Haunted Palace" with that almost ghastly change from its "troops of echoes whose sweet duty was but to sing who came flowing, flowing through the fair palace door to the hideous throng of fantastically moving forms who laughed but smiled no more," that one whose mind was ever coming face to face with the tomb of some lost Ulahame, that such a one could have been very hopeful for the future.

One of the notable things about Poe is that he was always primarily a man of letters. He believed in his poetical gift. As he said in "Israfel,"

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody

While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre to the sky."

We have not wished to unduly exalt Poe and perhaps have laid more emphasis upon his merits since his deficiencies are so often spoken of. One does not care to dwell too long in the dim light and weird atmosphere of Poe's verse. This is due probably to its limitations in breadth and content. We sought for a "wild, strange music." This we found, but little else. As one has phrased it, "His viol had but a single string and the frame-work was fashioned out of a dead woman's breast-bone. His verse is morbidly sweet and mournful, and all touched on that single string, which thrills to a dead and immortal affection." As we have intimated before, we can not expect to find great soul upliftment here nor our keenest intellectual enjoyment. Yet it is pleasant now and then to study Poe's features and see the intelligent sadness pictured there and listen to the melancholy sweetness of his voice. Perhaps rather than to try to bring to publicity all the imperfections of his life and work, it is kindest to let the benediction of silence rest upon him whose own life fits so well the words of "Tamerlane."

"Boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one—
For all we live to know is known
And all we seek to keep hath flown—
Let life, then, as the day flower, fall
With the noonday beauty—which is all."

H. HOLLAND CARTER.
Oberlin, Ohio.

THE SEA-CHILD.

BY ALMENA B. WILLIAMS.

ONE EVENING, centuries ago, standing where the sea should have met the coast of a wild north country, a maiden dared to taunt the Man with Iron Arms. If the girl did not realize the sensitiveness her lover's great strength concealed, she certainly noticed

that his beard tangled treacherously like crested waves meeting shore at different angles.

"I *your* bride?" scoffed the maiden, in laughing defiance; "what could you give me? whither would you take me? Ah, should you win me, at the fair sun-

rise you might hide your deformity from me, but upon the cruel midnight, your hideous arms, said to be blacker than death, more powerful than life, would crush me in their embrace—At last I have made you as angry as the sea!"

She paused. Somewhere ice-crags snapped and parted, but the man made neither moan nor answer. A wave of phosphorous, curling over not far from shore, seemed to become a part of the figure now expanding and heightening before her. Did its voice or the distant thunder threaten?

"I am proud of my might that is centuries old, but am wroth that you ridicule Man's Infirmitiy! I did not will that my arms should be kept in ceaseless motion."

Awed, the girl increased the mockery of her words and laughter.

"You cannot make me cower, and six days hence I wed with Thorendorf, smooth of limb, ruler of all this land bordering the ocean."

Sea and thunder raged about her.

"You speak truly. Go marry your pink-armed scion of a decaying race, but henceforth I hold a claim upon your line. I shall give to it a child who shall be fairer and greater than you. Just when life smiles upon her, I will snatch her unto myself: for there is only one power mightier than I—I who am not of one generation, but of the ages."

With head pertly uplifted, the girl walked toward the marshes, then started suddenly. Her marriage was approaching. This Gray Strength might some day tear a babe from her arms, but as she hastily retraced her steps to appease him, the Man with the Arms of Iron merged into the gloom of the sea.

One morning, not a quarter of a century ago, upon the Long Island shore, the ocean came sweeping in almost to the foot of the dunes, on the other side of which a sand-stretch crossed a road that led to the Graham cottage. In its green garden a boy sketched in front of an easel. A tiny girl stood close to his

seat, thumping it and making him generally uncomfortable.

Ignoring her, the youthful artist exclaimed:

"If I could only get the simple blue and gray of the sand-hills and ocean on my canvas!"

"Why do you try to? Why are n't they good 'nough there where God put 'em?"

Sutton Harding stared at small Tilda Graham, who continued unabashed:

"I know what you mean. I asked nurse why the bu-ti-ful sea went there and I came here, and she said that it was always there, but,"—the child caught her breath, shook back shining curls and spoke more rapidly,—"but she said one morning when the sand was all shells and gold, the waves washed me right up into my mother's arms!"

Tilda stepped back to see the effect this wonderful fact would have upon Sutton, but he merely answered indifferently:

"Did she?"

"Yes she 'did-she,' and I do n't think you're a very po-lite big boy. This is my mother's garden you're trying to paint in."

With an air of patronage Sutton offered amends.

"Moth-er's made me a beautiful doll out of a white silk skirt and cut off some of my curls and sewed onto its head, but the poor thing has n't any face 'cause mother can't draw. Can you paint faces any better than sea-shore?" persisted Tilda.

"Confound the kid!" muttered Sutton, doubly exasperated.

He resented the fact that the changing purple of the child-eyes matched the sea-shades better than did his colors, and aloud he asked:

"See here! If I draw a face on your doll, will you take it away, oh anywhere in the sun, while the paint dries?"

Soft little arms were flung about his neck, while an awe-inspiring marine-view was turned over, smeared and lost

to the world forever. The boy received the rag-doll in sulky silence.

Tilda filled in time as best she might, going to the kitchen for hot cookies and to her mother to impart the joyous news.

Afterwards in studio-days at Paris, if Sutton sometimes remembered with a pang that innocent child-arms were once about him, he oftener laughed at what followed.

Tilda returning with eager expectation gave once glance at the doll, then flew at him with true savagery, pounding him with her little fists.

"Moth-er, moth-er, your best friend's son has painted an old wom-an's face on my bu-ti-ful dolly and she's smoking a nasty old pipe!"

Late that night, Mrs. Graham was awakened by a seeming sudden cold breath from the sea. Intuitively she entered her child's room. The freak doll lay upon the otherwise empty bed. Calling her husband they rushed into the hall. Seeing that below an outside door was open, they hastily passed through it.

Ahead a white speck moved toward the dunes. Quickly overtaking, softly stealing behind Tilda, the mother asked gently:

"What is it, darling? What has frightened our little girl?"

The small lips could frame no words, the large eyes glowed with unearthly light.

"It's sleep-walking or nightmare." The father spoke reassuringly. "I saw that her brain was too excited over the trick that young scamp played upon her doll."

Mrs. Graham cautiously grasped Tilda, who, when calmer, between little gasps, said:

"Your arms are so soft and kind, mother, but those others that pulled me from bed were hard and black!"

The father and mother exchanged one look.

"She has never heard the legend," whispered the one.

"And never shall," answered the other.

When they reached home Tilda pleaded: "The pi-a-no, moth-er!" "Hush, darling; not to-night." "But I must!"

Mrs. Graham humored her. The baby fingers brought forth no discords. Single notes sounded a simple, wild harmony.

In her room the mother rocked the child, whom nothing would soothe, until the woman's voice broke into a lullaby. After a verse or two, Graham whispered to his wife:

"Was not the legend current before any branch of the family came here to America?"

"Yes," answered the mother, softly, with head pressed against Tilda's, "and this is the first appearance of the Iron Man."

A shock passed through Tilda, the voice quivered:

"Keep singing, moth-er. If you stop, they'll catch me!"

The father put his arm about mother and child, as if to hold and protect them from forces unseen. Gradually the sobs ceased, as sheltered in the arms of the living and loving, the little one fell asleep.

One wintry afternoon, several years later, Tilda and her mother were in town attending an exhibition of famous pictures.

The girl stood before an old Norse painting. With pale face and voice strangely impassioned:

"Oh mother, to paint one picture, to sing one song and then to die, if need be!"

At a little distance, a man of aristocratic bearing, overhearing her words, felt that this was the most valued of all the praise bestowed by two continents upon his work and puzzling over the girl, wondered where he had seen such features, then suddenly remembered the fury of a little child. Sutton Harding, fresh from Paris and deserved success, edged a way toward the two women and made himself known.

"And this is little Tilda?"

Conscious that she looked unusually tall in her severely plain tailor-suit, the girl laughingly answered:

"And is this the artist who painted one of his noted character studies upon my doll?"

Harding spoke more earnestly:

"You must forgive me, for at your suggestion I gave up painting things so far beyond me and owe my good-fortune to that same doll."

Shortly after this meeting Mrs. Graham and Tilda returned to their shore-home. Soon Harding followed them. Putting up at old Dave Smith's, who cooked far better than he kept the village post-office.

One evening at the Graham cottage, Harding lounging on a rug-covered couch near a driftwood-fire, listening to Tilda's music, as she broke off abruptly, asked:

"Where did you find that music?"

The girl turned with a scrutinizing look, then, as if promising to honor him by answering the simple question, replied:

"I will tell you sometime, but not tonight."

Throughout the season in town, the more Harding was pursued by girls in opera-boxes and motor-cars, the oftener he slipped down to the shore.

"To work, you know," he told them at the club; "a man must have quiet and solitude in order to do his best."

Attracted at first by Tilda's indifference, he was afterwards piqued and lastly annoyed by it. But of one thing he became certain; the listlessness was not affected, nor the silent thoughtfulness a pose. Rather the shadow, if not the substance of a mystery hung about her, while the sea perceptibly influenced and imparted its moods to her. Not that the laugh could be more spontaneous, nor the brighter moments more gay, but she soon lapsed into a dreaminess from which Harding determined to rouse her. He felt this with an added keenness one day as he coolly studied the girl before him. Certainly if unusual looking, she was very lovely. In Paris he knew a woman or two into whose hair professional beau-

tifiers tried to put those red gold lights; even dauntless repairers of deficiencies, however, never attempted to curve eyelids until they closed half-indolently over purple eyes, and seldom succeeded in molding a figure into such exquisite long lines.

Tilda, apparently unconscious of the man's scrutiny, listened to the roar of the surf, the smell of its brine coming in through the open window. Sutton felt that old ocean was helping him. Now he knew what to suggest:

"Let's take Dave's old nag and see how near we can get to the beach."

So in the threatening northeaster Tilda and Harding persuaded Dave to harness the beloved but decrepit steed. A waterproof covering hung down on both sides. The wind blowing under, lifted and spread it until it looked like two dark wings from beneath which the head, legs and braided tail of the horse flew out in distracted confusion. The man and girl did not care that their Pegasus was black, if it but carried them to see the ocean in the wildness of the fast-coming storm. When they reached the dunes it was not necessary to tie the horse, it was really very far gone.

Tilda, standing so near the water that the waves dashed their spray about her, cried excitedly:

"Is n't it glorious?"

"You are glorious!"

Wrapped in mist she seemed unreal, and Harding added:

"Are you Tilda, or actually a part of the sea?"

"Why did you ask that?" she said, sharply, sobering instantly and quickly going nearer him. "I want to go home; I must describe this storm in music, Sutton."

Harding took her firmly by the shoulders, gently turned her face toward him, saying impressively:

"Ah, is that what you do? You are not going home to bury yourself in playing. Shall I tell you, girl, what you are going to do?"

Was the roar of surf awakening Tilda? She liked the mastery of Harding's voice

and action. Feeling this, he continued deliberately:

"You are going to make your music give way to that greater thing called love!"

The girl withdrew her face a little proudly from his holding, but steadily returned his earnest look.

"You see, Tilda, you love me, although you do not know it, perhaps. And I—I love you with the might of those waves surging inland and with the strength of the shore withstanding them."

Reverently, fervently, he drew her nearer him.

"It is imperative that I run over to Paris, dear, so we are going to be quietly married, oh, very soon, then sail away together."

After a short moment, while Tilda still seemed like one within reach of paradise, the old dread overpowered her.

"No, no, Sutton; I cannot go."

Saying this, she hastily retreated with face toward the ocean, as if fearing that it would follow.

"I must stay, finish my life of the sea, for that is my only salvation."

"And if I never return?" His face was stern and set.

"But you will!" Tilda pleaded.

"How can I, if you prefer your music to me? Listen, dear. I am not so unreasonable as to want you to give it up; but let your Life of the Sea—of the unknowable—alone for the present, live and love your own existence, for that's what such an adorable woman as you were created for, Tilda."

Then he added more gaily: "There are times when I would like to shake you, until you wake up alive and human."

He did not know that the girl standing there in the sweep of wave, coast and storm was waging a battle that no earthly army could conquer. He was annoyed, however, that she insisted.

"I cannot leave my music! Oh, I thought that perhaps you could understand!"

But because he did not, the man grew impatient.

"If you mean that a painter should

know that you would place your music above all else, I do not agree. Art at its best is a reflection of real, throbbing life. How can you bring out the best in your music, if you are going to warp it, by denying yourself love, all sweet experiences, that might ennoble it?"

"Oh, Sutton," she repeated, "I thought you would understand; yet," then, mournfully, "how could you?"

Harding's well-cut features were under excellent control as he looked at her inquiringly, and Tilda, about to explain, sent a swift glance seaward, then turned abruptly toward the dunes.

Late that night, after Harding's leave-taking, Tilda took scores from a secretary. Child notes of long ago formed the motif of the harmony she played now, but those sounds were glorified.

"I can write the love passages to-night," she cried, exultantly, "for he has awakened within me that which can never sleep again."

About the same hour, Harding interrupting his packing, paced his rude little studio at Dave's, while thoughts of his first love held him prisoner:

"Tilda's too true a woman to care for musical success alone. Something distracts her, about which she cannot or will not speak. And I'll accept no half-love, but her caring helps to make a good foundation, which my absence will build upon and strengthen."

Harding curbed his feelings and made his good-bye several shades more indifferent than Tilda's. After he sailed she repeatedly asked herself why she had not explained and so in her yearning there gradually crept into the music a passion and depth which it lacked before. Trying to take an interest in the people about her, Tilda played often to Dave's lame daughter, bored herself by listening to the confidences of the fishing folk. But in cheering those about her the girl made herself no happier; and as weeks passed, longings for Harding grew into fears that he might never return. Looking toward the horizon, Tilda tortured herself by thinking:

"I might have been with Sutton in ships like the ones forming those moving lights far out there at sea."

Things were primitive at the village; Dave, as postmaster, adopted a peculiar method all his own, so that the mails sometimes came irregularly. Tilda tramped miles to another post-office, waited days for letters. It was not until the pink marshmallows were marking the summer's advance that Tilda sadly listening to the birds' sunset-call, felt Harding's presence without hearing his steps. Turning, she gave a cry and walked into his outstretched arms. When at last they spoke, he told her that within an hour, a well-known musician would be at her home to hear and judge of the music.

Thanking him, she said eagerly:

"There is something I want to explain to you."

Then Tilda related the legend, adding as she finished it: "No one has an idea that I know; a few days after an old nurse told me, I was discovered running toward the ocean in my sleep. The terror of the legend grew as I grew; all my life I have both loved and feared the sea. I thought that music was the one power stronger than the Iron Man, the only thing that could save me, but now I know that he of the tradition meant love. I could not tell you why I feared to go with you; sometimes I think the sea hypnotizes me." She hesitated, the idolizing face just above hers making speech difficult. At last she continued:

"One naturally wishes his art to be recognized, but to-night, when I play for the musician and come to the part called 'Two Prayers'—I wrote the words after the storm we watched together—you can judge, Sutton, whether I care more for music than for you."

"Tilda, what a brute I must have seemed, after you had fought this superstitious dread all your life."

"I wish it were a superstition."

Harding took the girl's face in his hand very tenderly, saying:

"Child, God intended that some countries should remain undiscovered. There

is that around and about us which I think we are not meant to understand. Then, too, in nearly all old families there is some tradition. And, oh, Tilda! what can such questions matter when you and I are here together, safe from, yet close beside, the sea?"

A queer assortment of persons were listening a little later to Tilda's music; Harding distinguished, correctly groomed, the musician foreign in dress, excitable in manner. The father and mother, proud and adoring, old Dave in sulky intolerance (the horse died that morning), and the lame daughter, worshiping as a goddess, Tilda who like something illumined, half-spoke, half-sang her composition. At times words ceased, leaving strange music to tell a stranger history.

Once the listeners dreamed of ice-fields cut by the steel of a northern sea into homes for great untamed creatures silently watching the orgies of the midnight skies.

Descriptions of storms and calms thundered or softened unusual notes and chords, while a ceaseless, restless movement ran from treble to bass. Looking at everyone but Harding, Tilda measured impressively the words:

"Somewhere in a templed city, two persons are
praying now at dusk,

One begs that his name may outlive his
country,

The other, that the gods will send him per-
fect love.

I can see no more, for suddenly, death, and waves
and fire reign."

As he heard the music which followed the last sentence, the music-master strode toward Tilda, and Harding feared that in his enthusiasm the foreigner would carry her off, but scarcely noticing she dreamily spoke again:

"In excavating that buried city, one name shall be registered, one cast into a pit.

"Of artists and famous men there'll be many (the list is already too long).

"But those who have known love in its completeness, there shall be recorded only one.

"In letters of fire I see that name preserved in a case with rare relics!"

The musician, tie under one ear, beard pulled awry, honest tears in his eyes, gripped Tilda's hands, saying simply:

"That is *Music*, and you, so young and beauteous, an *Improvisatore*."

Harding did not speak his joy and praise.

In the night the sea sent forth strange mutterings, and a wave of phosphorous curled over, not far from shore.

The next morning Harding persuaded Tilda to join the bathers. Tones were kindly, but words imperative:

"You must overcome the fear. There is scarcely any surf, they have not even taken out the lifeboat, but have hoisted the 'Fine Bathing' signal. With the beach-master here and I an experienced swimmer, oh, think what a relief it will be when it is over!"

Mrs. Graham, in surprise, saw her child walk bravely with Harding waist-deep into the water. A wave bigger than the rest came unexpectedly from somewhere and Harding showed Tilda how to jump the one which followed.

The mother on the shore and the lover in the sea, watched with delight as Tilda overcame a lifelong dread. No one but old Dave, and he too late, saw that other waves met the shore at different angles.

Swimming a pace or two ahead, Harding thought he heard Tilda call. In two strokes he was at her side. A disturbance troubled the yellowish waters about them. The girl's face was drawn, as if in mortal combat.

"Sutton, hold me quick, the Arms are pulling me under!"

Simply to reassure her, Harding gripped the girl and to his horror, felt an irresistible force wrenching her from his hold which was as nothing. He signaled a life-guard.

"Do n't struggle, Tilda!"

She tried to obey, and fought heroic-

ally not to grapple, even when a mighty power whirled her round and round, under and out. Finally a dreamy sensation came to her, then darkness. Wide-eyed, horror-stricken people watched upon the shore. The mother in despair felt the hopelessness of battle with the Iron Man.

Dave's daughter, forgetting her infirmity, started without crutches for the water. From the lifeboat, out now, the guards dived. Those of the bathers who could swim did their all. Some dragged at Tilda, while another tried to hold Harding, who fought them under water and would not come up without her. Either love should win, or he would place himself with Tilda, powerless in those Iron Arms.

In a couple of hours the beach-master said to the speechless group upon the shore:

"I've watched this coast for nearly twenty years and can't understand it; they was n't in deep, the man could swim and there was n't waves big enough to make it draggy."

Old Dave muttered:

"Jest before it happened, I thought I saw a sea-puss forming."

When, in agony, Harding came to and found Tilda motionless, supposedly forever silent, he refused all restoratives. At this moment, pulling himself in great weakness nearer, he bent over her. Suddenly a cry of joy rang from him. Dave, with rough delicacy, which others quickly imitated, turned aside, after the first glad look and walked away.

"Tilda!" whispered Harding, "it's Sutton! Look at me! You put up a good fight! Our love has conquered!"

The girl, exhausted, tried to smile, while saying brokenly:

"And, always now—man's love shall triumph—over the hate of an immortal!"

ALMENA B. WILLIAMS.

New York City.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

THE BIENNIAL MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR JOSEPH W. FOLK.

A State Paper of Exceptional Interest
and Value.

THE RECENT biennial message of Governor Joseph W. Folk to the Legislature of Missouri is one of the ablest and most truly statesmanlike and fundamentally sound state papers that has appeared in years. It is a document that is eminently characteristic of the man who honors the State of Missouri as her chief executive, and in spirit, aim and purpose it strongly reminds one of the public papers of the great statesmen of the earlier days who rose above all thought of personal interest or the favor of class in their passion for a great and worthy democratic republic, guided at all times by the ideal of equality of opportunities and of rights. Here are found no boasting, no self-gratulation or laudation of party, no long and labored attempts to justify questionable actions, no efforts to discredit those who differ from him or to sustain his positions by specious sophistry and special-pleading calculated to place those who oppose him in a wrong light, or to justify extra-legal or unconstitutional acts. No, none of these things are present, because no act in the public career of Governor Folk renders them necessary on the one hand, and the character and sterling worth of the statesman make him shrink from any such tricks or devices of the politicians on the other. For Governor Folk is a statesman and a Democrat in the best sense of those much-abused terms.

The Man Behind The Message.

Another thing that makes this message of special interest to friends of fundamental democracy is the man behind the message. Governor Folk, since he first entered political life, has avoided everything that smacked of boasting or self-laudation. He has not paraded his virtues or raised popular hopes by high-sounding promises. He has in simple, direct and clearly-defined terms pledged himself to do all in his power to enforce the law and to carry into effect certain much-needed reforms, to bulwark democratic government and to conserve the best interests of

all the people; and he has faithfully and to the letter carried out his pledges but doing it in so quiet and unobtrusive a manner as to escape the notice of a great number of the people who rely on the daily press, and who therefore are far more impressed with the spectacular posings and loud promises and pretences of that order of public men who have well-organized public bureaus, and who are constantly sending out "inspired" defences of their actions or attacks on all who oppose them.

One master-motive seems to have dominated Governor Folk from his youth. As citizen, as prosecuting officer and as chief executive of his commonwealth, he has striven to do his whole duty—the high and sacred duty which a free government imposes on her enlightened and conscience-guided citizens and servants. No man in America to-day is more feared by the criminal classes, from the great Wall-street gamblers, high financiers and public-service law-breakers and trust magnates, down to the professional crooks, lobbyists and bribe-givers, than Governor Joseph W. Folk. He is a true statesman rather than a practical opportunist politician, and he has been nobly consistent in his statesmanship. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to President Roosevelt. While the latter has selected as his chief adviser, confidant and spokesman a man who since he so zealously worked to enable Boss Tweed to cheat justice that he was stinging rebuked by the eminent judge who considered the case, to the time he entered the Cabinet has been the most efficient Man Friday for the great law-breakers of the metropolis, the criminal corporations, the trust magnates and the tamperers with the sanctity of the ballot-box; while he has taken his fat-frying campaign collector, who has so ingratiated himself in the favor of such law-breakers as Perkins and other Wall-street magnates as to gain princely campaign funds for the election of his master and to prove thoroughly satisfactory to the predatory rich of the metropolis, and made him the Secretary of the Treasury; while he has given a clear bill of health and the most

liberal coat of whitewash in the history of American politics to the one-time notorious law-breaker, Paul Morton; while, furthermore, President Roosevelt has maintained most friendly if not intimate relations with such great tools of the railways, trusts and special privileged interests as Knox, Spooner and Lodge, Governor Folk has surrounded himself with high-minded, clear-visioned humanitarian workers who place the real interests of the people before all private or class interests and who unreservedly aid and support him in his efforts to enforce the law and make the great thieves and corruptionists, no less than the petty offenders, suffer the full penalty of their evil deeds. And in so doing he has cut off the back-door entrance for the campaign-contributing, privilege-seeking hordes that have prostituted government and systematically robbed the people for more than a half a century. Thus he has raised civic ideals and done much to restore a sense of moral proportion and the old-time ideals of justice for all the citizens throughout his own commonwealth and in a measure throughout the Union.

In saying these things of Governor Folk we are not saying that we agree with all his political views. Indeed, we do not think he is as fundamental a thinker along economic lines as is Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, nor do we think he sees the irresistible character of the general sweep and trend in political and economic life at the present time as plainly as does Mr. Hearst and the men who from the Atlantic to the Pacific are in the Hearst papers daily educating millions of people along social and economic lines. But in Governor Folk we believe the American people have a man who is inflexibly honest and sincere, who under no consideration will place thought of personal or party advancement above what he conceives to be the truest interests of the State and the people; a man who possesses the moral courage and resoluteness of purpose that are so lacking in President Roosevelt and which are so needed in public life to-day; a man who by nature is cautious and conservative, but who is the reverse of the Bourbon in spirit and temperament; a man who moves slowly but who when he moves always advances or goes in the right direction, because he places the principles of free institutions or fundamental democracy above reactionary, private or class considerations. And such a man will not only neces-

sarily grow and expand as the exigencies of conditions demand, but he is the kind of statesman most demanded in public life in a transition and crucial period like the present.

The Message Considered.

In its simplicity and directness, its lofty note of patriotism, its evident sincerity and its fidelity to basic principles or the democracy of the Declaration of Independence, this message suggests the State papers of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. It is a paper that should be read by every young man in our high schools, normal schools, colleges and universities. It is indeed difficult to overestimate the importance of such arguments as are here given upon the minds of our young people at a time like the present, when the battle between plutocracy and democracy is being carried forward with increasing determination and persistence.

It is, of course, impossible for us to more than notice some of the topics that are of interest to our citizens throughout the nation. Among these are the initiative and referendum; the right of recall; direct primary elections; child-labor; compulsory education; anti-lobby law; railroad passes; municipal-ownership; and suggestions in regard to election of United States Senators by the people.

Direct-Legislation, Right of Recall and Direct Primaries.

Nothing in the message shows more clearly that Governor Folk is a believer in the ideals of fundamental democracy—the ideas promulgated in the Declaration of Independence—than his outspoken recommendations for direct-legislation, direct primaries and the right of recall, as they are the only practical and thoroughly efficient measures for preserving democratic government under the changed conditions of the present time, when the combined efforts of an increasingly powerful feudalism of privileged wealth and corrupt political bosses operating party machines are systematically striving to defeat the will of the people and place the producing and consuming millions as much at the mercy of the captains of industry as the people of monarchial and class-ruled lands are at the mercy of the royalty and aristocracy. These measures will ensure to the people that which differentiates a democratic republic from a class-ruled land. They will place the actual power and operation of government in the hands of all the

people instead of their being theoretically given this power while it is actually held and used by public-service corporations, monopolies and other privileged interests working through political bosses and machines for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the people, and for the elevation to places of power of the representatives of privileged interests or their tools, instead of the representatives of the people.

On the subject of the initiative and referendum or direct-legislation Governor Folk says:

"Government by the people is best where the government is nearest to the people. I hope you will adopt a resolution for a constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum in legislation. This will eliminate the incentive for corruption in legislative affairs, for the control will then rest with the people. By this system a certain number of the voters can, by petition, originate legislation, and legislation of a general nature will have to be voted on by the people before it becomes a law. No bill that cannot stand the light of publicity should become a law. Wherever the initiative and referendum has been tried—and it has in Oregon and other states—the result has been most satisfactory. It puts an effective stop to bribery in legislative halls, for bribery of legislators would be useless where the people are the final arbiter of a measure. I regard this as of much importance in the final elimination of corruption, and the establishment of true representative government."

In speaking of the right of recall he observes:

"While the people of each locality should have the right to elect their officials, they should also have the right to recall them should they in their public duty forsake the service of the people, or prove incompetent or corrupt."

On the question of a direct primary law the Governor says:

"The nearer the government can be brought to the people the better and purer that government will be. We have a government by political parties and if it can be arranged so that the people will govern the parties, then we will have a government of, for and by the people in fact as well as in name. To that end I recommend the enactment of a state

primary law, for the nomination of all elective officers, providing for a primary to be held all over the State on the same day, by all political parties, with the same number of polling places as in the general election, and expenses to be paid in the same manner. Penalties should be provided for illegal voting or fraud on the part of judges and clerks as in general elections. A state primary would dispense with political bosses, by taking away their power and putting it in the hands of the people. The professional politician delights in having many conventions and primaries. The ordinary citizen, after attending one or two conventions or primaries, becomes weary and gives his attention to other matters, leaving the field to those who are in politics for revenue only. The result is, unless the people are intensely aroused, nominations are made, not by the people, but by those who have some selfish interest to serve. With a state primary conducted fairly under the law the nominees would represent the people. Under such a system there would be two days to be devoted by the ordinary citizen, one to go to the primary and one to go to the polls and vote on the general election day. This primary law should also enable the voters of all parties to express their choice for the party candidate for United States Senator."

Governor Folk also makes a strong argument in favor of election of United States Senators by the people.

Anti-Lobby Law.

On the need of a stringent anti-lobby law the Governor takes an admirable stand, clearly setting forth the urgency of such a measure and its proper scope in order to serve its desired purpose without infringing on the just and basic rights of the people. On this subject he says:

"Anything that obstructs the due course of legislation is injurious to the public welfare. The professional lobbyist is the enemy of government by the people. He is never employed to obtain equal rights for all the people. It is always in the interest of special classes against the people. While special interests of all kinds should be treated fairly by the representatives of the people, the operation of the professional lobbyist breeds corruption and should not be tolerated."

"I recommend the enactment of a law making it a crime for anyone for compensation to

lobby with the members of the Legislature. All persons, of course, should be permitted to appear before committees and make arguments for or against measures in the regular and open way. Any person should also be permitted to file printed arguments or briefs with members of the Legislature. But in order that publicity may be given to what is going on it should be provided that copies of the printed arguments or briefs be filed in the office of the Secretary of State and subject to public inspection. The sunlight of publicity is the greatest preventative of corruption. This measure would not prevent the average citizen from talking to members of the Legislature about measures of public interest. It is only paid lobbying that it is intended to prohibit. It has been urged that such a law would violate the right of free speech in preventing any person, even though a professional lobbyist, from talking to members of the General Assembly. The right of free speech is a sacred right, but the right of the people to have their laws untainted by venal influences is also sacred. A man cannot talk to a juror trying a case to influence him about the case. The right of free speech has its limitations, this is one of them, and interfering with legislation is another. The right of free speech cannot extend to obstructing the administration of justice or the course of legislation. If a measure of this kind is enacted I believe this practice, with all its attending evils, can be put to an end in this State."

The Railway-Pass Evil.

C. P. Huntington several years ago pointed out in a letter to General Colton the immense advantage which Tom Scott, then the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, had over Huntington in influencing the national legislature, because Scott's relations with all the railways running into Washington were such as to enable him to be lavish with railway passes. All persons who have made a study of the railway question know that free passes have been one of the most vicious and universally employed forms of bribery on the part of the railroads, whose corrupt influence on the public servants cannot be estimated. More than this, the pass evil has worked a great injustice on the traveling and shipping public, as was clearly pointed out in *THE ARENA* some time ago by the Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of North Carolina. Free passes have been largely used for favored in-

dividuals, lawyers and moulders of public opinion, and the traveling and shipping public has been compelled to bear this added burden. On the railroad-pass evil Governor Folk says:

"For many years in this State the giving of free railroad transportation to legislators and public officials has been prohibited. This law is now being enforced. I believe the law should go further and prohibit the giving of free transportation by railroads to anyone except, possibly, employés. The Federal statute which is now in effect forbids such transportation being given for interstate travel. The State law would apply to travel within the State. Railroads are public highways for public convenience. The charge for the carriage of persons and freight is in the nature of a tax on the public. It is just as unfair to permit a railroad to carry a part of the public free while it charges the rest of the public enough to make up for deadheads as it would be for a tax collector to release a portion of the population from taxes, distributing what these should contribute to the expenses of government amongst those who do pay and compelling the latter to bear the entire burden."

Child-Labor and Compulsory Education.

On the important subject of child-labor and compulsory education Governor Folk's words deserve special consideration. They reveal the true statesman and the wise humanitarian.

"Child-labor," he rightly observes, "is the enemy of civilization. It goes hand-in-hand with ignorance and with crime. This evil exists to an alarming extent in many if not all of the manufacturing states. I have visited many of the factories of our own State, and have seen numerous instances of little children working away at the looms or in some other capacity. In some cases it was claimed that the child was the sole support of indigent parents. Investigation developed that these claims in a majority of cases were not *bona fide*. However that may be, it would seem if a man is so poor that he must rely for support upon the labor of a little child, he is poor enough for the State to support him as a pauper. He has no right to ruin the child mentally, morally and physically, as is usually the case when children of tender years are permitted to labor in a great factory. The State is interested in these children, for they will be

the future citizens of the commonwealth, and the State is concerned in having them good citizens and not bad citizens. Instead of sacrificing them in the hopper of greed they should be at school, acquiring an education, and fitting themselves for the duties of citizenship in the years to come. I recommend rigid child-labor laws, and I assure you they will be strictly enforced within this State if I have the power to enforce them."

On compulsory education the Governor's remarks are equally excellent, as will be seen from the following:

"The last General Assembly enacted a compulsory education law. I have been very much interested in this question, as in the related question of child-labor. The workings of this law for the past two years, according to my investigations and reports made to me, have been most beneficial and fully justify all that was claimed by the advocates of the measure. School attendance has been increased 26,000 in the State, and this must bear the fruits of higher citizenship. Those who oppose compulsory education laws claim that the State has no right to go into the home and take the child without the consent of the parents and put it in school. There are two occasions that justify the State taking the child without the consent of the parents, one is for the purpose of education, the other is to punish for crime. Statistics show that crime is reduced as education increases, and the more the State calls for the children to educate them the less the State will have to call for them after awhile when they have grown up, to punish them for violation of the law. The compulsory education law is fairly satisfactory. The only amendment that may be needed, is to remedy the conflict between this and the child-labor law as to children who work. It would, I think, be well to define the duty of the truant officer more closely, and not allow excuses, as a matter of course, for children laboring in factories, for it is better that a child be at school than in a factory."

Space compels us to omit the excellent presentations and recommendations in regard to corporations, public and private wrongs, local self-government, juvenile courts, and reform in criminal procedure. All of these and other timely subjects are treated from the view-point of an earnest-minded, clear-

visioned statesman fully abreast of the times.

On public-ownership of public utilities Governor Folk has only gone half way on the road pursued by many enlightened nations that have found it absolutely necessary to choose between private-ownership of the nations by public-service corporations and public-ownership of public utilities. In this respect he has, however, gone farther than had Mr. Bryan a few years ago, and for our part, we would be perfectly willing for private-ownership to have a fair chance under the régime of a statesman of the Folk stripe, because we are convinced that after a faithful effort to conserve the interests of the people and of just and pure government, while leaving the enormously rich public-service interests, with their ever-increasing opportunities to acquire greater and greater wealth, in the hands of grasping corporations, he would turn to public-ownership of public utilities as the only hope of preserving the purity of government and of securing the interests of the people, just as have Mr. Bryan and numbers of others among our ranks who long held out for private-ownership. So we are not disturbed because Governor Folk does not as yet see as we do on this subject, because we know that such is the character of the man that as soon as he is convinced that the demands of good government and popular interest can only be conserved by the introduction of certain measures, he will favor such introduction.

Municipal-Ownership of Public Utilities.

On the subject of municipal-ownership the Governor speaks in no uncertain tones and in such a manner as will please those who are battling to save our cities from the blight and burden of private-ownership which is corrupting municipal government, paralyzing the arm of civic efficiency by fostering bosses and enabling them to man machines with corrupt politicians, while turning into the till of a few over-rich men millions upon millions of dollars that should go to improve service, lower taxes or beautify the cities that are thus placed under the tribute of the lords of light and transportation.

"Municipalities," says the Governor, "are in a large sense business corporations. They should have the right to own and control their own public utilities. As to whether they should take advantage of the authority so given or not would be for the people of the municip-

palties to determine under the facts of each particular case. I recommend that the people of each city and town in this State be authorized to purchase or own and operate any utility of a public nature whenever they shall vote to do so and to issue bonds in payment thereof.

"The necessary laws should be enacted giving the municipalities of the State full power to regulate tolls, charges and rates for

gas, electric lights, telephones and other public utilities within such cities, and compelling the interchange of telephone service and fixing and regulating the charges thereof."

This State paper is, as we have observed, in perfect keeping with the life and acts of Governor Folk. It reveals anew the noble portions of a true statesman cast in the democratic mould.

HOW MEXICO'S PROSPERITY IS MADE TO COUNT FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.

Lower Taxes.

MEXICO has enjoyed a long term of wonderful prosperity, largely due to the wise and far-seeing statesmanship of President Diaz, Finance Minister Limantour, and a few other great men who hold high places in the Republic. The enlightened policy that has marked the progressive statesmanship of Mexico under the Diaz régime has at all times striven to foster and develop the nation's great resources in such a way as to conserve the interests of all the people and render impossible the rise of any corrupt and corrupting trust, corporation or privileged interest that would tend to create a nation within the nation or a lawless feudalism of capitalism such as exists in our Republic to-day. Thus while we have with us the startling and sinister phenomenon of a nation within the nation, or a closely organized commercial feudalism whose throne is Wall street and embracing the railway, telegraph, insurance and express monopolies, the banking interests and the various great trusts which control life's necessities, all acting in concert in their effort to govern the nation for the interests of the privileged classes, in Mexico the government, which has just taken absolute control of the railways, has for years acted promptly and effectively in curbing every greed-inspired attempt to exploit the people by would-be trusts. Some time since we gave our readers a full account of how the Mexican government promptly broke the backbone of the corn monopoly. Last month we published an account of how the Mexican authorities broke up an attempt to form a meat-combine in the capital city by promptly going into the meat business and

selling meat at nominal prices until the combine was destroyed. In these and in scores of other ways the government of our sister Republic has steadily followed the great fundamental ideal of a truly democratic, just and humane government,—namely, placing manhood above money concern and thus seeking the highest good of all the people.

Recently this government furnished another example of twentieth-century idealistic statesmanship in reducing the taxes for all the people and in raising the salaries of those government employés who were the poorest paid among the servants of the people. On December 10th Finance Minister Limantour appeared before Congress to report on the finances of the Republic and to ask for special authorization to reduce taxes and to make certain additional appropriations for the increase of the public-school service and the improvement of harbors, and for the increase of salaries for the poorest paid among the government's employés. In his address as reported by the *Mexican Herald* of December 11th the Minister of Finance said:

"The results of the last fiscal year have been excellent. The receipts, as was announced by the President of the Republic in his message of September 18th, last, have passed one hundred million pesos. In reality the receipts have reached almost one hundred and two million pesos. The expenditures have not increased materially, but have remained almost the same as in the preceding year, in the sum of eighty million pesos in round numbers. The difference, consequently, has been twenty-two million pesos. This

has not been a net surplus, however, but deducting certain sums which will be necessary, a surplus will remain of twenty million pesos."

In view of the prosperous condition of the government the Minister felt warranted in recommending measures that would benefit the people and that illustrate the just and humanitarian spirit that animates the government. In regard to taxes he said:

"The Executive suggests that the federal contribution which is paid by all tax-payers of the states be reduced."

A five per cent. reduction was urged.

Increase in Salaries for Certain Government Employés.

A very striking illustration of the difference between governments like those of New Zealand and of Mexico, which seek to conserve at all times the interests of all the people, and one which is under the spell of egoistic selfishness or the materialism of the market, is seen when we contemplate two recent acts, one on the part of the United States, the other on the part of Mexico.

Some time ago the representatives of the commercial feudalism in our land and the subservient press which is industriously seeking to widen the breach between the people's servants and the great masses and to create a powerful official oligarchy responsive to the demands of the money-kings or the plutocracy, raised a general cry for increasing the salaries of the President and other officials. At the same time the Hearst papers began a crusade for raising the wages of the hard-worked postal employés. Naturally enough the postal servants strove to further the passage of that bill, until the President not only expressed his high displeasure at the workers attempting to increase their pittance, but forbade their working for that end. Recently several salaries of high officials have been increased, while the postal army who only earn enough in these days of prosperous trusts and robber combines to meet reasonable living expenses and educate their children, are allowed to go without the increase they should enjoy for labor faithfully performed.

Now while the United States is thus fattening the salaries of high officials, the Republic of Mexico gives her first concern to the poorly-paid employés. In his address Minister Limantour said:

"Passing to the second heading, the increase in salaries, this has been an arduous problem; as the desire of the government would be to increase salaries in general; but the House understands perfectly that a measure of this kind would require many millions of pesos and could not be accomplished at any one time. It is necessary, therefore, to begin with the more urgent and to revise the salaries which are notably insufficient. Among these the Executive believes that those of the Judicial branch rise to the first importance, as the functionaries and employés belonging to it are the poorest paid in proportion to the services which they render and the importance of their duties. The measure will include, then, the magistrates of the supreme court of the district, of the circuit courts, the judges of the district courts and of the general order as well as the minor employés of the same branches, federal and common. It is also judged indispensable to increase the salaries of the sergeants, corporals and guards as well as those of the gendarmes of the district.

"It is not possible, in the epoch in which we live, with the augmenting of expenses indispensable to our living, to obtain a *personnel* worthy to exercise these functions for the small remuneration which is provided for in the budget. For humane reasons also it pays to increase the salary of inferior employés. The Executive believes that clerks in all the branches of the public administration deserve an increase in salary, and I declare that humane reasons, more than reasons of any other nature, require it, as it is impossible for them to live conveniently on a salary of \$50 or \$60 monthly in certain places where the cost of living has increased considerably. These are the reasons which move the Executive to prefer to raise the salaries of the inferior employés."

We would call special attention to the closing paragraph of the above. Note there the words "For humane reasons also it pays to increase the salary of inferior employés. The Executive believes that clerks in all the branches of the public administration deserve an increase in salary, and I declare that humane reasons, more than reasons of any other nature, require it, as it is impossible for them to live conveniently on a salary of \$50 to \$60 monthly in certain places where the cost of living has increased considerably. These are the reasons which move the Executive to prefer to

raise the salaries of the inferior employés."

Here we have a new, high, fine, true note struck by the two most practical and most idealistic statesmen of the New World who are to-day occupying important national positions,—Díaz and Limantour, the statesmen

whose greatest passion is the prosperity of their land through the prosperity and happiness of all the people, rendered possible by just and wise government. They are practical idealists who reflect the spirit of democracy, progress and true civilization.

DEMOCRACY'S PRESENT DEMAND ON PATRIOTIC CITIZENS.

Periods of Reaction and Hours of Advance.

THERE are periods of inertia and reaction, which succeed periods of moral exaltation, activity and advance; melancholy days when selfish greed and soul-deadening materialism seem to paralyze life on its higher planes of expression; periods of reaction in which it almost seems that the victories won will be lost. But in these night-times of national life there always arise great intellectual and moral prophetic leaders,—clear-seeing men who are at once profound philosophers and apostles of justice and idealism. These servants of God and children of progress enunciate great messages that anticipate the next stage of national advance. They are the John the Baptists of a new gospel of happiness and helpfulness for the people. Often they are like voices crying in the wilderness, and for years only a comparatively few heed the message; but in time the good seed takes root in the general consciousness. The condition is like that presented by the seeds lying unseen under the sod awaiting the genial showers of spring and the warm, life-giving sunbeams. At this stage all that is necessary is the direct appeal to the higher emotions—an appeal to heart, conscience and soul, an appeal that touches the deepest and holiest wellsprings of life and awakens men out of their lethargy, not only making them see and understand the evils to be grappled with and destroyed, but filling them with that living faith that makes one man formidable and an hundred men more to be dreaded than an army of hirelings. The awakening of the conscience of the people that comes as a result of the moral enthusiasm on the part of the prophets and intellectual and spiritual leaders is life-giving in its influence, because it lifts the public consciousness to a higher ethical level and rejuvenates the national life, making men consecrate all that is dearest to the cause of justice and human advancement, because they feel the dignity

of manhood, its solemn obligations, and are ready to obey the marching orders of civilization, becoming soldiers in the cause of human emancipation.

In our land to-day we have reached this stage in the battle of democracy against entrenched plutocracy,—the battle of man against the dollar, of the right of humanity to take precedence over considerations of property or the acquisition of gold.

Nineteenth-Century Political, Social and Economic Advance.

After the general uprisings of '48 in Europe and the Civil war in America, came a period of moral lethargy, when sordid commercialism, human greed and the spirit of reaction were quick to advance to places of vantage. Stealthily and with loud vauntings as to the great moral victory won in the emancipation of the negro slaves, made to divert attention from their sinister purpose, these forces of the night in our land advanced and began exalting property above the sacred rights of man, making the dollar of more concern than the development, the happiness and the prosperity of the units that make up the masses in the State.

While this was going on in America, out of the night of reaction in the Old World rang strong and clear many prophet voices—Carlyle, Ruskin, Mazzini, Hugo, Kingsley, Karl Marx, Tolstoi, William Morris, Zola—all speaking for justice and human rights. They did not all see alike, for when have men from different vantage-grounds beheld the same picture, or who has as yet seen more than a part of the truth? But all spake for humanity for liberty, justice and the sacred rights of the individual—the rights of the struggling, helpless and oftentimes leaderless millions; all voiced in varying degree the message of the new time—the voice of democracy.

In the New World the great prophet of

social righteousness who first startled the people from their slumbers was Henry George. He was preëminently the way-shower for the conscience-element of America in the early eighties. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* struck the popular imagination that had been awakened by Mr. George but which had not yet studied the luminous philosophy of the latter. Then there arose a number of strong, clear-visioned and able writers and speakers—conscience-guided thinkers—who for twenty-five years have been educating the more thoughtful and high-minded men and women of the nation. Slowly but surely they have prepared the way for the democratic renaissance that is dawning.

The Appeal to The Moral Idealism of The People.

We have now reached the stage when the people are waiting for their marching orders. Now the call is to the prophet and apostle of social righteousness to appeal directly to the conscience and the heart of the people and to bring all possible influence to bear on the public mind, to the end that the nation may be aroused on the highest plane—aroused as were the people of old when Eliot, Hampden and Pym electrified Great Britain, or when Otis, Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Henry and Jefferson aroused the moral sensibilities of the infant American Colonies. The hour calls for the same appeal to the sense of justice, human rights and the divine sanctity of life which was the keynote of the master-statesmen who broke the power of despotism in the Old World, as well as those who founded our nation and ushered in the age of democracy. The call is for writers, for organizers, for speakers and for singers to go forth, just as the noble leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League went forth in England, when, in spite of the fact that the government, entrenched wealth, national prejudice and the entire press of the nation were against them, they speedily changed the sentiment of the country so that an overwhelming victory was won within ten years from the time when the campaign opened.

With a small band of clear-thinking, high-minded patriots whose lives were absolutely dominated by moral enthusiasm and consecrated to the service of fundamental democracy, we could, with the public mind in its present receptive condition, within a few years fire the Republic from the Atlantic to

the Pacific with such moral enthusiasm, such spiritual exaltation, that the combined influence of the criminal rich would be absolutely powerless before a morally awakened nation—a people aroused at last to the meaning of the august demands of fundamental democracy which places the rights of man, woman and child before property considerations or the interests of classes.

One element of great power in such campaigns has ever been music. When a nation is prepared to march forward, the compelling power of poetry set to stirring music cannot be overestimated. Happily for the cause of progress, we at last have in Mr. Albertson's new volume, *Fellowship Songs*, a worthy book embracing the noblest poems of many of the master-prophet singers who have arisen since the democratic era; and these poems have been set to admirable music. This work will prove of incalculable benefit to the cause of democracy and social progress at the present stage of the conflict.

A Suggestion to Reformers.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers—frequently from young men and women—saying: We want to help in the cause of social emancipation and help save the Republic of the fathers from the despotism of a centralized government dominated by plutocracy; but how can we do anything out in a little town, far away from the great centers and where there are probably not more than ten or fifteen persons who realize the needs of the hour?

To such persons we reply: If you are in earnest, if you have reached the point where you are willing to consecrate a part of your life's energies to the cause of pure democracy, if you are ready to emulate the fathers, you can do much—very much. Form a club at once, if it is only five or six in number, to discuss present-day economic, social, and political conditions and to prove an educational center for moral and intellectual development, similar to our Arena Clubs. The name is not important, but it is important that the members be pledged to the fundamental principles of democracy or popular rule—pledged to the ideals of the Declaration of Independence. Let all the members pledge themselves seriously to study the great live questions of the hour, such as Direct-Legislation, the social progress of New Zealand, the ideal democratic conditions of Switzerland, the results of pub-

lic-ownership in the Old World, and similar issues.

And above all try to form in your little association or league a glee club for the singing of the songs of democracy as found in *Fellowship Songs*. Induce some member at least to learn to sing and play these stirring melodies, and at every meeting have at least five or six of these songs sung. And if you cannot at first form a glee club, let all members join in the choruses. Thus we will suppose the club is formed and half an hour has been given to the study of some vital question or to reading news of movements that are fundamentally democratic in character. Then give half an hour to the songs. Let the club meet if possible in a house where there is a piano or melodeon, and let the leader begin with, say, "America." Next let those mighty stirring lines and inspiring music of James G. Clark's "The People's Battle Hymn" be enjoyed by the club, all members joining in the chorus:

"Lift high the banner, break from the chain,
Wake from the thraldom of story;
Like the torrent to the river, the river to the main,
Forward to liberty and glory!"

Then try Edwin Markham's "My America," in which, set to admirable music, we have these thrilling lines:

"Oh harken, my America, my own,
Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Divine is that pure light you bear alone,
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

Imperious is your errand and sublime,
And that which binds you is Orion's band.
For some large Purpose, since the youth of Time,
You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand.

Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream,
To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed,
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;
Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed.

The arméd heavens lean down to hear your fame,
America: rise to your high-born part!
The thunders of the sea are in your name,
The splendors and the terrors in your heart."

Or let the leader give any one of the following: Gerald Massey's "The People's Advent"; Rev. Minot J. Savage's "O Star of Truth"; James Russell Lowell's "Friends of Freedom"; Ebenezer Elliott's "God Save the People"; J. A. Edgerton's "The Brotherhood of Man"; Adelaide Proctor's "Rise, for the Day is Passing"; James G. Clark's "Swing Inward, O Gates"; Swinburne's "The Faith of Brotherhood"; Charles Kingsley's "The Day of the Lord"; or any other

of the hundred songs of brotherhood, love and justice that are found in this volume. Make these songs a special feature of your club-work, because the day is approaching when it is highly probable that your work in this direction will be of great service to the cause. As the battle advances meetings will be held from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and at such meetings your club can render great service—as great, perhaps, as the speaker, in arousing the moral idealism of the people. The present calls in solemn tones to you to join in the noblest cause man ever engaged in.

Victor Hugo's Message for the Hour.

At this time let every true American take to heart the following noble utterances of Victor Hugo, one of the greatest prophets of social righteousness the world has produced:

"Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome, he remains serene, and his misfortune is happiness. . . . Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. . . . Truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience, are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty; those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave,—what a magnificent endeavor! Now, the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other side is slave. A grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view . . . to be the servant of God in the task of progress.

"Help from the strong for the weak, help from the great for the small, help from the free for the slaves, help from the thinkers for the ignorant, help from the solitary for the multitudes,—such is the law.

"The hour has struck for hoisting the 'All for All.'

"To work for the people,—this is the great and urgent need.

"It is important, at the present time, to bear in mind that the human soul has still greater need of the ideal than of the real.

"It is by the real that we exist; it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives.

"To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common-sense, right, and duty welded to the heart. . . . Life is conscience.

"The ignorant who enjoy and the ignorant who suffer have equal need of instruction.

The law of fraternity is derived from the law of labor. The practice of killing one another has had its day; the hour has come for loving one another.

"Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just."

THE BEEF-TRUST AND DISEASED MEAT.

SOME idea of the benefits to the public already resulting from the more rigid inspection of meat due to the *exposés* made by Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Russell and other "muck-rakers" may be gained from the fact that recently, during a period of two weeks, the federal and city inspectors at Chicago prevented the meat-consumers from having almost a half a million pounds of diseased meat sold to them by the beef-trust. During the fortnight in question 457,214 pounds of meat were condemned by the inspectors as diseased. Below we give a list of the houses which were prevented from selling meat found diseased by the inspectors, and the number of pounds of food-stuff lost to each firm:

	Pounds
Armour & Company,	78,476
Swift & Company, and Libby, McNeill & Libby,	128,385
Nelson, Morris & Company,	39,343
Hammond Packing Company,	98,757
Omaha Packing Company,	10,174
Standard Slaughtering Company,	19,800
Schwarzchild & Sulzberger,	12,685
Boyd, Lunham & Company,	11,150
H. Guth & Company,	6,480
Western Packing Company,	5,308
Anglo-American Provision Company,	2,885
Levi Brothers,	1,925

Independent Packing Company,	2,500
Roberts & Oake,	7,775
Adler & Oberndorf,	591

The most sinister thing about this two weeks' record of inspection is found in the fact that the government inspectors, who are paid three million dollars a year of the people's money, through the activity of Speaker Cannon and other friends of the trusts in Congress, whose zealous work in behalf of the greedy public poisoners resulted in changing the Beveridge rider after it had passed the Senate, are less vigilant than those of the city of Chicago. Thus, as pointed out by the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, "In the inspectors' report from Swift & Company and Libby, McNeill & Libby, 14,155 pounds were condemned by city inspectors *after passing government inspectors.*"

So long as Congress is manned by the tools of and special-pleaders for the various trusts, public-service corporations and privileged interests, it is unreasonable to expect that the right kind of inspectors will be appointed to stand between the people and the corrupt, conscienceless and murderous trust whose moral turpitude was so clearly established by Mr. Roosevelt's commissioners.

SOCIALISM AND THE HOME.

IN THIS issue of THE ARENA we publish a reply to Mr. Ellis O. Jones' paper in the January ARENA on "Why I Am a Socialist." The present contribution is from the pen of George D. Jones and is entitled "Why I Am Not a Socialist."

There is one point in the present paper which we think calls for passing notice. The

position assumed by the author of "Why I Am Not a Socialist" in regard to Socialism and the home we incline to believe does not represent the views of the mass of Socialists, either of the Old World or the New, in regard to home relations as they would exist under Socialism.

The Socialists everywhere are believers in

Direct-Legislation. They believe that the government should be by the people and that the referendum should settle all mooted questions. Now while many extreme Socialists and some of their ablest leaders, seeing the shameful neglect, the emaciation, the rags and the suffering of millions of children in the great working centers of the Old World, due to the capitalistic system, have strongly advocated homes for all the children under which every child would be given every possible advantage for physical, educational and moral development, in order that the State might enjoy the strongest and most vigorous and virile manhood, and have therefore opposed the old home relationship as fostering self-interest to such a degree as to materially prevent the spread of world-fellowship or the genuine ideal of brotherhood as voiced in the teachings of Jesus and many other of the leading social reformers of the ages, other strong Socialistic writers and thinkers have just as ably upheld the noblest ideals cherished by the lovers of the home throughout the civilized world, and they have contended, and do contend, that the fundamental demands of Socialism will be realized in such a way as to make home mean a thousand-fold more, in all that home should mean for all the people, than it has ever before meant. They see the tens and hundreds of thousands of men and women slaving for almost starvation wages, or at least for wages that render the proper caring for and education of the children impossible under the present order. They behold in all our great cities the steady increase in the army of ill-nourished children in the tenements, who are necessarily neglected because the parents have to spend a large portion of the twenty-four hours laboring for sustenance. They see that the homes of hundreds of thousands of people in America as well as in every civilized land are a scandal to Christian civilization and a mockery of the word "home." They note the hordes of children swarming the poorer streets in all the great cities, growing up neglected in body, mind and soul, while reactionary churchmen and upholders of private wealth are busily engaged in alarmist cries against Socialism as menacing the sacredness of home relations. And to these critics the believers in true homes for all the people, who also believe in social democracy, say: It is the duty of the State or nation to give to every citizen a chance to have a home worthy of the name. It is the duty of the State to see

that the children are not compelled to go ill-fed, half-clad, neglected in body, mind and soul, or made to slave in factory, mill or mine. Nay, more, they urge that it is the highest wisdom for the country's future no less than justice to the child to see that every little one has an environment that is normally wholesome and conducive to the upward impulsion of life or the development of a strong body, a virile mind and a noble character. They urge that under Socialism home will be as a heaven on earth, not for the few, but for the vast majority, and potentially for almost everyone; and more than this, that prostitution will be reduced to the minimum under the Socialistic order, for it is a well-known fact that a very large proportion of the victims of the social evil to-day are driven to lives of shame through economic dependence, while a very large percentage of the others are the victims of vicious environment and hereditary weaknesses that are results of the uncivilized social order and the environments that prevail to-day. Under Socialism every woman would be economically independent and therefore there would be no temptation for her to give her hand in marriage without her heart on the one hand, nor would she be driven to a life of shame to sustain herself on the other.

They claim that under Socialism the State would see that during the hours when the parents were engaged in labor, the children would be cared for in model nurseries, kindergartens and schools, and when the few hours of work were ended, the parents and children would be reunited and able to enjoy each other's society as never before in the history of the civilized world. To-day in many cities and towns, as in Boston and Brookline, Massachusetts, for example, there are day-nurseries where mothers who have to work out can take their babies and where they are splendidly cared for until the mothers return for them, while in the kindergartens and other schools the State now looks after the children more hours than the people would have to work under Socialism.

These thinkers claim that not only would Socialism elevate and enrich the home, giving it a new and holy meaning for all the people, not only would it render child-slavery impossible, guaranteeing conditions that would render possible the enjoyment by every child of ample food, ample clothing and ample educational and moral training, but children

in homes where sickness or the mental condition of one of the parents rendered it impossible to care for the children, would have the benefit of splendid homes prepared for all such unfortunate ones by the State.

Now from what we have been able to learn we believe that a referendum of the Socialist vote in Europe would reveal the fact that such in a general way are the ideals of more than two to one of the Old-World Socialists. These people believe so intensely in the home that they would have all, and not merely a part of the people, enjoy its great blessings and priceless privileges. And if, as we believe, the majority of the Socialists hold such views, the advent of Socialism would mean a general

elevation of home conditions, because, as we have stated, the Socialists the world over hold as a fundamental demand the right of the people to rule under the referendum. Moreover, from our conversations with Socialists in America we are convinced that at least five out of six of the American Socialists would vote for the true home as outlined above instead of for any proposition looking toward abolishing home conditions.

We think, therefore, that our correspondent rather reflects the alarmist cries of reactionaries than the ideal cherished by a majority of Socialists touching home under Socialism. This much we feel should be said in justice to the Socialists.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION'S REPORT ON THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

THE REPORT of the Interstate Commerce Commission, made to Congress on January 28th, is an extremely important paper, not because it contains anything that is startlingly new, but because it gives a sweeping and authoritative vindication to the exposures that have been published by the despised "muck-rakers" during the past decade; and in this connection it is well to observe that whenever an investigation has been made of the disclosures of the earnest and high-minded writers in our magazines and newspapers, the results have not only thoroughly vindicated the charges made, but often, as in the case of the insurance investigation, the sworn testimony brought out has revealed far worse conditions than the writers had dared to describe. Nor is this surprising. The writers who expose the criminal practices of millionaires and multi-millionaires must necessarily be guarded in all their utterances. The laws in regard to criminal libel are stringent and the men whose iniquity they describe are in a position to spend millions of dollars in crushing those who expose them. Yet invariably during recent years the Standard Oil Company, the Beef-T trust, the insurance companies and the railway companies have met the allegations of those who, battling for civic righteousness, have exposed the defiance of law and corrupt practices, as a tissue of falsehoods, as irresponsible muck-raking, as a blow to business interests and national pros-

perity. They have denounced all persons who have sought to raise civic ideals and punish the great offenders as enemies of the public, as "yellow" journalists, as sensationalists and as muck-rakers. No corporation was louder in its protestations of innocence of the charges made than the Standard Oil Company, unless it was the Beef-T trust; yet in each instance official investigation has thoroughly substantiated the charges made by social reformers.

In the case of the recent report on the Standard Oil Company, even the plutocratic dailies have been compelled at length to admit the truth of the grave charges long made against this corrupt and criminal corporation. The Boston *Herald*, one of the leading plutocratic journals of New England and a paper that did what it could editorially to discredit the splendid work of David Graham Phillips when he was exposing Senator Bailey and other traitors in the United States Senate, has at last felt compelled to recognize the guilt of the Standard Oil corporation, as will be seen in the following extract from an editorial published in its issue of January 30th:

"It is immensely valuable because it gives official and emphatic confirmation to the charges of illegal and corrupt operations. The report pillories the Standard Oil Company as the standard wrong of American commercial life.

"It must be remembered that the investigation was ordered by Congress and conducted by a commission comprising experts in the business of inquiry into the operations of railroads. It was not charged with the specific duty of investigating the Standard Oil Company in the nature and course of its business as a corporation, but with an investigation of the relations of railroads with the oil business.

"It must be borne in mind, also, that the report reflects as severely upon the management of many railroads as upon the management of the oil company. Railroad companies have been its willing accomplices in crime against the public, both before and after the act. Without their aid it would have been impossible for the Standard Oil Company to have become the great plundering monopoly that it is shown to be. It corrupted and degraded to its own low motive

of selfish greed the common carriers who consented to be its instruments for accomplishing its aims. Monopoly and carriers are involved in a common conspiracy to demoralize the principles of business honor and destroy the equal rights of all citizens to do business upon fair conditions.

"The evidence shows," says the report, "little basis for the contention that the enormous dividends of the Standard Oil Company are the legitimate result of its economies. Except for its pipe lines the Standard has but little legitimate advantage over the independent refiner." But it has had enormous illegitimate advantages by reason of its corruption of railroad carrying lines. The courts are now busy trying the company on account of such illegitimate proceedings, taking the form of partial tariffs, forbidden rebates and other unjust concessions."

JUDGE POLLARD'S PLAN FOR REFORMING VICTIMS OF DRINK GAINING FAVOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR READERS will remember that in THE ARENA for July last we published an extended sketch of the life of Judge William Jefferson Pollard of St. Louis, giving somewhat in detail the remarkable and gratifying results of his efforts to reform the victims of drink and save them as industrious and self-respecting citizens to their families and the community. Judge Pollard's ideals were so noble and so in accord with the spirit of the teachings of Jesus that they sounded in no uncertain tones the new humanitarian note that should mark and exalt twentieth-century civilization, while the remarkable success of his efforts proved the eminent practicality of this exhibition of moral idealism that voiced the faith in man or in the divinity in man that was the keynote in the message of the Great Nazarene. This paper was widely copied in Great Britain and in Australia, and in the former land it appealed to the temperance leaders so strongly that the British Temperance League made an abstract of THE ARENA's article and published it in a four-page tract for general circulation. The National Independent Temperance party of England also published a leaflet giving extended extracts from THE ARENA and editorials from the New York Sun, Chicago American, and from some

English publications that have recently favored the American jurist's innovations. The great temperance organizations and several prominent leaders of thought, embracing a number of Members of Parliament, have warmly espoused this wise and sane effort to preserve to the ranks of efficient and worthy manhood those who have started on the downward path.

We learn with pleasure from one of our valued correspondents that quite a number of magistrates in England, Scotland and Ireland have recently adopted Judge Pollard's plan and that several of the great temperance organizations of the United Kingdom are working to secure the general adoption of the plan by the judges of the realm.

Last autumn Judge Pollard took a trip to England for his health, spending his vacation in Great Britain. He was everywhere warmly received and treated with distinguished consideration. On November 9th, in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons he was tendered a reception by Members of the House and distinguished leaders representing the United Kingdom Alliance. At this reception he was tendered the following memorial expressing the deep appreciation of his aggressive step in behalf of manhood which

reflects the new conscience or the moral idealism of the incoming age:

"To Judge William Jefferson Pollard of the Second District Police Court, City of St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.—London, November 9th, 1906. Sir: We, the undersigned members of the British House of Commons have observed with both interest and pleasure your unique methods of dealing with the drunkards who come before your court. The fact that, instead of inflicting a fine, you give an offender a chance of escaping the penalty for his offense by consenting to take the total abstinence pledge for a period, is to our minds one of the most interesting and hopeful experiments yet tried in connection with the administration of the laws against drunkenness. The good results which have attended your efforts, and the high percentage of successful cases which you have obtained, shows that law can be made genuinely remedial as well as punitive, an object all good citizens must heartily desire. We sincerely congratulate you on the success which has attended your humane policy, and hope that many courts, both here and in the States, may soon follow your example.

"Leif Jones, President U. K. A.; Charles

Roberts, Thomas R. Ferens, Donald Maclean, D. J. Shackleton, F. Maddison, T. W. Wilson, Will Crooks, J. Allen Baker, V. H. Rutherford, Geoffrey Howard, J. Herbert Roberts, Arthur Henderson, William Redmond, T. H. Sloan, R. Cameron, G. Nicholls, Walter Hudson, George N. Barnes."

In addition to the above members of the House of Commons there were other distinguished workers present, among whom were the Rev. Canon Hicks, M.A., honorable secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mr. J. Newton, Parliamentary agent of the Alliance, and Mr. Guy Haylor, secretary of the North of England Temperance League.

Judge Pollard made a fitting reply which is given in full in *The Alliance News* of Manchester, England, the closing paragraph of which is as follows:

"Clear-headed and clean-hearted men are the strength of a nation. To scatter sunshine is best, to aim to lift up our fallen brother is the duty of all, to 'temper justice with mercy,' to make a sober and better citizen of the violator of the law has always been my object. I believe in the reforming spirit as against the punishing spirit."

A VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE IN WISCONSIN.

AS WE have pointed out in an earlier issue, the battle between the friends of free government and the plutocracy is being carried forward with determination and increasing bitterness by the leaders on both sides. There are few men in public life, and certainly no man in the Republican party, who are so feared and hated by the plutocracy as is Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. He is resolute and unyielding in his battle for real and not pretended reform. He is for fundamental measures that will strike at the vitals of plutocracy, restore popular government to the electorate and conserve the interests of the whole people while preventing the railway magnates and other plunderers of the masses and corruptors of government from continuing their nefarious work, which is destroying free institutions. The plutocracy knows that it cannot buy or bully Senator La Follette. It cannot control him, hence it

has set out to destroy him, using all the multitudinous agencies at its command for the accomplishment of this sinister purpose.

Our readers are familiar with the manner in which the millionaire State Committeeman, Connor, who is also the Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin, has worked with the Stalwarts against Senator La Follette. They will call to mind how the Connor-Spooner combine tried to reelect the notorious fat-frying Babcock to Congress and how they sought to defeat the incorruptible prosecuting attorney of Milwaukee because he had faithfully carried out his oath and striven to convict the wealthy corruptionists and law-breakers no less than the small offenders, and how Senator La Follette by his vigorous efforts in behalf of pure government and common honesty defeated Babcock and also secured the reelection of the incorruptible prosecuting attorney.

Early in January there was another battle fought between the forces of the plutocracy and the friends of good government and the popular interests. It was for the election of Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Wisconsin Legislature. Connor and the reactionaries favored the election of Mr. LeRoy for Speaker, and they were reinforced by Governor Davidson and the millionaire editor of the Milwaukee *Free Press*, which in the past has been a strong supporter of Senator La Follette. The friends of the junior Senator put forward Mr. Ekern, one of La Follette's ablest and most ardent supporters. Senator La Follette took no part in the contest, but the reactionaries, realizing the importance of securing the Speaker, because he would have the appointment of the committees and also because the knowledge that the Connor machine had succeeded in naming the Speaker would necessarily greatly strengthen

the reactionary and plutocratic wing of the party throughout the state, made a desperate fight to secure the prize for Mr. LeRoy. But Mr. Ekern was triumphantly elected and the plutocratic papers were unable to herald the election of the Speaker as a victory for Connor, Spooner and the "safe and sane" forces, as they had expected to do.

The election of Ekern further confirms the statement of our correspondent, that Senator La Follette has not only the people, but also the majority of the Legislature, with him. The more the Connors and the Spooners strive to discredit La Follette, the stronger he will become in Wisconsin, just as the more the multitudinous agencies of the plutocracy throughout the country seek to discredit his work in the United States Senate, the greater becomes the confidence of the more thoughtful people in this strong, incorruptible and intellectually brilliant statesman.

A LEADING CLERGYMAN EMBRACES CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

RECENTLY the Rev. J. O. Bentall, Ph.D., one of the able and scholarly clergymen in the Baptist Church of Illinois, has come out for Christian Socialism, and in association with Rev. E. E. Carr, editor-in-chief of *The Christian Socialist* of Chicago, and other earnest churchmen has formed the Christian Socialist Fellowship Center of Chicago. The Association meets every Sunday in Masonic Temple, where Dr. Bentall preaches primitive Christianity. He is assisted by Rev. E. E. Carr. Fine music is also a feature of the services. The aims and purposes of the Association are well set forth in the following, which we take from the leaflet on which is published the programme of the Sunday services:

"There are to-day in Chicago and the world a great and constantly increasing number of Socialists who are Christians. Many of them are church members, but they refuse to be fed on the capitalistic gospel which is still preached in most of the churches, for they know that it is a perversion of the teachings of Jesus and a travesty on the Christian religion. As a consequence they fail to keep interested and finally drop out of the church.

"The Christian Socialist Fellowship Center, which is nonsectarian and interdenominational, affords a meeting place where the Gospel is preached by men who are in heart and soul Christians and at the same time true Socialists. The Christian Socialists who drift away from the church or who may never have been members of the church may thus find a religious anchorage and spiritual nourishment.

"The plan is to make the Chicago Center the starting point of the 'Mother Center' and as soon as possible branch out and organize a similar Center in every city in this country and finally throughout all the world. The task of the Christian Socialist is to see to it that when the world adopts Socialism it may have the moral and religious balance of true Christianity."

Unless we are much mistaken in the temper of the people in our land to-day and the character and ability of the men who have organized this movement, Dr. Bentall and his associates will accomplish in the Republic a work very similar to the great social awakening fostered by Canon Charles Kingsley and Frederic D. Maurice half a century ago in England.

PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The Postal Service in Japan.

WHILE the United States has remained in the thrall of that part of the plutocracy which controls the express companies and the railways, Japan, the youngest of the great powers in the family of civilized nations, has placed herself abreast of the most enlightened lands which make the interests of all the people the first or supreme concern of the postal service.

Mr. Henry George, Jr., has been making a careful personal study of social and economic conditions in the land of the Mikado, visiting various great centers of the empire and familiarizing himself with conditions as they obtain to-day. In a recent letter to the *New York World* he gives a detailed account of the postal system of Japan which he finds to embrace as part of the service the telegraph, telephone, postal savings-banks and parcels-post. The parcels-post system chiefly challenges his admiration. There a parcel weighing a little more than 12 pounds as a maximum weight can be sent through the mails, while with us, under the domination of the express companies, the maximum weight for a mail parcel is 4 pounds. The maximum charge for parcels sent anywhere in the empire is, for a package weighing up to 1½ pounds, five cents; from this sum the amount rises as the weight increases, until the maximum weight of a little over 12 pounds, where the maximum charge is twenty-five cents. With us the charge for four pounds, or one-third the maximum weight accorded by Japan, is sixty-four cents. Thus, as Mr. George points out, while "we charge 64 cents for carrying a maximum package of only four pounds, the Japanese transmit a package more than three times as large for much less than half the charge."

Of course with us the hauls in many instances are much longer than in Japan, but where there is no favoritism accorded transportation companies, the great expense is not found in the length of the hauls, but in the charges connected with the receiving and terminal stations, and the enormous disparity in charges, even if every possible legitimate consideration is taken into account, affords a striking example of the difference between

public and private-ownership, especially when we remember that relatively the same facts hold good in other lands and under varying conditions, as for example in Great Britain, Germany and Austria.

In further discussing and comparing the parcels-post of Japan and the United States, Mr. George shows that the obvious superiority of the Japanese service in transmitting packages is due to no other reason than that in Japan "this function is performed primarily in the public interest, while in our country it is performed primarily in the interest of the great express companies whose influence has for decades been so potent in the halls of Congress. John Wanamaker, when Postmaster-General in Mr. Harrison's Cabinet, worked hard to introduce a low parcels-post rate. He had a bill drawn up and presented, and he backed it with much evidence to show what a benefit this would bring to the public. But, as he subsequently remarked, there were five reasons why such a bill would not pass: First, the American Express Company; second, the United States Express Company; third, the Adams Express Company; fourth, the Wells-Fargo Express Company; and fifth, the Southern Express Company.

"And to-day we are just as much held in thrall by these private express companies as we were when John Wanamaker tried and failed to free us. Our parcels or package division is like an undeveloped member. The private companies do the greater part of our package carrying, and that at high rates.

"Here in Japan conditions are reversed, and Japan only follows the British system, which closely resembles the other European postal systems."

It is a humiliating spectacle to see the enlightened nations on all sides of us, old countries and new lands, all forging ahead in regard to the postal service, while the people of the United States are held by the throat, so to speak, by the express companies and the railroads. Is it not time that our people refused to hearken to the intellectual prostitutes in the government and in the press that are in the service of the great grafting and corrupting monopolies and corporations, and declared that henceforth the postal service shall

be conducted for the benefit and in the interests of all the people.

Another feature of the Japanese service that commends itself to Mr. George is the postal savings-banks. Here, owing to the influence of another branch of the plutocracy, another privileged interest and its hold on our government and the public opinion-forming agencies, our people are denied the immense benefits and advantages that would accrue from absolutely secure savings-banks distributed throughout the entire length and breadth of the Republic,—a service that would have enormously fostered the general savings among the poor, as it has done in Great Britain and various other lands of the Old World, and as it is doing in Japan. On this subject Mr. George says:

"The Japanese postal savings-bank also points to a road that we might travel with great convenience to our people. A school-child here can enter a postal substation, buy a 10 sen (5 cent) stamp and paste it in a little official deposit book. By that simple act it has made a deposit of 10 sen with the Imperial Government of Japan. The highest amount that will be received in one day is 50 yen (\$25), and the total amount receivable on one account is 500 yen. National, local or municipal loan bonds or their coupons are also acceptable for deposit. The rate of interest was at first fixed at 3 per cent., but it has been changed from time to time, depending largely upon financial conditions. In April, 1881, the rate was set as high as 7.2 per cent. In 1904 more than \$20,000,000 were deposited in these small savings. More than 103 in every 1,000 of the population had made deposits, and the average deposit for the year was 8.40 yen, or \$4.20."

The telegraph and telephone have always been owned and operated by the government, which has recently taken over the railways, following the example of Switzerland, New Zealand, Germany and other nations.

The government telephone is operated at extremely low prices and was giving such satisfaction that there was a general demand for its extension, when to the surprise of almost every one, the government stopped all extension of the work. Several reasons have been advanced for this action, but the government has carefully guarded its reason from the public. Many people among the more intelligent and better informed of the empire,

however, advance a theory which Mr. George believes to be the most probable cause. It is that the government has already advanced sufficiently in its tests of the wireless telephone to feel justified in stopping further extension of the present telephone system, pending the expected early introduction of a general system of wireless telephones.

Mexico Acquires Full Control of Her Railways.

THE RECENT acquisition on the part of the Republic of Mexico of the controlling interest in the great railways not heretofore under the control of the Republic, affords another example of what far-seeing and wise statesmanship can accomplish when the interests of the government and of all the people take precedence over considerations for campaign-contributing privileged interests, and when the official class truly represents the interests of the people instead of being beholden to a plutocracy whose interests are antagonistic to those of the State and the masses.

President Diaz and his far-seeing financial minister Limantour have long seen the danger of complications arising in the event of a few men like Harriman, Gould, Rockefeller, Morgan and Rogers gaining control of the public highways, but they also felt that the Republic was not in a position to purchase outright and assume permanent management of all the railways at the present time. They felt, therefore, that it was supremely necessary for the well-being of the Republic that it should gain a majority interest which would secure the absolute control of the roads by the government, and that without incurring any burdensome obligations.

For several months negotiations were carried on, but the terms offered by the government were very unpalatable to the great money-sharks of the world's financial centers, who have been in the habit of insisting upon and securing the full pound of flesh whenever any nation felt it necessary to negotiate with them. Indeed, they have been so in the habit of having everything their own way and have been so successful in making statesmen see through their own spectacles in all large transactions, that it was a new experience to them to find statesmen resolute in their stand for the public weal, and according to the *Mexican Herald* the negotiations were "broken off on three separate occasions owing to the steady

refusal of the Mexican government to enter into the deal except on certain clearly-defined lines."

At length, however, when the financial magnates found that the Mexican statesmen could not be influenced or seduced, they acceded to the demands of the Republic. Under the arrangement finally consummated, according to the *Mexican Herald*, the government gains complete control of the great railway systems, including the Mexican Central and the National lines, having an absolute majority of the stock and thus securing control of the property. "The Mexican government, on its part, guarantees interest and sinking fund on the second mortgage bonds only, and inasmuch as the net earnings of the Mexican Central and Mexican National are at the present time sufficient to meet the liability thus assumed, the government's guarantee is rather nominal than real."

Financial Minister Limantour, in a masterly address on the causes that led to the government taking over control of the railways, delivered before the Mexican Congress, pointed out the grave dangers of the great railway interests of the United States absorbing the Mexican Central. The railway aggressions of our land were characterized as one phase of the trust peril. He showed also how the consolidation of all railways under one management, with the government supreme in control, would not only do away with friction and unfortunate contentions between rival roads, but would enable an enormous saving through reductions in fixed charges and

economy in freight routing and operation.

The *Mexican Herald* in editorially discussing the measure observes that: "It is hardly necessary to say that Mexico is to be congratulated on this deal, which merges the two great railway systems and places the national government in control of the transportation situation of the country. From a political, strategic and economic point-of-view that control is of the utmost importance, and as the years roll on they will demonstrate more and more convincingly the wisdom of the policy which betimes made the nation the mistress of her own destinies in a matter so vitally affecting her own future. The present generation applauds, but the generations to come after will applaud more loudly."

The Mexican government long inclined to the individualistic theory of private-ownership, not only on account of the financial conditions of the Republic, but because of the many plausible arguments of the hired agents and attorneys, in and out of the press, in favor of individual control. But the Mexican government under Diaz has always made the interests of the nation and the people at large the subject of first concern, and so the time came here, as it came in New Zealand, in Austria, in Germany, in Switzerland and other lands, when the government had to choose between the interests of the people and the corrupting agencies and greedy demands of private corporations, and in Mexico's case the choice was promptly made in the interests of the people.

PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, Ph.D.,

Author of "The City for the People," "The Heart of the Railroad Problem," "The Railways, the Trusts and the People," etc.

The Great Municipal Battle in Chicago.

IN THE world of municipal-ownership the center of interest is in Chicago, where the struggle of the companies to secure the franchise rights they covet, in spite of the many votes of the city in favor of municipal-ownership, is nearing its climax. Mayor Dunne, in what is known as the "Werno letter," proposed a sort of compromise in which the companies should be given the right to rehabilitate the lines and operate them subject to the

power of the city to take the roads at any time on payment of the present value, plus the cost of rehabilitation, and other provisions that would fully safeguard the rights of the people.

The companies assented to this, but in drawing up the agreements or ordinances the companies managed to insert provisions which Mayor Dunne and other friends of municipal-ownership declare are calculated to practically destroy the prospects of municipal operation.

No limit is placed in the ordinances to the amount that may be expended for the rehabilitation of the roads. The present value is \$50,000,000, and the companies may easily spend enough more, or claim they have spent it, to run the total up above the \$75,000,000 which the city now has a right, under the Mueller law, to spend in the purchase of the roads.

The ordinances provide that the companies shall pay the city 55 per cent. of the net profit. This looks big, but in fact it really amounts to only about 8 per cent. of the gross receipts. Baltimore has received 9 per cent. of the gross receipts of the street-railways for many years, and Toronto has a contract under which she is receiving about 15 per cent. of the gross receipts; and a similar contract in Chicago or any other of our large cities would give the city treasury 20 per cent. or more of the gross receipts. Moreover, it must be remembered that the companies can easily arrange matters, if they choose, so that there will not be any net profit. They can pay out all they get in big salaries, in construction profits, and so on, so that the people's 55 per cent. may be reduced to zero or near it. We have an illustration of the extent to which a street-railway company can go in financial legerdemain in the case of the New York company, which nullified an agreement to pay the public a large percentage on the earnings of a small connecting road, the franchise for which it bought at public auction. After the company gained possession of the road it refused to make any payment at all to the city, claiming that it made no charge over the connecting line and therefore had no earnings upon which the agreed percentage was chargeable.

The Chicago ordinances practically reduce the citizens of Chicago to the necessity of paying a five-cent fare for the next twenty years, although Detroit and Cleveland are already enjoying three-cent fares, and the time is probably not far distant, if indeed it is not already here, when capitalists would be entirely willing to operate the whole system in a city like Chicago on a three-cent fare.

These and other provisions of the ordinances which the companies have in some way persuaded the City Council to pass, make it look very much as if the Chicago Council were again in league with the companies against the people.

Mayor Dunne and the friends of municipal-ownership have demanded a referendum vote

on the ordinances, and if such a vote is taken we are likely to see in Chicago the greatest municipal-ownership battle that has ever been fought. The corporations and their allies in the Council and the press, however, are strenuously opposed to the referendum. They say the ordinances are clearly for the public good and that there is no use in a referendum. They are so sure the ordinances are in the people's interest that they seriously object to giving the people a chance to say what they think about it. Anyone at all familiar with corporation methods will know that it is always wise to look for a "nigger" in the franchise woodpile when the franchise corporations object to a referendum.

Mexico Nationalizes Her Railway Systems.

A GREAT victory for the cause of public-ownership has been scored in Mexico. The government has decided to take over the Mexican Central, with all its subsidiary lines, forming the greatest railway system in the country, and annex it to the National system which is already controlled by the Republic, thus giving the nation control of practically all the vital railway mileage in the country. For a full account of this important move the reader is referred to Mr. Flower's editorial on the subject.

Progress of Municipal-Ownership Throughout the Republic.

ALL OVER the United States municipalities are voting to establish public water-works and lighting plants, and sometimes other forms of municipal activity. A few examples from the records of the last few months may be interesting here.

The citizens of Portland, Maine, have voted for a municipal water-works.

Helena, Montana, West Salem, Wisconsin, Elwood, Nebraska, Seneca Falls, New York, and many other municipalities are in process of establishing municipal water-works.

The citizens of Camden, New Jersey, at a recent election declared in favor of a municipal lighting-plant, as did also the citizens of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

In Newark, New Jersey, a committee appointed by the Common Council to investigate the advisability of establishing a municipal electric-lighting plant has reported that a

suitable plant can be built for \$800,000 and that the engineer's estimate that a saving of one million dollars can be made in ten years on the basis of current rates.

The citizens of Paterson, New Jersey, voted by a large majority to establish municipal water-works and lighting plant.

And so I might go on for many paragraphs, but I have space for only a few of the more novel items.

Detroit has just turned down by popular vote an offer of a street-railroad to pave and maintain part of the streets and give a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -cent fare, for an eight-year extension of its franchise. The movement for complete municipal-ownership of street-railways in Detroit is very strong and the people do not wish to grant any franchise rights which may interfere with the public operation of the roads on the expiration of the existing rights.

Detroit has appropriated \$50,000 for the

construction of a public plant for the manufacture of paving brick.

Albion, Georgia, it is reported, is about to open up a new municipal quarry just outside of the city limits.

Monroe, Louisiana, is said to be the only municipality in this country that owns and operates its own street-railway system.

The town board of Mooresville, Indiana, has decided to build an ice-plant next summer to reduce the price of ice to the common people. Last summer the people paid 50 cents a hundred, to the great inconvenience of many poor people.

The Hon. Charles H. Bliss, Mayor of Pensacola, Florida, is reported as authority for the statement that if the water-front property in that place had been retained by the city, the revenue from it would be sufficient to maintain the city government.

FRANK PARSONS.

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

BY RALPH ALBERTSON,
Secretary of the National Federation for People's Rule.

The Oklahoma Constitution.

THE LEGISLATIVE department committee of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention has handed in its report of a Direct-Legislation clause in practically the terms of the Oregon amendment. Briefly, the report is as follows:

"An eight per cent. petition for the initiative, and five per cent. petition for the referendum.

"The veto power of the governor does not extend to measures voted on by the people.

"It is mandatory upon the legislature to pass a law putting the initiative and referendum into effect. If they fail, it is made the governor's duty.

"It applies to all acts of county commissioners, city councils, and other district officers.

"Any part of any law can be referred to the people. This applies to appropriations.

"A law that has been enacted by the use of the initiative and referendum can never be amended or changed by any subsequent legislature without referring the law back to the

people. A law rejected at the polls by the people cannot be again petitioned for within three years."

It is understood that when the measure comes up for final action, an amendment will be insisted upon by the chairman of the committee on municipal affairs, and will probably be accepted by the convention, fixing the percentages as affecting city ordinances at 15 per cent. to initiate and 10 per cent. for the referendum. These percentages for municipal affairs are not opposed by friends of the system.

Much credit for this report is due to the chairman of the committee, Hon. James Buchanan Tosh. Mr. Tosh is one of the largest farmers in Oklahoma, is a leader in the great Farmers' Union movement, and has done splendid work for Direct-Legislation in the new state. It is understood that the committee of which he is chairman now has under consideration the Oregon law for the election of United States Senators by what is virtually the direct vote of the people, and that such a

clause for the constitution will be reported in the near future.

The Situation in Maine.

A MAJORITY of the members of both House and Senate in the Maine Legislature, including both Republicans and Democrats, are pledged to support a bill for a statutory initiative and referendum. The Maine Referendum League has appointed an able legislative committee to act in conjunction with the committee of the State Federation of Labor and the State Grange, and empowered it to employ counsel to promote the passage of the bill. The chief danger just now seems to be in the possibility that the Democratic leaders will make a party issue of the matter by pressing a constitutional amendment before the agreed-upon measure is enacted. Already it is rumored that some of the Republicans are growing cold, and advising delay, but the Lewiston *Journal*, which is possibly the leading Republican paper in the state, is staunchly supporting the measures and for that matter the entire press of the state stands for the reform. The Referendum League has also circulated petitions broadcast over the state, and these are now pouring in upon the legislature. The League's appeal for funds and workers was published in nearly every paper of prominence. Governor Cobb in his message to the Legislature said:

"The belief in the soundness and efficiency of the principle of the initiative and referendum as a means to enable the citizens to express more directly and promptly their opinions of proposed legislation has become very general in Maine, and has been recognized in the platforms of both political parties. We may safely assume, therefore, that these declarations were made in good faith, and I heartily approve the adoption of a measure that shall give them a practical and binding effect."

The Maine State Grange, at its annual meeting this year, again gave the leading place to its hearty and emphatic endorsement of the Direct-Legislation system.

Of those who opposed it last year, only five senators and two representatives were returned to this legislature.

Both parties in Maine are also committed to direct primaries, and there is a strong demand that the pledge be fulfilled and the vicious old caucus-system abolished.

The Los Angeles Fund.

A PERMANENT organization has been formed in Los Angeles for the purpose of putting and keeping the initiative, referendum and recall in practice, and a fund of \$10,000 has been subscribed by the citizens for the purpose of invoking these principles of Direct-Legislation when necessary. The city has these provisions in its charter and has used them so far with entire success, but these citizens realize that eternal vigilance is the price that must be paid, and it is to be hoped that the income on the \$10,000 will be sufficient to keep that vigilance supplied with printed matter, postage, etc.

Los Angeles is the only city wherein the recall has been invoked. The movement was successful and encouraging. A councilman who failed to carry out the wishes of his constituents was ousted from office and another man was elected under the principles of Direct-Legislation. Several times the mere presence of the recall, initiative and referendum upon the statutes has served to guard the interests of the public when they have been endangered.

However, the invoking of these laws involves time and money. Attorneys must be employed and an organization must be formed to exercise the special rights. Petitions must be circulated by hired agents, and procedure followed, which demands the entire time of several persons as well as attorneys. In such circumstances many cases demanding the application of these laws are allowed to pass unchallenged, there being no special organization to stand on guard and no funds for the pursuance of the work.

Therefore the citizens who have subscribed to the permanent fund have remedied the only weak point left in the city's system of Direct-Legislation—the application.

The Referendum in Canada.

A LARGE number of referendum votes were taken at the municipal elections in Canada, January 7th. Of these "by-laws" or ordinances the most important was one to authorize the municipalities to contract with the Hydro-Electric Commission for a supply of electric power. Only freeholders and leaseholders are permitted to vote on what are called "money by-laws" and these are submitted only at the option of the municipal councils. There is no popular initiative.

In the Niagara power district seventeen cities including Toronto voted on the question of government power, the total vote being nearly 5 to 1 in favor of the plan. In addition to these Ottawa voted for government development of power from the Ottawa river. Our friend Tyson writes: "In Toronto I had great satisfaction in voting *Yes* on the power by-law, and *No* on two others; and I was with the majority in each case." The great extent of this referendum voting may well be quoted in refutation of the croaking so often heard as to the "impracticability" of the referendum. The Toronto *Globe*, on the day after election contained reports of over fifty votes taken by the electorate of towns and cities upon questions of public policy other than the "power by-laws" above referred to and the local option voting. One hundred and eleven municipalities in the province of Ontario voted under the new local-option law. The law requires a 60 per cent. vote to prevent the issuance of licenses and the result left only about half of these towns "wet."

Chicago Traction Settlement.

IN THE face of all kinds of criticism and protest Mayor Dunne of Chicago stands firm in his demand that the agreed-upon settlement of the traction question shall be submitted to a referendum vote. He is supported in this position by the Federation of Labor, the Teachers' Federation, and the Hearst papers, and opposed it seems by practically everybody else. The City Council, pledged by resolution and most of the members pledged individually to support this demand for referendum, voted 26 to 40 on the proposition to submit, but the Mayor now declares that he will appeal to the people to circulate referendum petitions under the Public Opinion law. He says:

"In the event of the failure of newspapers, organizations or private citizens to circulate the petition I, as Mayor of Chicago, will prepare and distribute among the voters the required petition.

"A referendum petition signed by 25 per cent. of the voters of the city must be filed in the office of the election commissioners. To insure the filing of such a petition action must be taken at once. Some time during the month of February the supreme court will, in all probability, decide the case involving the legality of the Mueller certificates. The de-

cision undoubtedly will define the proper method of proceeding to acquire municipal ownership under the Mueller law. After that decision has been rendered the people will be in a position to vote more intelligently on any proposed settlement ordinance."

The clamor for "immediate settlement" which comes from the corporation and plutocratic press of Chicago is accompanied by most virulent antagonism to the referendum which is evidently looked upon by them as the most dangerous weapon that can be used against them. As a matter of fact there is much in the agreed-upon settlement that is not satisfactory to great numbers of the people of Chicago. The Federation of Labor, for instance, draws eleven indictments against it. And the fact that the traction interests fear it, as they do strongly, signifies their lack of confidence in its receiving a favorable vote.

One curious development of this fight has been the fake "referendum" conducted by the *Tribune*, on the question of submitting the settlement ordinance to a referendum. Thousands of State-street shop-girls were asked whether they wanted better and more streetcars at once or to wait a year for them, and of course they wanted them right away. That has been heralded throughout the country as a referendum vote against the referendum.

Voting on Constitutional Amendments.

IT HAS not been possible for us to obtain full reports of the popular voting on Constitutional Amendments in the States at the November elections, but such figures as we have indicate intelligent voting and a very general interest in the questions at issue. In some instances, it must be remembered, the amendment was a mere technicality, or a matter of minor importance, or an executive rather than a broad public question. On the whole the voting was large and the popular decisions wise.

In Washington two technical amendments received the attention of only about 35 per cent. of the voters and were both defeated by small majorities.

In Nebraska the amendment providing for an effective Railroad Commission was carried by what the Secretary of State in writing to us calls a "practically unanimous" vote.

In Colorado a sleepy amendment was noticed by only 20 per cent. of the voters.

In Montana the amendment for Direct

Legislation received over 75 per cent. of the vote and was carried by over 29,000 majority.

In Kansas three amendments receiving a vote of about 58 per cent. were all adopted by majorities of 30,000 to 40,000.

In Missouri two unimportant amendments received 250,000 votes, the favorable majority being only about 50,000.

In Indiana an amendment to restrict the practice of law to the legal profession failed of adoption.

In Illinois an amendment to authorize the sale of the Illinois and Michigan canal to the highest bidder received 313,297 for and 282,980 against, but as the total vote in the state was 899,016, and less than 50 per cent. of this was in favor of the amendment, it failed of adoption. The canal parallels the C. and A. and Santa Fé railroads and is valuable railroad property.

In Louisiana there were 12 amendments, 11 of which were for public improvements or in the public interest and were adopted by votes ranging between 21,537 for to 3,046 against, and 18,998 for to 4,693 against. The other amendment provided an odious exemption from taxation and was defeated by a vote of 3,566 for to 24,997 against.

In North Dakota an amendment was carried 54,515 to 19,519.

In Florida five amendments were all defeated, the largest vote being 8,787 for to 14,771 against.

In New Mexico and Arizona the people voted on Joint Statehood, the majority in New Mexico being for, and in Arizona against the proposition. The vote was very large, as public interest was intense, but the result was foreseen from the first.

The California Supreme Court.

THE SUPREME COURT of California, following that of Oregon, has decided, by overwhelming preponderance, that the people of the state are entitled to the right to enact legislation by direct vote. The initiative and referendum provisions of the charter of the city of Los Angeles are held valid, and not contrary to the state and federal constitutions. The supreme court's decision settles the constitutional question in this state. It finds that other states have upheld the contention that laws can be enacted by a direct vote of the people, and that ordinances can be referred to qualified electors from whom the council

that passed them derived its power. It declares that the initiative and referendum is not opposed to a republican form of government, which one justice in a dissenting opinion holds it to be.

The particular case in which the supreme court rendered its decision is overshadowed by the general importance of the findings. Andrew Pfahler, of Los Angeles, attempted to butcher beef in a district in Los Angeles proscribed by an ordinance passed by a direct vote of the people under an initiative amendment to the charter. He was arrested and applied to the supreme court for release on *habeas corpus* on the ground that the ordinance was unconstitutional, as it had been passed by an initiative vote. The decision of the supreme court discharges the writ and remands the prisoner to custody.

It was the contention of the attorneys for the petitioner that the initiative vote is opposed to the constitution of the United States, which promises every state a republican form of government,—that is, they claimed, that while the power shall reside in the whole body of the people, it must be exercised by representatives selected by them. The petitioner's counsel declared that if the people were allowed to vote directly on questions affecting their welfare, there would be two coördinate law-making bodies, one independent of the other, and that this was not contemplated by the constitution. The supreme court holds that the contention is wrong as the council is either upheld or reversed by the people, and therefore the two bodies do not act independently of each other.

The initiative amendment was the only one considered in the case in point, but, according to the decision, initiative and referendum are so indissolubly bound together that they must either survive or fall together. Their upholding results in the direct control of local legislation, which the petitioner declares is unconstitutional. The supreme court holds that the legislature can delegate power to the municipality to make laws according to charter provisions, and the people are not usurping authority when they take that power from representatives. The court decides that it is competent under our constitution to vest in the electors the right to directly participate in the exercise of legislative power. The people in the old New England town-meeting had a direct vote on the laws to be enacted, and although the proceedings were taken in

an open forum there is no difference, says the court, between that and the secret ballot, so far as results are concerned.

The one dissenting justice thinks that the initiative and referendum in the Los Angeles charter is unconstitutional and void. He believes that taking the law-making power out of the hands of the people's representatives is inconsistent with a republican form of government. He opines that "if this state continues to be generous with its legislative power and continues to vest so much in the municipalities, the time will come when California will be merely a territory where exist free cities and municipalities." What a calamity (to the corporations) that would be!

Des Moines' New Charter.

THE NEW charter which has been drafted for the city of Des Moines and which the Iowa legislature is asked to pass this winter is an adaptation of the Commission System and, according to the New York *Herald*, contains a provision that all appropriations of money by the Commissioners for public improvements and special work under contract must be referred to the voters for approval. The Recall is also provided for. They call it the "call-back." Says the *Herald*: "The 'call-back,' as it has been termed, is that section of the proposed new law which will prevent the possibility of corruption or inefficiency under the new system. Of all the innovations the 'call-back' is the greatest step yet taken in America to preserve the rights of the common people in the management of their cities and to prevent their voting their power into the hands of a few. This provides that after the Commissioners who are to manage the affairs of the city are elected, should any one of them by his acts raise a question as to his honesty or efficiency, he can be removed from his office by a petition signed by ten per cent. of the voters who elected him. He is by the law made a candidate at the next election, unless he declines, in order that he may have an opportunity to vindicate himself. In the meantime he is given a chance to present his cause to the people, and the election again is his trial, where he is vindicated or permanently retired."

Berkeley's New Charter.

THE CHARTER revision committee of Berkeley, California, has made a report which will

probably be accepted without great change and which contains Direct-Legislation provisions similar to those heretofore adopted by certain Californian cities.

The section on the recall provides that the holder of any elective office may be removed from office at any time by the electors of the city as follows: A petition signed by at least 20 per cent. of the number of the voters who voted for the office of mayor at the preceding municipal election shall place in nomination a successor for the office. The person sought to be removed shall be placed in nomination without a petition. Then the council shall call a special election for the officer in question.

The section of the initiative provides that any proposed ordinance may be submitted to the council on a petition signed by 20 per cent. of the voters who voted for the mayor at the preceding municipal election, the council then either to pass the ordinance or to submit it to the people at a special election. If between 10 and 20 per cent. of the voters at the last election sign the petition, then the council shall submit the question at the next municipal election.

The section on the referendum provides that no ordinance passed by the council shall go into effect before 30 days from the time of its final passage, and if a petition signed by 20 per cent. of the voters at the last election and protesting against the measure be presented the council shall submit the ordinance to the people for their vote at a special or general municipal election.

It is also provided that women may vote for the school directors.

The Chicago Charter.

EVERYTHING went smoothly they say in the meetings of the Chicago Charter Convention until the question was reached of requiring the submission of franchise legislation to the people upon petition of a certain percentage of the voters. The fight came upon the determination of this percentage. The corporation crowd lined up solid for a 25 per cent. requirement. The referendum people were lifted from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent., and then the vote stood 20 to 20. Then the corporation leaders were willing to compromise by making the requirement 20 per cent., and shifted their tactics to an attempt to cut down the time to be allowed in which to file petitions requiring the referendum from 60 to 30 days. The corporation forces are surely

alive to their interests in their active and adroit opposition to this movement. The convention has voted to submit its clause on Sunday-closing to a special referendum vote. By a majority of one it tabled the proposition to give women municipal suffrage.

The Insurance Referendum.

THE FACT that 750,000 policy-holders in the great insurance companies did not vote in the recent proxy-election contest is held up by the *Buffalo Times* as a knock-out for the referendum. These policy-holders are, as a class, among the more intelligent portion of the community, they had been done great injustice, their financial interests had been tampered with, and the matter had received wide publicity, yet only half of them voted. Why? Partly because they have not formed the habit of attending to their own business and have formed the habit of letting someone else attend to it for them. Partly, also, because they did not care for the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, and were largely hopeless of any important results from the course offered them. This continual croaking of the plutocratic press about the impracticability of the referendum whenever a small vote is cast is really a rebounding boomerang, for it only makes plainer the need for a system which would cultivate public spirit and deepen public interest in public questions.

Brief Items.

THE EQUAL Rights Association of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, after listening recently to an address on Direct-Legislation by Mr. C. V. Tiers, president of the Pennsylvania State Initiative and Referendum League, heartily and unanimously endorsed the initiative, referendum and recall.

JUDGE GALLOWAY of the Oregon Circuit Court has decided that a city council cannot be forced by mandamus proceedings to put into effect the initiative and referendum on city affairs. Marshall McClain of Albany, Oregon, had instituted a mandamus suit to compel the council of that city to adopt the direct-vote system authorized by the state referendum last June. It remains for the citizens to demand the system under the terms of the constitutional amendment then adopted.

SENATOR VAHEY of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in the Great and General Court providing for a referendum on the abolition of capital punishment.

THE CITIZENS of Newark, New Jersey, will take a referendum vote next November on the establishment of a municipal lighting-plant.

THE DEMOCRATIC Convention of Hawaii adopted the following: "We pledge our candidates for the legislature to the enactment of a Direct Primary law, the Initiative and Referendum, including the 'Recall' and such other legislation as may be needed to put the quietus on graft and the machine in this territory."

A BILL for the initiative and referendum, which was prepared by delegates from the Michigan State Grange, the Farmers' Club of Michigan, the State Federation of Labor, the Voters' Initiative and Referendum League, and the Progressive Voters' League, is now before the legislature of that state, and a vigorous campaign is in progress to secure its adoption.

GOVERNOR FOLK in his message heartily recommended the initiative and referendum and recall, and a bill is now before the legislature providing for the adoption of these measures. Missouri is ripe for this measure. She sends the largest number of men to Congress pledged to the initiative and referendum of any state in the nation. The Referendum League is pushing the bill in hopes of success this year, and some able workers have gone to Jefferson City to help the cause along.

A VIGOROUS Direct-Legislation League has recently been organized at Valley City, North Dakota. This is the seat of a state normal school, and many of the students are taking an active interest in the work of the League. The *Times-Record* of that city is doing able work in support of the cause. A bill is now before the legislature of the state providing for a fuller measure of direct-legislation than that which the people now have.

HERE IS a little incident from the working of Switzerland's initiative which we reprint from the *New York Tribune* of December 18, 1906: "The example of Switzerland's anti-absinthe campaign is being held up to Par-

isians as something to reflect upon. In fact, according to a dispatch from Berne, no Federal campaign has ever had such success as that which was started to banish absinthe and all similar liquors forever from Swiss territory. The Secretary of the Campaign Committee says that 80,202 signatures have already been obtained, and now there are probably more than 100,000 to ask for the Federal law to be passed. Contrary to what has been said, the German cantons are just as enthusiastic in support of the prohibition scheme as the others. It is likely that the canton of Geneva will take the lead at once and vote a local prohibition law."

MR. CARNEGIE's offer of a \$10,000 public library for Sandy Hill, New York, with its attendant conditions, is to be voted upon by the citizens.

THE OAKLAND (California) *Enquirer* says that the statement that a certain political boss was paid \$10,000 to prevent the people of San Francisco voting on high license ought to be convincing argument in favor of the compulsory referendum.

THE LEGISLATIVE Assembly of Western Australia has voted to secede from the Commonwealth so recently formed. This action however must be referred to a referendum vote before it can go into effect.

GLEN RIDGE, New Jersey, recently held a referendum vote on a disputed question of post-office consolidation. It was a purely voluntary and neighborly affair, but feeling ran high over the issue. The distinctive feature was that all the ladies as well as the men had a vote.

OF THE 112 members of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention, 102 are pledged in writing to support the initiative and referendum.

THE VILLAGE board of Glencoe, Illinois, were about to grant a four-track right of way through the village to the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Company when a public meeting of the citizens was held and made a protest so strong that the board has decided to refer the matter to a referendum vote.

THE CITIZENS of Portland, Oregon, will

have a referendum vote on the question of establishing high license in the June election.

THE CITIZENS of Mineral City, Ohio, at the November elections, voted to absolve the city treasurer and members of the city council from obligation for the loss of \$6,000 of city funds in the failure of a local bank caused by a bigger failure at Canton.

IN A COMMUNICATION to the Constitutional Convention of Oklahoma on December 15th, W. J. Bryan urged the convention to adopt the initiative and referendum and direct nominations.

THERE is a growing demand in Vermont for a referendum on the question of capital punishment.

INITIATIVE petitions have been circulated in South Dakota to compel action upon the proposition to have liquor licenses granted by counties instead of by towns and cities. This is only the second trial of the initiative in this state. The other time it was to secure direct primaries.

IN HIS MESSAGE to the Minnesota legislature, Governor Johnson heartily recommends the advisory initiative and referendum, calling attention to the fact that they can be adopted without constitutional amendment and giving briefly reasons which make such legislation desirable.

THE FREMONT (Ohio) Referendum Club has announced a course of free lectures on popular government during the next three months and has among its speakers Rev. H. S. Bigelow, Peter Witt, Brand Whitlock, Judge R. R. Kinkade and Tom L. Johnson.

AT THE annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Grange, a resolution favoring the initiative and referendum was referred to the lecturer to be laid before the granges for discussion during the year.

JOHN Z. WHITE addressed an open meeting of the Buffalo Referendum League, January 12th, on "The Dartmouth College Case."

THE WASHINGTON State Federation of Labor at its convention January 3d took

strong ground for an initiative and referendum constitutional amendment.

THE CHICAGO Fire Department took a referendum vote January 9th on the adoption of the two-platoon system.

A BILL is before the New York legislature

providing for a state referendum on making an educational test for suffrage.

Only 244 votes were cast in a referendum election at Fort Worth, Texas, January 5th, on a question of granting railway franchises. There were only 31 opposing votes.

RALPH ALBERTSON.

COÖPERATION IN THE NEW WORLD.

BY RALPH ALBERTSON,

Secretary of the Coöperative Association of America.

Oregon Agricultural College.

AT CAUTHORN Hall, of the State Agricultural College located at Corvallis, Oregon, there is an interesting coöperative organization. The hall was built for the use of young men who desire to live economically while attending school, and at the same time enjoy the privileges and refining influences of the cultured home. For two years the hall has been operated on the coöperative plan, which has so far proved most gratifying. The building, which is conveniently located on the college grounds, has accommodation for one hundred students, and it is well supplied with water, steam heat, and electric lights. The dining-room, kitchen, and club-rooms, are commodious, pleasant, and well furnished.

During the past year there were 92 members in the organization. The largest number at any one time was 80; the smallest number, 50; the average number for the year being about 67 members.

Professor Horner has just issued from the printing office at the college a neat illustrated pamphlet setting forth the advantages of this coöperative organization as an attractive feature of the college.

At Cauthorn Hall there is no discrimination between rich and poor. The students dine at the same tables, eat the same kind of food, have the same kind of rooms, and the same accommodations and liberties. Under the coöperative system the cost of living is largely regulated by the club. The average cost during the past term of school was \$2.29 per week; the entire table expense being about \$1.60 per week per man.

Harvard Co-operative Society.

THE LAST annual report of the Harvard Coöperative Society shows a business of \$249,251. The various departments conducted are: men's furnishings, books, stationery, tailoring, coal and wood, furniture, and medical. The receipts from hall-rent were \$1,132. The increase of business over last year was about 5 per cent.; the increase in net profits being \$1,306. The directors voted to write off \$5,000 from the value of the building on the Society's books, which is equivalent to adding that sum to surplus. This left a total net profit of \$10,907. Of this the stockholders voted to add \$166 to surplus and to devote \$10,740 to paying dividends of 8 per cent. on the dividend-drawing purchases.

Princeton Co-operative Store.

THE COÖPERATIVE store at the University of Princeton does not make as good a showing as the Harvard Society, but holds its own from year to year and makes a small gain. The semi-annual report, January 1st, shows a business of \$25,600. The profit showing in this report is small, as the charge-sales are large and the stock heavy. The profits will show up at the close of the academic year.

Polk County, Wisconsin.

THE FARMERS of Polk county have gone into business for themselves. In January, 1905, the Polk County Coöperative Company was organized with stores at Lykens and Centuria. During the first year a third store was

absorbed and the capital stock raised to \$20,000. At present nine stores have been absorbed, six of which are being conducted and are located in the towns of Lyken, Centuria, Amery, Little Falls, Milltown and Range. The capital stock was increased in March to \$50,000 and later to \$100,000. Each member subscribes \$100 of stock—no more and no less. The management rests with a General Manager and Board of Directors who appoint a local manager for each branch. These officers are elected by the membership and are always subject to the initiative, referendum and recall. The stores handle a great variety of stocks, pay interest on the capital invested and dividends back to all members on their purchases. We shall publish their reports from time to time. The store at Amery, which is the largest of the group, reports sales of \$13,439 for November, a gain of 34 per cent. over November of the preceding year.

Pepin County, Wisconsin.

THE PEPIN County Coöperative Company was incorporated in September, 1905, with 42 members, and \$25,000 capital stock. It now has 335 members and an authorized capital stock of \$50,000. The subscribed stock, of course, is \$33,500. The Company now has eight stores which are located in five different trading communities in the county as follows: Arkansaw, a general store, and a hardware, furniture and implement store; Plum City, two stores; Eau Galle, two stores, and one store each in Porcupine and Exile. The company is doing a good business which is on the increase. The Eau Galle stores report 100 per cent. gain over last year, and Arkansaw shows 70 per cent. gain. The Plum City stores which were taken over last June already show a gain of 150 per cent. over business done in the same period of last year. The sales average about \$10,000 a month. These Right Relationship League stores in making reports, however brief, always include "discounts saved." This company uses cash and saves about \$200 a month. They belong to the Coöperating Merchants' Company of Chicago and this aids them greatly in buying advantageously.

Dane County, Wisconsin.

IN APRIL, 1905, Mr. J. F. Dott, a prosperous merchant of Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, or-

ganized the Dane County Coöperative Company, on the Right Relationship League plan. He turned over his own stock of merchandise, valued at \$10,500. There were but seventeen members. With this membership and but a small capital he ran the store on the coöperative basis in the face of the jeers and misrepresentations of his competitors. At the close of the year, after paying all running expenses and six per cent. on capital, the members were each handed back ten cents for every dollar they had spent in the store during the year. A League organizer was sent for to increase the membership. In a short time he had raised it to 64. Since that time the growth of the business has been steady. The report of the manager, Mr. J. F. Dott, December 7th, shows sales to November 1st of \$15,360, an increase of 150 per cent. over last year.

Dakota County, Minnesota.

ON DECEMBER 19th, the Dakota County Coöperative Company was organized with 59 subscribers to one equal share each of \$100. The company starts with the prosperous business of Mr. Francis Biles, a successful merchant of Randolph. The organization has adopted the plans of the Right Relationship League.

Iowa Farmers' Elevators.

THE *Centuria Outlook* says that sixteen elevators have been erected by the farmers in Iowa in the last sixty days and most of them are ready to do business.

Co-operative Banks in Pennsylvania.

THE PENNSYLVANIA farmers through their Granges are organizing their own banks. These are county institutions where the Granges are country Granges. Instead of exploiting the money of the farmer for the private profit of a few, these banks will pay all their earnings to their many shareholders and depositors.

Eden Valley Co-operative Company.

THE CASHIER of this company writes to the *Coöperative Journal* as follows: "Our store paid a dividend of 14 per cent. for the first year, besides laying aside 5 per cent. for reserve and paying 8 per cent. on capital stock.

We are truly pleased with the amount of business done, and this year being a little better with us than last year, we look forward to a neat little sum of money to be paid in dividends on this year's purchases." The president is Mr. E. Leavitt, Eden Valley, Minnesota.

University of California.

UNDER the management of Mr. James Davis the Campus Coöperative Store at Berkeley is doing a successful and increasing business. In its various departments are books and stationery, pictures, instruments, candy, etc. A delicatessen department has just been added.

Butler, Indiana.

STUDENTS and members of the faculty of the college here have subscribed a small capital for the beginning of a college coöperative store. Mr. Robert Matthews will be manager.

Notes from California.

NEW ROCHDALE stores have been recently organized at Famosa, Delano, Granada, Colusa and Corte Madera, California.

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of San Joaquin County has just been organized by Mr. B. A. Goodwin of Ripon, an enthusiastic Rochdale coöoperator and granger.

The Turlock Rochdale Company had their store leased from under them by a competitor. Under the leadership of their president, Rev. A. Hallner, they bought one of the best pieces of property in the town which has in a very short time appreciated \$10,000 in value

A Novel Market.

THE Coöperative Journal of December 1st contains the following:

"The city of Chicago is to have a great union market. The object of this enterprise is to eliminate as far as possible the various middlemen and profit-sappers who have intervened between the producer and the consumer and are responsible to a considerable extent for the high cost of living. The erection of this market is the outgrowth of the new alliance between the American Federation of Labor and the farming interests, one of the objects of which is to facilitate the exchange of commodities between the producer on the farm and in the factory and to insure that fair conditions prevail in each."

A Co-operative Shirt Factory.

STRIKING shirtmakers and their sympathizers in Newark, New Jersey, have organized a coöperative shirt manufacturing company with a capital stock of \$25,000 in shares of \$10 each. Both men and women are going into the company. A thousand dollars was paid in the night of organization. Union men of the city are appealed to to subscribe for stock.

A Newspaper Men's Colony.

A NUMBER of New York newspaper men have bought a tract of land at Bayside, New York, where they will build homes for themselves, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, on the coöperative plan. The property has a fine outlook over Little Neck Bay, and has been thoroughly developed with all modern improvements. Building will begin in the spring.

RALPH ALBERTSON.

"ETHICAL PRINCIPLES OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE."*

A BOOK-STUDY.

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE.

THE FIRST thing for the reformer to determine is whether or not the system he would reform is fundamentally or only superficially wrong. If it is fundamentally wrong it needs to be abolished; if only superficially wrong it simply needs to be corrected.

For example, the anti-slavery agitators based their arguments against slavery on the fact that it was fundamentally wrong for one man to own another. "Every man has a right to himself" was the basic proposition of abolition moral philosophy; therefore slavery could not be corrected, it must be destroyed.

To-day we are discussing the wage-system with a purpose to determine whether, like slavery, it must be destroyed or simply corrected. If it is fundamentally wrong, if to compel one man to work for another in order to gain a proper livelihood means degradation and an ultimate system of caste and the destruction of democracy, then, however favorable the conditions of the wage-system may be, it is fundamentally wrong and must be abolished. The same is true of the tax-system. If the present system of taxation is fundamentally wrong, no attempt at mere readjustment, however much it may tend toward a more perfect equity, will answer the demand. The system must be revolutionized.

On the other hand, whatever the abuses of a system, if that system be fundamentally correct, it should be allowed to stand and the reformer should turn his attention to the correction of the abuses. To determine questions of this kind requires men of great mental powers, fundamental thinkers, pioneers and guides whom we of the humbler order may recognize and follow. Fortunately we have a few such men, and one of them is Louis F. Post, the author of this book, *Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce*.

We open the volume with the purpose of determining, first, whether the author holds our present system of monogamistic marriage as fundamentally right, though subject to

abuse and therefore in need of correction, or whether it is fundamentally wrong and therefore in need of abolition, as many writers of modern times are beginning to claim. We let the author answer this question for himself. After showing that marriage is not in the ceremony, that "marriage ceremonials are one thing; that marriage itself is another and different thing," he says:

"The love that characterizes marriage must be of that kind which alone is capable of permanently welding together one man and one woman into a single intellectual and moral being.

"Singleness of being in marriage does not mean, of course, that either of the parties shall be master of the other. The freedom of each is necessary to the happiness of both, and therefore to their marital unification. Even the amiable despotism of benevolence has no function in marriage. The figure of the husband as a sturdy oak and the wife as a clinging vine, is a false figure. Wifehood is not parasitic. But the parasitic significance of the vine aside, the husband is a clinging vine as often as the wife, and each will play at times the rôle of sturdy oak if the marriage be a true mating.

"Neither does singleness of being in marriage mean that there must be absolute agreement between the parties. Since no individual mind can be in agreement even with itself in everything and all the time, identity of intellectual and moral existence in marriage does not imply agreement of two minds in everything and all the time.

"What is meant by singleness of being in marriage is the almost obvious idea that each of the parties to a genuine marriage must be in love with the higher intellectual qualities and the deeper moral impulses of the other. This is love for the embodied character. It is love for the durable qualities of the marriage partner. It is therefore the love that endures, the kind that is abiding in its nature."

*"Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce." By Louis F. Post. Cloth. Pp. 144. Price, \$1.00 net. Chicago: The Public Publishing Company.

sists that marriage love is that which exists between one man and one woman. It is therefore monogamistic. He distinguishes in another place between marriage and fraternal love. There may be fraternal love for all the world, but marriage love can exist at one and the same time between two only. Therefore the monogamistic idea of marriage is fundamentally correct.

But while the monogamistic idea of marriage is fundamentally correct it is of course subject to abuses. One of these abuses is in binding together for all time those who are ceremonially married but who have never been or have ceased to be married with the love that unifies. We quote again:

"The man and the woman who love the same indestructible ideals, in the same general and fundamental way, and discover in each other—instinctively, it may be, rather than reflectively—a complementary embodiment of those ideals, are mutually under the influence of marriage love. Intellectually and morally they are thereby made to grow together as one. This would seem to be in harmony with the nature of things. But if either ceases to love those ideals in that fundamental way, then marriage love tends to disintegrate and they cease to love each other with the love that unifies. This also seems to be in harmony with the nature of things. In the one condition they are married essentially, irrespective of ceremonials. In the other they are divorced essentially, irrespective of civil or ecclesiastical sanctions."

The natural inference from this is that when marriage ceases in reality, it should cease also in form. Divorce should be granted and remarriage permitted.

The foregoing is the substance of what is reasoned out at some length with great clearness and force. The author has a very assent-compelling way with him. He divides each question into its essential elements and builds up his argument step by step. For example, he treats divorce and marriage after divorce in two separate chapters. He also devotes an entire chapter to marriage ceremonials. He overcomes all opposition to his views by frank acknowledgment and clear statement. For example, in considering the rights of the children of the divorced he says:

"The subject of divorce and remarriage is not fully considered, of course, until its rela-

tion to the children of the dead marriage has been discussed. We refer now to something more than the civil rights of the child. As to civil rights, the child of a dead marriage stands upon the same plane as any other member of the community. The civil rights of all third persons must be conserved. But with reference to the children of a sundered marriage there are said to be such additional considerations as a broken home, a consciousness of the wrenching apart of one parent from the other, and, if one of the parents remarries during the lifetime of the other, a sense possibly of moral degradation. It may well be asked if this is a good experience for childish minds, and whether children are not entitled to protection from its demoralizing influences.

"The conclusive answer is the simple one that civil protection from those influences, even if it were desirable, is impossible. If demoralization and degradation of children be involved, this is due to the natural divorce of their parents, over which municipal law has no control, and not to the conventional divorce, which merely makes legal acknowledgement of a natural fact.

"The home—possibly not the household, but certainly the home—is broken when the natural marriage dies. The wrenching apart of one parent from the other occurs when the warmth of the marriage love departs. The degradation of the children begins when the marriage of their parents sinks from its high estate down into the mire of legalized concubinage, and it continues while that unwhole-some relationship lasts.

"If parents naturally but not conventionally divorced avoid concubinal association by separating, they thereby exhibit to their children the same picture of a broken home that would be presented if they were divorced. If they are not divorced and do not separate, they display to their children who perceive their marital alienation, an indescribable example of subtle immorality.

"In comparison with a concubinal relationship masked in the conventions of an unsundered marriage, the remarriage of a divorced parent must be infinitely the less demoralizing to the mind of a child. The mask is too thin to deceive even children. Back of the artificial appearance of a living marriage which it presents, the sensitive affections of the child will not fail to detect a repulsive corpse.

"Children who love both their parents may

recoil from divorce and deplore the marriage of either to a stranger. But if this remarriage be a true marital union, sanctioned as well by natural as by municipal law, whereas the original marriage, though sanctioned by municipal law, has become essentially a prostitutional alliance, who dare say that the former is to be avoided and the latter perpetuated in the interests of moral education? Is the morality of children to be best conserved by the enforced immorality of their parents?

"So long as parents who suppose that their natural marriage is dead, voluntarily perpetuate their marital relationship in good faith for the benefit of their children, we should be slow to believe that it would not be morally effective. Their example of devotion might well outweigh in the children's minds all opposing influences. It might react upon the parents themselves, generating genuine marriage love in the place of what was once supposed to be genuine, but in fact was spurious. As a voluntary act, then, abstention from conventional divorce and remarriage may have saving virtues. But to compel this course by municipal law is offensive to morality and degrading to the sanctity of marriage."

Mr. Post believes in the perfect equality and the economic independence of the sexes.

In his final chapter on "The Sanctity of Marriage," after repeating that marriage is constituted by the harmonious union of one man and one woman through reciprocal love abiding in its nature, and that this is a human relationship as natural as motherhood and fatherhood, and after affirming that the best wifehood and motherhood is that which, in coöperation with the functions of husband and father, secures to all the family, including the wife, a wholesome personal and family life, radiating normally into the surrounding social, civic and business life, he further affirms:

"In this idea of marital coöperation is involved the economic independence of woman.

Marriage cannot be quite complete while its environment is imperfect. So long as women are not economically independent, other influences than marriage love will create and regulate marriage unions.

"Economic independence for women does not require, of course, that the self-supporting woman shall continue earning an independent income after marriage. This is altogether a matter for harmonious arrangement between husband and wife in each case. It would doubtless be a sad mistake for the wife and mother to abolish the home and alienate her life from that of her husband and her children, in order to earn an independent income—as sad a mistake as if she devoted herself to her husband, her children and her home, to the alienation of her own life from the wider interests of the world's work and progress. And in most cases she may find that her obligations as home maker, with all that these at the best imply, are too exacting to permit her to pursue a bread-winning vocation besides. There are indeed notable instances to the contrary. Women do earn distinction in business life while rearing children with all a mother's care and maintaining homes with all a wife's devotion. But complete adjustments of home life to business life could not be common under existing social conditions, nor in all vocations perhaps under any social conditions. That fact, however, is not to the point. Whether the economic independence of married women may or may not be generally possible, it is certainly important to the purity of marital selection that economic independence prevail among unmarried women."

We do not hesitate to call this book a classic on the subject of marriage and divorce. It is the ultimate analysis, the final answer to a problem engaging now more than ever human attention. We commend its consideration to all Bible-bound ecclesiastics as well as to free-lovers and sex-radicals wherever found.

ROBERT E. BIABEE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

With Walt Whitman in Camden. By Horace Traubel. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 474. Price, \$3.00 net. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

HORACE TRAUBEL'S work on Walt Whitman in Camden is as revealing in character as it is unconventional in its literary make-up. It consists of the diary made day by day by Mr. Traubel, as it related to the poet. After returning from his visits Mr. Traubel made a careful record of the conversations, incorporating with them various correspondence that was handed to him by Walt Whitman. These letters are from a great variety of persons, eminent and obscure, about whom the two friends conversed. This correspondence alone would make a rich treasury of interesting matter for those who like to come into touch with the great and the good of the recent past and catch intimate glimpses of them in converse with their peers; for here are found letters from Tennyson, Joaquin Miller, John Morley, Sidney Lanier, Bret Harte, Edmund Gosse, Edward Dowden, Edward Carpenter, Robert Buchanan, Moncure D. Conway, John Burroughs, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edwin Booth, William Rossetti, John Addington Symonds, and many other men eminent in the world of intellectual activity.

The letters from the famous are by no means the only written correspondence presented in this volume. Letters from some obscure persons, writing of the help which the vigorous and unacknowledged thought of Whitman had been to them, were prized by the poet far above the correspondence of the illustrious members of the aristocracy of the mind. Here is a typical letter of this class. It is from one I. G. Kelly and is addressed to John Boyle O'Reilly, who had induced him to read Whitman. O'Reilly, it will be remembered, was a great admirer of the sage of Camden and in a letter sent from the *Pilot* editorial rooms, Boston, February 11, 1885, he enclosed the following communication to Walt Whitman. It was written to John Boyle O'Reilly:

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

"My dear Boy, I am very grateful to you for inducing me to read Walt Whitman. He is to me that which he claims to be to all his readers, a Revelation and a Revealer. He has marshaled facts and sentiments before my mind's eye which have been floating, vaguely and transiently, through my consciousness since I commenced to be untrammeled in thought: he has given me views which help to render my 'dark days' endurable and my nights teem with companions. When I read Walt Whitman nature speaks to me: when I read nature Walt Whitman speaks to me. He travels with me and he points out the goodness of men and things and he intensifies my pleasures by his presence and sympathy. Leaves of Grass! so like 'the handkerchief of the Lord'! covering the face of creation with love and pity and admiration for 'man and bird and beast' and thing! How sad that for a few 'bare' expressions it should be kept out of the hands of the multitude and the women and children!"

"I thought I knew the greatest American in my dear friend Henry George, but no! Walt Whitman (whom he admires) is still greater, as a philanthropist, a democrat and a philosopher. He also excels your greatest theologians, naturalists, scientists and poets. He is an intellectual colossus or individuality, which admits of no comparison. He is not a poet and still he is greater than any—no dramatist and yet his characters breathe and strive and even smite you at his will: he knows little of the names of plants and animals, but he makes nature a domestic panorama; he can hardly be termed a religious man, yet he overflows with Faith and Hope and Love: he has no rank as a politician, yet his principles, if grasped, would revolutionize the world. Thus, he is everything and yet—nothing but Walt Whitman, a distinction which should satisfy the most craving ambition.

"I am your friend and debtor,

"I. G. KELLY."

The letters that constitute a large portion of the work, however, are not by any means its most valuable feature. The intimate revelation of the poet, in "the habit as he lived"

his mental processes, his view-point of life, his ideas and ideals, are set down just as they were uttered when the mind of the scribe was full of the thought and he was under the mental and magnetic influence of the poet. Indeed, so anxious has Mr. Traubel been to preserve the pictures of the poet as he received them, that he has refused to make even the slightest changes in the diary. We are by no means convinced that he has not made a mistake in publishing this biographical diary without such slight changes as would make it better conform to literary usages. The frequent introduction of merely an initial to signify the poet or some one of his friends is an example of what we have in mind. There are many slight changes that could have been readily made and which, while improving the work from a literary view-point, would not have interfered in the least with the intimate revelation of the poet which constitutes so strong a charm of the work.

Then again, if Mr. Traubel had introduced some descriptive lines relating to some of the friends of Whitman with whom the general public is not acquainted, it would have increased the interest of the work; or if he had not wished to break into the diary by the introduction of this descriptive matter, he might have supplied such information in footnotes.

But in spite of these minor defects and the omission of some things which it seems to us would have increased the interest in the book, without in any degree detracting from its unique and charming qualities, this volume is one of the most interesting biographical works of recent years, and it undoubtedly presents Whitman the man exactly as he was with almost startling realism.

From the following specimen paragraphs, taken almost at random from different parts of the book, the reader may gain a somewhat better idea of this unique and interesting volume:

"Back of him on the wall was a pencilled figure of a rather ragged-looking nondescript. 'Where did you get that?' I asked. 'Would you believe it—the tramp himself was here this morning. He was a curious character—an itinerant poet: and he read me some of his poems: Lord pass him, what stuff! But it was his own, written on the road. It made me feel bad to think that he could go along in the sun and rain and write while I am housed up here in the dust of a dead room

eking out my substance in coalstove words.' 'Coalstove' was good. But he burns wood in his stove. But how did he come by the picture? 'The poet said he had drawn it himself sitting on a field outside Camden somewhere before a bit of broken looking glass, which he had balanced on his knee.' He reflected as I left: 'When I said good-bye to the tramp I was envious: I could not see what right he had to his monopoly of the fresh air. He said he was bound for some place in Maryland. I shall dream of Maryland to-night—dream of farm fences, barns, singing birds, sounds, all sorts, over the hills.'

"I feel so good again to-day," W. assures me, "that I no longer envy the tramp. I think that dusty cuss did me lots of good: he left me temporarily in a quarrelsome mood: I hated the room here, and my lame leg, and my dizzy head: I got hungry for the sun again, for the hills: and though Mary brought me up a good supper she did n't bring the sort of food required to satisfy a fellow with my appetite. She did n't bring the sun and the stars and offer them to me on a plate: she brought muffins, a little jelly, a cup of tea: and I could have cried from disappointment. But later, next day, yesterday, the tramp's gift got into my veins—it was a slow process, but got there: and that has made me happy. I thought he had taken everything he had brought away with him again: but I was mistaken. He shook some of his dust off on me: that dust has taken effect."

"Not the negro," said W. to-day: "not the negro. The negro was not the chief thing: the chief thing was to stick together. The South was technically right and humanly wrong." He discussed the present political situation in a rather more explicit way than is usual with him. He "cares less for politics and more for the people," he explains: "I see that the real work of democracy is done underneath its politics: this is especially so now, when the conventional parties have both thrown their heritage away, starting from nothing good and going to nothing good: the Republican party positively, the Democratic party negatively, the apologists of the plutocracy."

"As I was about taking leave W. said suddenly: 'By the way, I have found the Tennyson letter I promised you. Take it along—take good care of it: the curio hunters would

call it quite a gem. . . . Tennyson has written me on a number of occasions—is always friendly, sometimes even warm: I don't think he ever quite makes me out: but he thinks I belong: perhaps that is enough—all I ought to expect.' I read the letter. 'It is a poem,' I said. 'Or better than a poem,' added W. 'Tennyson is an artist even when he writes a letter: this letter itself is protected all round from indecision, forwardness, uncertainty: it is correct—choice, final.'

"Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight,
"Jan'y 15th, 1887.

"Dear old man, I the elder old man have received your Article in the Critic, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greeting on the wings of this east-wind, which, I trust, is blowing softlier and warmer on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

"Yours always,

"TENNYSON."

"At the table W. raised his glass before the others had done so and glancing at the picture of Lincoln on the wall opposite exclaimed: 'Here's to the blessed man above the mantel!' and then remarked: 'You know this is the day he died.' 'After my dear, dear mother, I guess Lincoln gets almost nearer to me than anybody else.' W. borrowed Boswell's Johnson from Harned, saying: 'I have never so far read it.' 'Tom,' he said, 'when I was out in the carriage I picked up a lame fellow on the road—a sort of tramp, limpsy, hungry, a bit dirty, but damned human.'

"Speaking of the 'strain of American life' W. declared that 'every man is trying to outdo every other man—giving up modesty, giving up honesty, giving up generosity, to do it: creating a war, every man against every man: the whole wretched business falsely keyed by money ideals, money politics, money religions, money men.'"

This is a work that admirers of Walt Whitman should possess.

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Two Volumes. Cloth. Price, \$5.00 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

It is fortunate that the vast and little-ex-

plored expanse of the great Southwest, the wide stretches of desert and arid mountain regions, that have repelled rather than attracted man, have found a sympathetic lover who is also one of the most broadly cultured scholars and fluent writers of our day. We think that George Wharton James could invest any subject with the fascination of romance. He possesses in a very marked degree the rare combination of scholar, tireless worker and man of genius. He is by nature and temperament a poet and an artist,—which is to say he is an idealist plentifully endowed with imagination. Such men generally find work that requires careful, painstaking intellectual application irksome. They can rhapsodize, they can generalize, but when it comes to plodding and searching for details and facts, they usually incline to shirk. Mr. James is an exception. He is a man of ripe scholarship and possesses the modern critical spirit to such a degree that when he essays a subject he is not content until he has supplemented his personal observations and discoveries with a knowledge of what other competent travelers, observers, scientists and philosophers have noted. To see and know from first hand, and then to find out what the specialists, the geologists, mineralogists, naturalists, geographers, health-seekers and pleasure-seekers, have found out, requires no little work. But for one endowed with industry and with poetic imagination such labor fills the mind not merely with vast fund of essential facts, but with an enthusiasm that becomes contagious when the poet-artist imparts his story to the general reader. Now in Mr. James' writings the reader enjoys the results of the rare combination of personal observer, of widely-read scholar, of painstaking thinker and of the man of imagination richly endowed with the poetic and artistic temperament. Therefore his books are of exceptional interest and value.

No work, we think, that has heretofore come from the pen of Mr. James is so interesting or valuable as his latest pretentious treatise, *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert*. From the opening chapter to the closing lines the reader, if he be a lover of nature and her wonder-shop, will find himself carried forward with absorbing and compelling interest—interest only possible when a poet interprets the marvels of natural phenomena. The desert, in the hands of a dry-as-dust book-man, is as dry a subject as the waterless ex-

panses described; but under our artist's touch it becomes a fairyland, and the vivid descriptions glow with fascinating interest.

But the work is far more than an enthralling volume that reveals the beauty, grandeur and unique interest which an artist beholds in sky, mountain, cañon and wide expanse of arid, sand-strewn plain. Here, penned by one whose eyes has been trained to see and whose mind has been schooled in the art of presenting what he sees, the student of geography will find a rich fund of information. The geologist, the botanist, the entomologist and the ornithologist, no less than the naturalist who is especially interested in insect and reptilian life, will each here find a well-stored repository of facts, told with all the glowing interest of one who loves all the children and the products of nature no less than the glory of natural phenomena, in the chapters dealing with the physical history of the desert, the rivers, mountains, volcanoes, mirages, desert illusions and colors of the desert, wild animals, birds, reptiles, insects and plant life on the desert. And the historian will find a story of thrilling interest in the pages devoted to "Explorers and Pathfinders" and in other pages dealing with the early history of the desert region. Still more, the utilitarian will revel in what the author has to say of the potential richness of this land, because he will see all the glory of life-sustaining fruitage that some day will make this land blossom as a tropical garden. The pages on "The Reclamation of the Desert," "Horticultural Possibilities of the Desert" and "Date Palm Culture" indicate how a large proportion of this idle territory will in all probability during the next few decades be transformed into one of the most valuable sections of our land. The health-seeker also will find information and suggestions that are of special use to him.

We confess that when we took up this work to read, although we knew that Mr. James would invest the subject with all the interest that could be thrown around the story of a desert land, we felt that only a few chapters in the two large volumes would hold compelling charm for us; but on the contrary we found the entire work a story of rarest interest, giving not only a vivid panoramic view of nature in one of her strangest workshops, but revealing a veritable wonder-world in such a manner as to add greatly to our store of knowledge, and doing this in the most beguiling manner. We were lured from page

to page, from chapter to chapter, under the thrall of the author's enthusiasm, under the spell of a poetic artist's imagination—a poetic artist whose brain was full of facts and whose mental gallery was crowded with pictures before he attempted to give his wealth of knowledge and personal impressions to the world.

The work is published in two richly gotten up volumes containing thirty-five chapters embracing 575 pages. It is illustrated with over three hundred pen and ink sketches from nature by Carl Eytel and with numerous photographic reproductions, together with one fine color frontispiece to Volume One. It is a book that it is a genuine pleasure to recommend to discriminating readers.

In the Fire of the Heart. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth. Pp. 336. Price, \$1.00 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

MR. RALPH WALDO TRINE in his earlier works has given an upward influence to tens of thousands of restless souls seeking foundations other than the shifting sands of material gratification and self-desire. A noble moral idealism permeates these works and in them he has made his appeal to the individual, seeking to center his thoughts on those things that are at the heart and soul of life instead of its raiment or outward shell. But Mr. Trine was too deep a thinker to fail to recognize how much environment and the pressure downward or upward, that bears on the unit in the social organism, have to do with developing the slowly-expanding goodness, the divine in every human life, or with the reawakening of the more savage instincts in man. He could not close his eyes to the fact that on every hand there was a vast army of very poor whose nakedness and emaciation were due to unjust social conditions, to special privilege, monopoly rights and various forms of class favors that place the millions of strugglers at a frightful disadvantage in order that the privileged few may become over-rich and dangerously powerful. The inequality of opportunities on every side gave the lie to our boasted democracy's fundamental demand for equality of opportunities and of rights and led Mr. Trine to turn from abstract contemplation and idealistic philosophy to a study of society under the pressure of social, economic and political conditions; and this study not only revealed a veritable inferno in our

midst, but spurred him on to seek a solution to the mighty problem—to find a way out that would be just, sane and sound, that would square with all the demands of democracy, that would be equitable and in alignment with the doctrine of the Golden Rule,—a way out that would not be accompanied by the shock of a forcible revolution with its waste of life and property.

Now it is with this profound and overshadowing theme—the condition of the victims of injustice and their deliverance through justice, freedom and fraternity put into practical operation by giving the people again their government in all its plenitude, by the introduction of measures that will destroy the new class-rulership which has been brought about by the combination of the political boss, the party machine and privileged and predatory wealth, that Mr. Trine deals in this deeply thoughtful work.

We have recently had a number of very able studies of social conditions, which have revealed the inferno of twentieth-century civilization due to unjust social conditions—to gambling, to class legislation and monopoly rights. Jacob Riis' works, Robert Hunter's *Poverty*, John Spargo's *The Bitter Cry of the Children*, and numbers of similar interesting and painstaking studies have dealt with the situation as it is; but few of these works have given any clearly-defined, comprehensive and immediately practicable programme by which the people can peacefully deliver themselves from the Egyptian taskmasters of the present age.

Mr. Trine, after marshaling fact upon fact in such a manner as to compel attention and carry conviction, considers the remedy in a series of chapters that are eminently practical and which will appeal to the judgment and commonsense of those who care and dare to think for themselves and who love free government and the fundamental principles of democracy more than wealth that comes through indirection or at the expense of those who earn it.

This volume contains ten chapters dealing with the following subjects: "With the People: A Revelation"; "The Conditions That Hold Among Us"; "As Time Deals With Nations"; "As to Government"; "A Great People's Movement"; "Public Utilities for the Public Good"; "Labor and Its Uniting Power"; "Agencies Whereby We Shall Secure the People's Greatest Good"; "The

Great Nation"; and "The Life of the Higher Beauty and Power."

If time and space permits, in a future issue we shall be glad to give a more extended notice of this extremely timely work than is possible at the present time. Now, however, we must content ourselves merely with adding to the above characterization a brief quotation from the opening pages of the second chapter. These lines will give the reader an idea of Mr. Trine's style and the manner in which he approaches his subject:

"We should be a very great and a uniformly prosperous people. As a nation we have had advantages and opportunities that have never been equalled perhaps by any people thus far in the world's history. We have been free from the caste systems and certain progress-strangling customs of the Old World countries; we have enjoyed from the beginning practically full civil and religious liberty; we started free from that dreary, grinding, hopeless, drink-impelling poverty that is the bane and the curse of so many of the Old World countries; we have had almost universal free educational opportunities for our boys and girls, for our young men and our young women, and even for the older when they have so chosen. Our natural products from soil, and stream, and mine have been almost *fabulous* in their returns.

"For all practical purposes, we do individually as well as collectively enjoy civil freedom. But he who is not economically free is in a slavery of the most haunting and endeavor-crushing type.

"And over ten millions of our people are in a state of chronic poverty at this very hour—almost one out of every seven, or, to make full allowance, one out of every eight of all our people are in the condition where they have not sufficient food, and clothing, and shelter to keep them in a state of physical and mental efficiency. And the sad part of it is that large additional numbers,—numbers most appalling for such a country as this, are each year, and through no fault of their own, dropping into this same condition.

"We have gradually allowed to be built around us a social and economic system which yearly drives vast numbers of hitherto fairly well-to-do, strong, honest, earnest, willing and admirable men with their families into

the condition of poverty, and under its weary, endeavor-strangling influences many of these in time, hoping against hope, struggling to the last moment in their semi-incapacitated and pathetic manner to keep out of it, are forced to seek or to accept public or private charity, and thus sink into the pauper class.

"The public and private charities cost the country during the past year as nearly as can be conservatively arrived at, over \$200,000,000."

This work is a very important addition to the rapidly growing literature of social progress that is emanating from our younger men of clear mental vision, of heart and of conscience. Professor Frank Parsons, Frederic C. Howe, David Graham Phillips, Henry George, Jr., Robert Hunter, John Spargo and Ralph Waldo Trine are but a few names in a coterie of earnest and able writers who are doing yeoman's service in the cause of justice, human advancement and true democracy.

Behold, the Christ! In Every One. An Epic of the New Theism, or inner meaning of the teachings of the Master. By Celestia Root Lang. Cloth. Pp. 128. Price, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. Address, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois. Parts I., II., III. and IV. in the December, January, February and March numbers of *The Divine Life*, 4109 Vincennes avenue, Chicago.

MRS. LANG is already favorably known to many of the readers of THE ARENA by a former work, *Son of Man; or, the Sequel to Evolution*, which was published by the Arena Company some years since. The very titles of her books at once show that she is no ordinary or superficial thinker. They indicate depth, spiritual insight and originality. But while independent of well-worn ruts, our author is no inconsiderate iconoclast. Her spirit and philosophy show a fresh blossoming of truth, thoroughly constructive, and no demonstrable values of the past are disparaged. No structure is removed unless a finer and more symmetrical one is erected in its place.

The light of the new time seeks out its most fitting reflectors. Its exponents are subtly selected by a divination which is almost unerring. We may imagine Truth as almost impatient to find expression. Its inspirational quality illuminates and sets apart certain souls who intuitively grasp its message and are ad-

justed and equipped for its interpretation. All signs indicate a "Dispensation of the Spirit" near at hand, and the office of the seer is no less normal now than in the ancient time. In this book, no new promulgation of dogma or fine-spun theology is promised, but rather an unveiling of divine reality. The story of vital truth is told simply but profoundly.

The trend of present thought is from the cold and distant objective toward the genial and native subjective, from mere facts toward their spirit and meaning, from analysis in the direction of synthesis, in short, from the without to the within. The Bible, itself, is not so much a sacred history and code, as a symbolic soul-picture of what is unrolling before and within us. Its highest use lies in a mirror-like revelation of man to himself.

This Epic is written in the form of rhythmic prose in lines of ten measures each. The "new theism" as presented by Mrs. Lang is dramatic in temperament, the action and interaction upon the stage being between what is higher and lower in man. It is arranged as a conversation and the argument runs between two supposed personages. One, termed "The Blessed One," represents the higher Self and the other named Alindah personifies the awakened human consciousness. Alindah occupies the position of learner or disciple. The relation is superbly expressed by Emerson, "I the imperfect adore my own Perfect." Observe, *my own* Perfect. The divine Self, though not commonly recognized, is the more real of the two. Says Mrs. Lang: "Attain the Self and you will behold the Christ." The honor claimed for the Guru or Master, as the divine Self, is very great. In the Oriental systems it is put upon the deific level. To the Western ear the indwelling God might be a more rational term, bearing in mind that he is One who can give and receive communications. The conscious union of the incarnate Christ with the Self constitutes attained immortality. In familiar terms it involves an intimate acquaintance between the consciousness and the "divine image or likeness" in the background of the soul, and in due season complete oneness.

No one should infer from this somewhat mystical outline that the Epic is a work of fancy or that it is quarried from the imagination. Not so. Rather it brings out basic and even scientific spiritual principles toward which the consensus of the best thought is now

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rapidly converging. A friend told Mrs. Lang that her book was out twenty-five years too soon. But what is that period to the Eternal Now? At this opening of the twentieth century the ripening process is unprecedentedly rapid. Science is becoming religious and religion scientific. A sample of the dramatic argument within the soul may be of interest:

Alindah spoke.

"Thou hast been with me always; I call Thee My own, for Thou hast never left me.
Thou must be a part of me, and I
A part of Thee, my Higher Self Thou art.
To me the One altogether lovely!
The best of Beings, the mystic One!
Thou revealest Thyself to me alone."

The Blessed One.

"To those in union with the soul supreme,
There is no death, or birth; the soul has doffed
Its mortal coil, and donned immortal robes.
Invisible to mortals here below,
Save to such as have themselves attained.
Thus the mystic Christ dwells unobserved
Protected by this divine illusion,
That the soul in man may be perfected."

And again:

Alindah.

"Why is Jesus called The Light of the World?"

The Blessed One.

"The Light of the World cannot be Jesus,
But the Christ, who is all-pervading.
T is thine the inner meaning to unveil
Of the teachings of Jesus, now hidden
In parable, and in cypher, beneath
The ecclesiasticism of ages.
To unveil the face of the true sun,
As the light of all things luminous."

Alindah.

"God, my God, Thou art within my soul;
I knew it not. I thank Thee Soul Supreme!
That Thou hast thus revealed Thyself to me.
Three in One, my soul, the Christ and the Father."

In the briefest terms, Mrs. Lang's philosophy—she would rather call it experimental knowledge—would seem to be: "I have no creed, but Love is the reality." The indwelling God is the higher complement of the soul—the real Self. Consciousness must be educated to feel this, not as duality but as One. Reincarnation is a fundamental principle, and the Masters, mystics, seers and sages are those who have developed the higher faculties of the soul in past lives. Man, though seemingly but an atom of the Whole is a spark of the divine and has dynamic creative power. Soul builds body and is not its product. The divinity of man is the coming inspiration.

It seems proper to mention in this connec-

tion that Mrs. Lang publishes a monthly magazine called *The Divine Life*, at \$1.00 per year, at 4109 Vincennes avenue, Chicago.

HENRY WOOD.

Constructive Democracy. The Economics of a Square Deal. By William E. Smythe. Cloth. Pp. 460. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IT SEEMS a little strange that a work which on the whole is so rational, so scholarly and so fair, should, in treating of constructive democracy, fail to emphasize the necessity of a true basis for democracy, namely the power of initiative and referendum. This power is the one great essential to secure the permanency of democratic institutions, and without this foundation any superstructure is liable to fall. Even Socialism through an oligarchy or even through party-rule, might degenerate into an intolerable despotism.

On his title page the author quotes the familiar saying of DeTocqueville that "the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy." He evidently understands this principle and has perhaps taken for granted that it is to be assumed by his readers as the foundation of his constructive programme.

With this assumption the treatment of the general theme is admirable. He gives the true definition of Socialism, commends its ethics, and with a stroke does away with the chief objections to it. But he thinks the time is not yet ripe for the complete Socialistic order. He says: "Socialism is true seed of future institutions. It does not follow that it is ripe for the harvest." Again he declares: "Capitalism and the wage system have by no means ground their grist. Monopoly is well begun and rapidly extending, but it is very far from having reached its full development."

There are immediate and pressing problems that must be solved without waiting for Socialism. Among these are the questions of monopoly, political corruption, the relation of capital and labor, and the "surplus" element in our industrial life. These questions must be met now.

Mr. Smythe declares the railway system to be the overshadowing monopoly in the United States. "It offers the best field for the study of plans which, beginning with scientific regulation, look frankly to government ownership as the condition which will be ultimately desirable."

But to do justice to this author's opinions would be to quote the book in full. Many will not agree with him, but the facts and statistics which he gives, the frankness with which he conducts the discussion, together with the weight of his arguments are all valuable features in the settlement of problems as grave as ever confronted the life of a nation.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

The Old Darnman. By Charles L. Goodell. Cloth. Pp. 68. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THIS tender and pathetic story of *The Old Darnman* is based on the life history of a character who was well known to New Englanders a half century ago. In his preface the author gives the following version of the legend written by Miss Ellen Larned, the historian of Windham county, Connecticut:

"Many years ago a weird figure was often seen hurrying along the roads and byways of Windham county, Connecticut, spectral and wan, with bent form and long white hair, heedless of passers-by or curious query; pausing only at some accustomed farmhouse for needle and thread to darn his much-worn suit, and for food and a night's lodging. To the present generation this figure may seem as visionary and mythical as the 'Wandering Jew,' 'Flying Dutchman' and 'Headless Horseman' of tradition, but there are many now living who knew him as a veritable personage, who can recall vividly to remembrance the 'Old Darned Man' and the story of his wanderings. According to popular belief, he heard of the death of his plighted bride just as he had arrayed himself in wedding garments and, unbalanced by the shock, passed the remainder of his life in search for the lost one and repairing the garment, darning and redarning till not one thread was left of the original fabric."

Mr. Goodell has collected all the available facts about this unique character, and with them as a basis he has written a charming but very sad little story, which is of value, however, as recording in permanent form the history of one who was a familiar figure to many New Englanders of an earlier generation.

AMY C. RICH

Success Nuggets. By Orison Swett Marden. Cloth. Pp. 60. Price, 75 cents net. Limp

leather, \$1.25 net. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

IN THIS little volume Mr. Marden has given to the world one of his most valuable productions. So far as putting wisdom in condensed and comprehensible form is concerned, he is the Franklin of the age. Thirty-five topics are treated in these sixty pages with astonishing fullness and clearness. This is due to the unique method employed. For example, under the title "Why He Did Not Win Out," we find these terse statements:

"He had low ideals."

"He did not dare to take chances."

"He had too many irons in the fire."

"He was never a whole man at anything."

"He thought a good business should run itself."

One page is entitled "What the World Wants," and the text states in short lines the different kinds of men who come under this classification: "Men who cannot be bought; men who are larger than their business; men who will be as honest in small things as in great things; men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good; men who will not say they do it 'because everybody else does it,'" and so forth.

The book deserves a wide circulation.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

General Sociology. By Albion W. Small. Cloth. Pp. 740. Price, \$4.00 net. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

PROFESSOR SMALL claims to give in this volume an exposition of the main development in sociological theory from Spencer to Ratzenhofer. He takes a broad view and makes requisition on all possible sociological data. He draws few conclusions but contented himself for the most part with presenting facts and relations. He does, however, say, in contradiction of socialist writers, that our American problem is not that of reconstructing institutions. "It is the problem of the spirit which we shall show in working the institutions that we have."

Near the end of his seven-hundred-and-forty-page volume the learned professor truthfully says: "One cannot have made the foregoing argument in ignorance that to most minds it must seem a mere churning of words."

With this suggestive characterization of his book by the author himself we let the matter rest.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

The Tenting of the Tillicums. By Herbert Bashford. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 193. Price, 75 cents. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

THIS is a spirited, well-written story of the experiences of four boys camping on a wild portion of Puget Sound. The lads spend their vacation in a tent and devote much of their time to hunting and fishing. There are several thrilling experiences with big game, in which the boys sometimes find themselves in perilous positions. They also catch a criminal and secure a four-hundred-dollar reward.

The criticism which we have to make of the book is that it tends to foster the killing spirit in the young. The fishing for sport and the killing of game largely for the joy the hunter feels, we are convinced is something that should not be stimulated in the young. We are savage enough, God knows, without fostering a love for the taking of life. Were it not for this fault, the story would be an admirable tale for boys of from ten to fourteen years of age.

Animal Serials. Collected Drawings by E. Warde Blaisdell. Cloth. Pp. 210. Price, \$1.00 net. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

A UNIQUE and mirth-provoking collection of doll drawings representing animals and expressing the foibles, fancies, weaknesses and conceits that are so noticeable in human beings whom we meet at every turn. There are in some instances brief comments, and the satire in word and in the artist's pencil is often very apt and telling.

BOOK NOTES.

A HALF dozen small gift-books, all of them published by T. Y. Crowell & Company of New York, of not enough importance to demand separate treatment, and yet worthy of mention, are on the reviewer's table. These books consist for the most part of single sermons, essays or lectures, and are neatly bound in blue or white and gold. With their large type, heavy paper and wide margins, some of them scarcely present reading matter enough

to be worth their price, thirty and seventy-five cents, and yet they are not without value and money could easily be spent in a manner less profitable than in the purchase of these volumes.

Among these books is *The World's Christmas Tree*, by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of New York. "The World's Christmas Tree," as Dr. Jefferson sees it, is the tree of Opportunity. Each person is privileged to hang something upon it for the benefit of mankind. There lives not a man anywhere on earth too poor to put something upon it.

"What the world needs is faith and hope and love, justice and sympathy and temperance, conscience and truth and courage, patience and fidelity and kindness. These are the things which have been needed from the beginning, and they were never more needed than just now."

Another of these publications is entitled *Does God Comfort?* written by "One who has greatly needed to know," and dedicated "to all who deeply need to know that God can comfort." This is a tender little book of faith and trust and doubtless contains a message for many broken hearts. It has more than twice as much reading-matter as Dr. Jefferson's book.

Great Riches, by Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, is an attempt to do justice to men of wealth. The author tells of many ways in which wealth can be properly used to bless mankind and at the same time bring the highest enjoyment to the owner. The tone is optimistic.

"It is quite unnecessary," he says, "to feel alarm about the rise of a permanent class of very rich people. To transmit great estates is hard. They get divided or dispersed. . . . With rarest exceptions the rich men of to-day are not the sons of the rich men of thirty years ago, but are new men. It will be the same thirty years hence."

With this last sentence we cannot agree. If rich men continue to influence legislation in the next thirty years as they have in the past thirty, there will be a permanent class of the wealthy, caste will become established, and the poor will continue poor forever. President Eliot may be a great executive officer, but we cannot count him among great and true thinkers.

The Challenge of the Spirit, by Ellis A. Ford,

is one of the smallest and yet one of the most helpful of the series. It is a frank confession of human experiences and limitations and at the same time contains an uplifting power that is quite unusual. Its price is only 30 cents.

The Personality of God, by Lyman Abbott, D.D., is based upon a sermon delivered at Harvard University about two years ago. The sermon caused a great deal of discussion at the time and was considered very radical, though as a matter of fact it was simply an

embodiment of views often expressed by the author and is a general expression of conceptions of God, now held by nearly all advanced theologians. Dr. Abbott is a great rhetorician and at times a good logician.

Christmas Making, by J. R. Miller, closes our list. This is a good, optimistic little book, but with nothing very striking about it, either in contents or style.

Four of these books belong to the "What is Worth While" series.

ROBERT E. BISBEE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PROFESSOR HENDERSON'S PAPER ON OSCAR WILDE: Since the appearance of *De Profundis* much space has been given in leading English reviews and periodicals to the writings of OSCAR WILDE, and in some instances to estimates of the man. Some of the criticisms have been morbid, others far too sweeping to be just or judicial, while the recent appearance of Mr. WILDE's "Salome" in New York, set to masterful music by RICHARD STRAUSS, has again raised a storm of controversy on this side of the Atlantic in regard not only to the play, but also in regard to WILDE and his work. It is very timely and fitting, therefore, that a criticism of the writings and an estimate of OSCAR WILDE should be given by one amply fitted by wide reading, by the possession of a broad mental vision and the judicial temper to write of this much-discussed man and his work, for our readers. For in Professor HENDERSON's extremely valuable contribution we have a criticism that in our judgment is the most sane, wholesome, judicial and comprehensive estimate that has appeared in any magazine of opinion. It is one of the best things Professor HENDERSON has written, and that is saying much.

The Growth of the Slum in Our Cities: In this issue we present another timely paper from the pen of ELEANOR H. STOY. It deals with one of the gravest problems that confronts our Western civilization—a problem that cannot be longer ignored if the nation is to live worthily. The slums of our cities are one of the most sinister menaces to national health and social progress and one of the greatest scandals of modern civilization. No true man or woman can be indifferent to this question. It is the duty of all earnest people to use their influence for the advancement of social reform that will render inexcusable the presence of the slums in any city in the great Republic.

A Pen-Picture of Jamaica: In Mr. BUCKMAN'S *Jamaica, the Fair and Unfortunate* we have a very

timely contribution, as the eyes of the civilized world have been of late centered upon this wonderful but fated island on account of the terrible earthquake which has recently visited Kingston. It is difficult to see how much good can come out of war, earthquakes, hurricanes or other influences that devastate the earth and destroy life, but it is a fact worthy of note that the world's education is always greatly stimulated when these great catastrophes occur. Then all throughout the civilized world old and young are found reading about the afflicted land that has been the theater of the calamity or conflict. Maps are consulted, books dealing with the country are eagerly read, as well as the contemporary press, and the general education of society is greatly stimulated. Mr. BUCKMAN, having visited Jamaica a year ago, gives a charming pen-picture of this island, with a brief but interesting retrospective summary of historical happenings which are of general interest. The pictures published were all taken by Mr. BUCKMAN on the visit which he describes.

The State-Owned Railways of Germany: In this number Professor PARSONS gives the concluding part of his comprehensive and authoritative paper on Germany's experience with her railways. Like the discussion of the Swiss railways and Part One of *The Railway Experience of Germany*, this paper is as informing as it is lucid and fascinating. These discussions also possess the advantage of having been prepared by a careful economist who after having given years to the study of the railways of the New World has personally visited Europe on two occasions, gaining his facts at first hand. We repeat what we have said several times before, the railway question is one of the great burning issues of the hour—an issue that is destined more and more to engross the attention of the public as the months pass, and this series of papers is by far the most important series of magazine articles that are appearing on the question.

Mr. Bryan's Mistake: We desire to call the special attention of all reformers, and especially of progressive Democrats, to Mr. LINTON SATTERTHWAIT'S paper in this issue. The author, who is one of our valued associate editors, is a prominent and able lawyer, a profoundly thoughtful man and a high-minded patriot whose first interest is the just rights, the happiness, prosperity and development of all the people. This paper contains much food for serious reflection.

Mr. Bridgman on the Victims of Our Militant Christians: Few men in America have done so much good work in our leading American magazines and reviews for the cause of universal peace as has Mr. R. L. BRIDGMAN. He is a Christian Christian rather than a Cesarian Christian. He sees and feels the hideous mockery not to say blasphemy of the claims of those who advocate wars of aggression in the interest of the propaganda of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. He is too clear a thinker and too just a man not to see through the hollow sophistry of all the pitiful apologies made for conquest of the weak by force of arms in the name of Christianity and civilization. In a more civilized age and a day when America shall honor true statesmanship and place broad-visioned, fundamentally just and humane men in positions of trust, men will look back with the same feeling of amazement and disgust at the savagery of our imperialistic and militant Christianity that we feel for the men of the ages that justified the horrors of the Inquisition, the execution of men and boys for stealing food, and the traffic in human beings as legitimate barter.

The Present Status of Our Civil Service: In this issue we present the closing paper on the Civil Service by FRANK VROOMAN. It is a graphic and able summary of the condition of our civil service at the present time and as such is a most important contribution to the vital discussions of the hour.

Ernest Crosby: In our sketch of ERNEST CROSBY we have devoted much space to selections from his writings. We were compelled to abridge our first draft of the story of his fine life in order to do this, but we felt that perhaps the vital message which he strove so earnestly to impress on the dormant conscience of America would gain new force if presented at this time when the leader has so lately left the scenes of his labors.

Why I Am Not a Socialist: In our January issue we presented a paper from Mr. ELLIS O. JONES, formerly managing editor of the Columbus *Press-Post*, on *Why I Am a Socialist*. In this issue we give a paper entitled *Why I Am Not a Socialist*, prepared by another citizen of Columbus by the name of JONES. We hope in our next issue to be able to publish a thoughtful paper by Dr. J. O. BENTALL, Ph.D., a prominent Baptist clergyman who has recently embraced Christian Socialism. This paper will be entitled *Why I Am a Christian Socialist*.

Bolton Hall's Parable: We call the special attention of our readers to Mr. BOLTON HALL'S brief but very suggestive little parable, as it carries the lesson of lessons for all to learn. No writer in America to-

day is doing better work along the line of modern parables than is MR. HALL, and our readers will learn with pleasure that THE ARENA is to publish during the coming months several of these brief and pointed parables.

Joaquin Miller's New Problem Poem: Much interest has been awakened in the forthcoming volume by the poet of the Sierras. A problem poem with love after marriage as the master-motive is sure to attract general attention from one who possesses so rich a poetic imagination as does JOAQUIN MILLER. Hence the poet's discussion of the poem as given in this issue is specially timely. We notice that the *Century Magazine* as well as THE ARENA for February contains a full-page portrait of MR. MILLER, he having contributions in both publications.

Some Aspects of Poe's Poetry: In this issue of THE ARENA, MR. H. HOLLAND CARTER gives our readers a genuine literary treat in his charming analysis of certain phases of the poetry of that brilliant and wayward child of genius EDGAR ALLEN POE. MR. CARTER'S contribution is distinctly helpful in that in it we see, despite his faults, POE'S most nearly normal side—as distinguished from the work of so many of POE'S critics who force us to see the abnormal to such a degree as to sometimes make one wonder if there was a normal side.

Our Story: We are confident that our readers will enjoy the fascinating and unique short story, *The Sea-Child*, by ALMENA B. WILLIAMS. As a tale it is very much out of the ordinary, and it is admirably told. Unless we are very much mistaken, Miss WILLIAMS has a brilliant future before her in her chosen field of work.

To Friends of Public-Ownership of Public Utilities: THE ARENA desires to give the fullest possible digest of all news relating to public-ownership of public utilities. Professor FRANK PARSONS is of course in touch with the great movements at most points. Our clippings and our exchanges as well as our corps of correspondents also furnish us with much material; but in order to make this department of Public-Ownership of Public Utilities, which is under the special editorship of Professor PARSONS, as full and complete as possible, we urge all our friends in every city and community where the battle is being fought for public-ownership, to report to Professor FRANK PARSONS, care of THE ARENA, NO. 5 Park Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

A Word to Our Exchanges and to Our Friends in General: We are continually receiving requests from newspapers for permission to use all or part of some of our editorials, book-studies or character sketches. Frequently our correspondents ask for the names of the authors of certain articles in the "Mirror of the Present" or the book-studies and character sketches. In reply to such questions we wish to state, first, that exchanges are at liberty to quote all or part of any article that appears in the "Mirror of the Present," any book-study or editorial sketch in the magazine, always provided they give THE ARENA full credit for the quotations. The editor of THE ARENA is the author of all the unsigned articles appearing in this magazine, whether

as editorial sketches, book-studies or reviews, or the "Mirror of the Present." All articles by associate editors or staff correspondents which appear as editorials, book reviews, or otherwise, or in the body of the magazine, are signed. The editor of THE ARENA makes it an invariable rule to insist that all contributors have the credit for the work they do. When such matter is quoted by other publications, the author's name as well as that of THE ARENA should be given.

A Letter from Professor Noa: We have received the following letter from Professor FREDERIC M. NOA, which we take pleasure in publishing:

My dear Mr. FLOWER:

Referring to my recent contribution on the career of the late Mr. WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in South America, it may interest your readers to learn that I have received a communication from the veteran mariner Captain WILLIAM W. BATES, formerly of Boston, but now in Denver, Colorado, in which he calls my attention to what he claims is a serious error, in the second part, January, 1907, ARENA, page 34, line 29, where I state that: "Soon a rival appeared in the celebrated *Henry Meigs*, who had built such wonderful railways in the loftiest Peruvian Andes, according to plans already elaborated by *Wheelwright*." The words in italics, Captain BATES declares, express what is a serious error, which he considers, in justice to his own brother, who made the plans, accepted by the Government of Peru, for the building of the railways of that country, ought to be corrected. The facts of the case are as follows: *Benjamin F. Bates*, a younger brother of Captain BATES, possessed such influence with the Peruvian government that he prevailed upon the authorities to engage the people in railroad building instead of permitting them to indulge in revolutions. In order to finance the undertaking, he suggested the bonding of the Guano Islands, which was done. Unfortunately, he died of yellow fever on the day appointed for signing the contract for building the Arequipa railroad for \$7,000,000. It was then that the Peruvian authorities sent for *Meigs*, as the only contractor in sight. He went to Lima and asked \$10,000,000 for what Mr. BATES would have taken for \$7,000,000.

According to the testimony of Captain BATES, Mr. WHEELWRIGHT was never concerned in the railroads of Peru. On the other hand, BENJAMIN F. BATES had his own engineers survey, at his own cost, some fifteen or sixteen routes, and took very active and effective measures to interest the presi-

dent and legislators of Peru in his enterprises. He was a man of most engaging personality, popular in society, spoke Spanish (a most rare accomplishment for an American) like a native, and when he died, in 1868, the papers of Peru were full of lamentations.

Mr. BATES was engaged in many improvements in various parts of South America. He helped to build the Panama railroad, and was on that work from the first pile-driving at Colon, and was afterwards third officer, on the completed line, at \$3,000, in the year 1849. He soon after built a government mole at Valparaiso, and whilst in Chile executed contracts on the Santiago railway. It was he who gave a sub-contract to *Meigs*, and later lent him the money wherewith to start as a contractor in building a railroad southward from Santiago. After that, Mr. BATES went to Bolivia and contracted with that government to build a railway inland from its only seaport. Much of the road was executed, when the war of 1866 with Spain interrupted the work, but the Bolivian authorities honorably paid for the portion already completed.

Meigs left the United States and fled a fugitive from justice, from California, and, by a strange streak of luck, owing to the untimely death of Mr. BATES, rose to such fame in South America that, on the occasion of Secretary Root's visit to Buenos Aires, a special picture-card (of 500,000 copies) was freely distributed, extolling the achievements of Mr. MEIGS as well as those of Mr. WHEELWRIGHT.

In sending this communication, in order that justice and honor may be done to a distinguished American to whom both are due, it is only just to myself to state that the serious error pointed out by Captain BATES is really not mine, but that of Dr. ALBERDI, WHEELWRIGHT's South American biographer and friend, the framer of the modern free constitution which the Argentine Republic now enjoys, and one of the greatest statesmen of Latin America. It is probable that the late Dr. ALBERDI was misled by having the name and reputation of HENRY MEIGS brought prominently to his attention, and, as instances are tremendous in South American countries, he may be pardoned for not having learned of the achievements of Mr. BENJAMIN F. BATES in Peru.

I have labored under tremendous difficulties in preparing my contribution on the career of Mr. WHEELWRIGHT in South America, and it has been an extremely hard matter to verify everything; hence, I must ask the indulgence of any critics for any minor errors which have unintentionally crept in.

Ever sincerely your friend,
FREDERIC M. NOA